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THE
WORKS
OF
Mrs. DAVYS.



VOL. II.

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W O R K S

Mrs DAVIS

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Mrs DAVIS

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THE
WORKS
OF
M^{RS}. DAVY:

Consisting of
PLAYS, NOVELS, POEMS, and
FAMILIAR LETTERS.

Several of which never before Publish'd.

V O L. II. Containing,

- I. The REFORM'D COQUET; a Novel.
- II. The LADY'S TALE.
- III. The COUSINS; a Novel.
- IV. FAMILIAR LETTERS betwixt a
GENTLEMAN and a LADY.

L O N D O N,

Printed by H. WOODFALL, at *Elzevir's-
Head*, without *Temple-Bar*, for the AUTHOR.
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W. Chappell

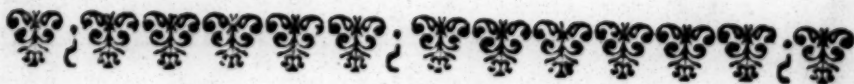


Tho: Ward Esq.
of Great Willbraham





THE
REFORM'D COQUET;
A
NOVEL.



VOL. II. B

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T O T H E
L A D I E S
O F
G R E A T B R I T A I N .



T a time when the Town is so full of Masquerades, Opera's, New Plays, Conjurors, Monsters, and feign'd Devils; how can I, Ladies, expect you to throw away an hour upon the less agreeable Amusements my *Coquet* can give you? But she who has assurance to write, has certainly the vanity of expecting to be read: All Authors see a Beauty in their own Compositions, which perhaps nobody else can find;

as Mothers think their own Offspring amiable, how deficient soever Nature has been to them. But whatever my Faults may be, my Design is good, and hope you *British* Ladies will accordingly encourage it.

If I have here touch'd a young Lady's Vanity and Levity, it was to show her how beautiful she is without those Blots, which certainly stain the Mind, and stamp Deformity where the greatest Beauties would shine, were they banish'd. I believe every body will join with my Opinion, that the *English* Ladies are the most accomplish'd Women in the World; that, generally speaking, their Behaviour is so exact, that even Envy itself cannot strike at their Conduct: but even you yourselves must own, that there are some few among you of a different stamp, who change their Gold for Dross, and barter the highest Perfections for the lowest Weaknesses. Would but this latter sort endeavour as much to act like Angels, as they do to look like them, the Men instead of Reproaches, would heap them with Praises, and their cold Indifference would be turn'd to Idolatry. But who can forsake a Fault, till they are convinc'd they are guilty? Vanity is a lurking subtle Thief, that works itself insensibly into our Bosoms, and while we declare our dislike to it, know not 'tis so near us; every body being (as a witty Gentleman has somewhere said) provided with a Racket to strike it from themselves.

The

DEDICATION.

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The Heroine of the following Sheets will tell you the Advantages of a kind friendly Admonition, and when the little Lightnesses of her Mind were removed, she became worthy of imitation. One little word of Advice, Ladies, and I have done: When you grow weary of Flattery, and begin to listen to matrimonial Addresses, chuse a Man of fine Sense, as well as a fine Wigg, and let him have some Merit, as well as much Embroidery: This will make Coxcombs give ground, and Men of Sense will equally admire your Conduct with your Beauty. I am,

L A D I E S,

Your most Devoted,

And most Obedient

Humble Servant,

MA : DAVYS.



T H E
P R E F A C E.



I DLENESS has so long been an Excuse for Writing, that I am almost ashamed to tell the World it was that, and that only, which produced the following Sheets. Few People are so inconsiderable in Life, but they may at some time do good; and tho' I must own my Purse is (by a thousand Misfortunes) grown wholly useless to every body, my Pen is at the service of the Publick, and if it can but make some impression upon the young unthinking Minds of some of my own Sex, I shall bless my Labour, and reap an unspeakable Satisfaction: but as

The PREFACE.

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I have address'd them in another place, I shall say no more of them here.

I come now to the worthy Gentlemen of Cambridge, from whom I have received so many Marks of Favour on a thousand Occasions, that my Gratitude is highly concern'd how to make a due acknowledgement; and I own their civil, generous, good-natur'd Behaviour towards me, is the only thing I have now left worth boasting of. When I had written a Sheet or two of this Novel, I communicated my Design to a couple of young Gentlemen, whom I knew to be Men of Taste, and both my Friends; they approved of what I had done, advised me to proceed, then print it by Subscription: into which Proposal many of the Gentlemen enter'd, among whom were a good number of both the grave and the young Clergy, who the World will easily believe had a greater view to Charity than Novelty; and it was not to the Book, but the Author, they subscribed. They knew her to be a Relict of one of their Brotherhood, and one, who (unless Poverty be a Sin) never did any thing to disgrace the Gown; and for those Reasons encouraged all her Undertakings.

But as this Book was writ at Cambridge, I am a little apprehensive some may imagine the Gentlemen had a hand in it. It would be very hard, if their Humanity to me, shou'd bring an imputation upon themselves so greatly below their Merit, which I can by no means consent to; and do therefore assure the World, I am not acquainted with one Member of that

worthy and learned Society of Men, whose Pens are not imploy'd in things infinitely above any thing I can pretend to be the Author of: So that I only am accountable for every Fault of my Book; and if it has any Beauties, I claim the Merit of them too. Tho' I cannot but say, I did once apply myself to a young Genius for a Preface, which he seem'd to decline, and I soon consider'd the Brightness of his Pen wou'd only eclipse the glimmering Light of my own; so call'd back my Request, and resolv'd to entertain my Readers with a Pattern, in the Preface, of the same Stuff the following Sheets are made of; which will, I hope, give them an hour or two of agreeable Amusement. And if they will but be as kind to me, as they have been to many before, they will over-look one little Improbability, because such are to be met with in most Novels, many Plays, and even in Travels themselves. There is a little Story in the beginning of the Book, of the Courtship of a Boy, which the Reader may perhaps think very trifling: but as it is not two Pages long, I beg he will pass it by; and my Excuse for it, is, I could not so well show the early Coquetry of the Lady without it.





THE
 Reform'd Coquet ;
 OR,
 MEMOIRS
 OF
 AMORANDA.



THE most avaricious Scribbler that ever took Pen in hand, had doubtless a view to his Reputation, separate from his Interest. I confess myself a Lover of Money, and yet have the greatest Inclination to please my Readers ; but how to do so, is a very critical Point, and what more correct Pens than mine have miss'd of. If we divide Mankind into several Classes, we shall meet with as many different Tempers as Faces, only we have the Art of disguising one better than t'other.

The Pedant despises the most elaborate Undertaking, unless it appears in the World with *Greek* and

and *Latin* Motto's; a Man that wou'd please him, must pore an Age over musty Authors, till his Brains are as worm-eaten as the Books he reads, and his Conversation fit for no body else: I have neither Inclination nor Learning enough to hope for his Favour, so lay him aside.

The next I can never hope to please, is the Dogmatical Puppy, who, like a Hedgehog, is wrapt up in his own Opinions, and despises all who want Extravagancies to enter into 'em; but a Man must have a superior share of Pride, who can expect his single Opinion shou'd byass the rest of the Creation: I leave him therefore to pine at his Disappointment, and call upon the busy part of our Species, who are so very intent upon getting Money, that they lose the pleasure of spending it. I confess, the *Royal-Exchange*, *South-Sea* with a P—x, *Exchange-Alley*, and all Trade in general, are so foreign to my Understanding, that I leave 'em where I found 'em, and cast an oblique Glance at the Philosopher, who I take to be a good clever Fellow in his way. But as I am again forced to betray my Ignorance, I know so little of him, that I leave him to his, *No Pleasure, no Pain*; and a thousand other Chimæra's, while I face about to the Man of Gallantry. Love is a very common Topick, but 'tis withal a very copious one; and wou'd the Poets, Printers and Booksellers but speak truth of it, they wou'd own themselves more obliged to that one Subject for their Bread, than all the rest put together. 'Tis there I fix, and the following Sheets are to be fill'd with the Tale of a fine young Lady.

A certain Knight who lives pretty deep in the Country, had a Father whose vicious Inclinations led him into a thousand Extravagancies; whoring and drinking took up a great part of his time, and the rest was spent in gaming, which was his darling Diversion.

Memoirs of Amoranda.

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version. We have had so many melancholy Instances of the sad Effects of this Vice, that I dare say the Reader will not be surprized if I tell him, this Gentleman in a little time died a Beggar by it, and left the young Baronet no more than his Honour to live upon. Some Years before the old Gentleman died, the young one married a Lady clandestinely, whose Fortune was then all their Support, and by whom he had one Daughter, now seven Years of Age, and for whom I will borrow the Name of *Amoranda*. Sir *John S——d*, her Father, had a younger Brother bred an *East-India* Merchant; his Success abroad was so very great, that it qualified him for shewing large Bounty at home; and as he thought nothing so despicable as Honour and Poverty join'd, he was resolved to set his elder Brother above Contempt, and make him shine like the Head of so antient a Family: in order to which, he first redeem'd all the Land his Father had mortgag'd for Money to fling away, then re-purchased all he had sold, till at last he had settled the Knight in a quiet Possession of that Estate, which had for many Ages devolved from Father to Son; but, as he was exceeding fond of his young Niece, settled the whole upon her, in case her Father died without a Son, not making the least reserve in favour of himself. When he had, with the highest Satisfaction, done a Deed of so much Goodness and Generosity, he left the Family he had just made happy, and went again in pursuit of his Merchandize; in the mean time, *Amoranda*, who was a little Angel for Beauty, was extremely admir'd, no less for that, than for a sprightly Wit, which her younger Years promised. If we trace Human Nature thro' all the Stages of Life, we shall find those Dawnings of the Passions in Children, which riper Years bring to the highest perfection; and a Child, rightly consider'd, may give us a very great guess at his Temper, when he comes to be a Man.

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An Instance of this we have in the young Creature already named, who had, 'tis true, all the Beauties of her Sex, but then she had the Seeds of their Pride and Vanity too. *Amoranda* was no sooner told she was pretty, than she believ'd it, and listned with pleasure to those who said her Eyes were Diamonds, her Cheeks Roses, her Skin Alabafter, her Lips Coral, and her Hair *Cupid's* Nets, which were to ensnare and catch all Mankind.

This made an early impresson upon the Mind of young *Amoranda*, and she now began to think as much in favour of herself, as it was possible for others to do. Her Babies were thrown by with scorn, and the time that shou'd have dress'd them, was spent at the Looking-Glass dressing herself, admiring all those Graces with which she was now sure she was surrounded; her Father's Visiteres were no longer to use her with their wonted Freedom, but she told them with an Air of growing Pride, she expected to be call'd Madam as well as her Mamma, and she was not so much a Child as they wou'd make her. Whilst she was in the midst of her grand Airs, a little Boy came in who used to call her Wife, and running to her, got his little Arms about her Neck to kiss her, as he used to do. But *Amoranda*, who was now resolved to be a Woman, thrust him from her with the utmost Contempt, and bid him see her no more. The poor Boy, not used to such Behaviour, stood staring at her, in great Surprise at the occasion of all this; but being a Boy of some Spirit, tho' not capable of a real Passion, he said, Madam you need not be so proud, I have got a prettier than you for my Wife, and I love her better than I do you by half, and I will never come near you again. Saying thus, away he went to make his Complaints at home. When *Amoranda* saw him gone, and with a design to go to another, the whole Woman gather'd in her Soul, and she fell into a violent Passion of
Tears,

Tears ; the thoughts of having another prefer'd to her, was intolerable, and seeing the Boy go off with Insults, gave her a very sensible Mortification : Resentment flash'd in her Eyes, and her Breast heaved with such Agonies, as the whole Sex feel, when they meet with Contempt from a slighting Lover. Her Mother, who was as full of Mirth as she was of Grief upon this cutting occasion, said to her, Why, *Amoranda*, did you send away your Spouse, if you are angry now he is gone ? My Spouse ! cry'd the young *Incensed*, I scorn the little unmannerly Brat, he shall never be my Spouse : What, tell me to my face he liked another better ! but I know who the saucy Jackanapes meant, and if ever she comes here again, I'll send her to him : I hate them both, and so I'll tell 'em ; who can bear such an Affront ? I shall never be easy till I am revenged of 'em. Here was Pride, Jealousy, and Revenge, kindled in the Breast of a Child ; and as Princes love the Treason, tho' they hate the Traitor, so Women like the Love, tho' they despise the Lover.

*Poor Amoranda, what will be thy Fate ?
So soon to like the Love, the Lover hate !*

Her Behaviour, however, gave good diversion to her Father and Mother ; and under that mistaken Notion, of every thing looking well in a Child, she was encourag'd in many things, which she herself wou'd probably have been ashamed of, had there been time given for Reason to play its part, and help to guard her Actions : Most Mothers are fond of seeing their Children Women before their time, but forget it makes themselves look old.

Vanity, which is most Womens Foible, might be overlook'd or wink'd at, wou'd it live alone ; but alas ! it loves a long Train of Attendants, and calls in Pride, Affectation, Ill-nature, and often Ill-manners

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too for its Companions. A Woman thus surrounded, shou'd be avoided with the same care a Man wou'd shun his evil Genius ; 'tis marrying a Complication of the worst Diseases.

I remember when I was a Child, a Gentleman came to make love to a Sister I had, who was a good clever Girl both in Sense and Person ; but as Women are never perfect, she had her Failings among the rest, and mightily affected a scornful Toss with her Head, which was so disagreeable, after a few Visits, to her Lover, that he came no more. My Father, a little surpriz'd at his going so abruptly off, and being loth to lose so advantageous a Match for his Daughter, went to enquire after his Reasons, which, when he heard, he told the Gentleman he thought them very trifling. No, Sir, *said he*, a Woman who will throw up her Head at me before Marriage, will (ten to one) break mine after it. I know, *continu'd he*, if a Woman be dishonourably attack'd, her Scorn is needful, her Pride requisite ; but a Man of equal or superior Fortune, who has no Views but her's and his own Happiness, ought to be receiv'd with another Air ; and if ever I marry, I will have at least a prospect of good Usage. Thus the foolish Girl lost a much better Husband than she got, by thinking her Pride added to her Charms, and gave new Graces to her Behaviour.

Amoranda was now in the ninth Year of her Age, six more I leap over, and take her again in her fifteenth ; during which time her Father died, and left her a finish'd Beauty and Coquet ; I might here have said Fortune too, being sole Heiress to three thousand Pounds a Year : her Mother and Uncle were left her Guardians ; but the former being a Lady of an infirm Constitution, the Grief of losing a tender good Husband made such considerable additions to her former Weakness, that in less than half a Year, she died too, and left poor *Amoranda* open to all
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the Temptations that Youth, Beauty, Fortune, and flashy Wit could expose her to. Her Uncle but just come from the *Indies*, and whose Business wou'd not admit of his going into the Country, had once a mind to send for her up to Town, but he consider'd *London* a place of too many Temptations; and since she was willing to stay in the Country, he was resolv'd she shou'd, but desir'd she wou'd let him send down one to supply his place, and take care of her in his stead. During this Interregnum, *Amoranda* was address'd by all the Country round, from the old Justice to the young Rake; and, I dare say, my Reader will believe she was a Toast in every House for ten Parishes round. The very Excrescencies of her Temper, were now become Graces, and it was not possible for one single Fault to be joined to three thousand Pounds a Year; her Levee was daily crowded with almost all sorts, and she, (pleased to be admir'd) tho' she lov'd none, was complaisant to all. Among a considerable number of Admirers, Lord *Lofly* was one, who had so great a value for his dear self, that he could hardly be persuaded any Woman had Merit enough to deserve the smallest of his Favours, much less the great one of being his Partner for life: however, he thought *Amoranda* a pretty Play-thing, a young unthinking Girl, left at present to her own Conduct, and if he could draw her in, to give him an hour's Diversion now and then, he shou'd meet her with some Pleasure; if not (tho he did not despair) he was her humble Servant, and had no farther design upon her. One day he came to see her so early in the Morning, that she was hardly up when he came; but sent down word, as soon as she cou'd get herself into a Dress fit to appear before his Lordship, she wou'd wait upon him. While *Amoranda* was dressing, my Lord took a walk into the Garden, either to amuse himself with variety of pleasing Objects, or to meditate afresh upon his present

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sent Undertaking. He walk'd with the utmost Pleasure among the Jessamine and Orange-Trees : at the end of the Walk was a Seat, over which was a fine painted Roof representing the Rape of *Helen*, on which he gaz'd with some Admiration, and cou'd not forbear comparing *Amoranda* to her, nor thinking the whole Scene unlike his own Design. After he had view'd this fine Piece, he happen'd to cast his Eye a little forward, and saw a Paper lie upon the Ground, which he went and took up, finding it directed to *Amoranda* in a Woman's hand : he was not long persuading himself to open it, by which you will believe my Lord a Man of none of the strictest Honour ; however, he read it and found it thus :

IF the Advice of a Stranger can be of any import, I beg of you, good Madam, to take care of Lord Lofty, who carries nothing but Ruin to our whole Sex : believe me, who have too fatally experienced him, his whole Design upon you is to make you miserable ; and if you fall into his Snare after so fair a Warning, nobody but yourself deserves the blame.

' This Letter put my Lord into a very thoughtful posture, and he now began to fear his hopes of *Amoranda* were at an end ; the Hand he knew, and acknowledged the Person who writ it a much better Painter than him he had been so lately admiring, since she had drawn him so much to the life. My Lord was a Man of the best assurance in *England*, yet he began to fear his Courage wou'd not hold out to face *Amoranda* any more, and was just resolving to leave the Garden, and go home, when he saw her coming towards him ; he shuffled the Letter into his Pocket, and with a Countenance half confounded, went to meet her. Good-morrow, my Lord, (*said Amoranda, with the gayest Air ;*) how are we to construe those early Sallies of yours ? not to Love,

I suppose ; because Mr. Congreve tells us, *A contemplative Lover can no more leave his Bed in a morning, than he can sleep in it.*

Madam, *said my Lord*, (who began to gather Courage from her Behaviour) a contemplative Lover has some respite from his Pain, but a restless one has none ; I hope you will believe I am one of this last sort, and am come to look for my Repose where I lost it. Fye ! fye ! my Lord, how you talk ! *said Amoranda* ; you're a Man of so much Gallantry, there's no dealing with you. Come, *said she*, take my Hand, and let us go to the Fish-Ponds, I have order'd the Tackling to be carry'd down before us, we will try if we can find any Sport this Morning. Madam, *said my Lord*, every thing is Diversion in your Company, and if you can captivate your Fish as fast as you do those of your own Species, your Ponds will be in a little time quite ruin'd.

O ! my Lord, *said Amoranda*, if I catch too many of either sort, I have a very good way of disposing of them.

After what manner ? *said my Lord*. Why, *said she*, one I throw into the Water again, and t'other may consume in his own Flames. Madam, *said my Lord*, he's a cruel Deity, who is pleas'd with nothing but the Life of his Worshipers.

N—ay, *said Amoranda*, so he is ; I own I pity the poor Fellows sometimes : but you know, my Lord, we can't love every body, they should e'en keep out of harm's-way.

By this time they were come to the Pond, and the Anglers fell to work ; but before they had catch'd any thing to speak of, a Footman came to tell his Lady, Mr. Pert was come to wait upon her. Fly, *said Amoranda*, and tell him I come. My Lord, *said she*, you will please to pardon me a moment, I'll go and try if I can engage Mr. Pert in our Diversion, and bring him with me. Without staying for my

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Lord's Answer, she ran towards the House, and left him with the Angle in his hand : he had now a little time to consider the Lady, but what to make of her, he knew not ; he took the Letter out of his Pocket, and read it over again, then said to himself, — 'Twas lost Labour in the Lady who writ it, for *Amoranda* takes no notice of it, her Behaviour is open and free as ever, I shall certainly meet with a critical Minute, and then adieu to Gallantry on this side the Country. Before he had ended his Soliloquies, he saw the Lady coming back alone, and went to meet her ; What, Madam, *said he*, are you without an Attendant ? Yes, my Lord, *said Amoranda*, I could not persuade Mr. *Pert* to venture this way, he said the Sun always put out the Stars, and he should give but a glimmering Light where there was such a superior Brightness.

Madam, *said my Lord*, I once thought Mr. *Pert* so full of himself, that he scorn'd Improvement ; but I find your Ladyship's Conversation has made a considerable Alteration.

Pray, my Lord, have done, *said Amoranda*, for I freely own I am not proof against Flattery, there is something so inexpressibly pleasing in it——Lard! you Men——Come, let us catch some Fish, and divert the Subject. Hang the Fish, *said my Lord* : Aye, *said Amoranda*, for we shall never drown them. But how comes it, my Lord, *said she*, you are so indifferent to such a fine Diversion ? Because, Madam, *said he*, I have a finer in view ; 'tis to affront the Heart I am so eager in pursuit of, to give way to any other Diversion. Come, Madam, *said he*, let us leave this Drudgery to your Servants, and take a Walk in yonder pleasant Grove, where I may have an Opportunity of laying open to you a Heart ready to burst with Love. Here he took her Hand, and led her towards the Garden, when *Jenny*, *Amoranda's* Maid, met them, and told my Lord, a Servant was

was just come to tell his Lordship his Brother was newly alighted. Never any News was more unwelcome than this was to my Lord, who made himself now sure of *Amoranda's* Consent to any thing he should request of her, and he thought a very few Minutes would have compleated his Happiness. He stamped and cursed his Disappointment, and, with Vexation and Madness in his Looks, took his leave for that time. He was no sooner gone, than *Jenny* (who was all poor *Amoranda* had now to advise her) began to talk to her Lady about Lord *Lofty*. I am no less concerned than surprized, Madam, *said she*, to see you so free in this Gentleman's Company, after the Account you have had of his Temper in general, and his particular Behaviour to the poor Lady who writ to you. I wish it were in my power, *said she*, to prevail with you to see him no more ; I read his Designs in his Looks, and am satisfy'd his Intentions are dishonourable. At this, *Amoranda* burst out a laughing. The poor Lady that writ to me, *said she*, in a jeering Tone, one of his Tenant's Daughters, I suppose, who he, for a Night's Lodging, promised Marriage, perhaps ; and the Creature thinks, because he made a Fool of her, he has and must do so by all the Sex : no, no, *Jenny*, some People, when they are gauled themselves, would feign make other Folks smart too ; but I love to disappoint their Spite, and will, for that reason, take no notice on't.

Madam, *said Jenny*, that Letter looks as if it came from a finer hand than you seem to think it does ; look it over once more, and—Aye, *said Amoranda*, feeling in her Pocket, but where is it ? I had it last Night in the Orange-walk, and have certainly dropt it there, let us go and look for it. No Madam, *said Jenny*, we need not, if you dropt it there, my Lord has found it, for there he walked all the while you were dressing. That can never be, *said*

Amoranda, he is a Man of too much Honour to open a Letter directed to me; I am sure, *said she*, had he found it, I should have had it again, therefore go and look for't. While *Jenny* was gone in quest of the Letter, *Amoranda* began to recollect herself, and remembred she saw my Lord at a distance putting a Paper into his Pocket, and, when she came nearer to him, look'd confus'd; however, she had said so much already in vindication of his Honour, that she was resolv'd to conceal her own Thoughts, and *Jenny* returning without it, they both went in.

As soon as Dinner was over, *Amoranda's* Visitors began to flock about her, while she, pleas'd with a Crowd of Admirers, receiv'd them all with equal Complacency, and Singing, Dancing, Musick and Flattery took up her whole time. Her Heart was like a great Inn, which finds room for all that come, and she could not but think it very foolish to be beloved by five hundred, and return it only to one; she found herself inclin'd to please them all, and took no small pains to do so: yet had she been brought to the Test, and forced to chuse a Husband among them, her particular Inclinations were so very weak, that she would have been at the greatest loss where to fix, tho' her general Favours gave every Man hopes, because she artfully hid from one what she bestow'd upon another. Among the rest, she had two Lovers, who would very fain have brought her to a Conclusion; I shall call one *Froth*, and t'other *Callid*. The latter, tho' he had no cause to despair, grew weary of Expectation, and was resolv'd to have recourse to other measures: but *Froth* push'd his Fortune forward, and, from an inward Opinion of his own Merit, did not doubt but he should bring *Amoranda* to crown his Wishes, and in a few days bestow herself upon him for Life. One day *Amoranda* and *Froth* were set in a beautiful Summer-

mer-house in the Garden, which had Safhes to the High-way, and here they sat when *Froth* thus accosted her. Madam, *said he*, it is now six weeks since I first broke my Mind to you ; and if I am six more in suspense, it will break my Heart too. I am not unsensible of, or unthankful for the Favours you have shown me ; I know I am the happy Man who stands fairest in your Esteem, and since your Eyes declare your Heart is won, why do you retard my Joys ? You're a very pretty Fellow, *said Amoranda laughing*, to make yourself so sure of a Body ! how can you believe I shall be so silly, as to think of marrying, while I have so fresh a Bloom upon my Cheeks ? No, Mr. *Froth*, *said she*, it will be time enough for me to be a Wife, when that dreadful thing Decay gets hold of me ; but if it will be any satisfaction to you, I don't care if I tell you, I have not a less Value for you than for the rest of my Lovers. Madam, *said he*, my Extasy would have been more compleat, had you said a greater. Oh, *said she*, that's enough for once, but I don't bid you despair. As she spoke these words, she turn'd her Head, and saw *Callid* coming, and having a mind for a little variety of Courtship, desired *Froth* to go and pull a few Nectarines ; which he readily did, laughing in his sleeve at poor *Callid*, who he was very sure wou'd meet with a cold Reception. As soon as *Callid* had reach'd *Amoranda*, he began with a very submissive Air, and said, Madam, I am now so far from coming to repeat my presumptive Love, that I come in the highest Despair to resign it ; I am too sensible how little I have deserv'd a return from you, and since my Estate is too small for you——Your Estate, *said Amoranda, interrupting him*, I wonder, Mr. *Callid*, you shou'd name it : 'tis trifling indeed compared to your Merit : I wou'd have you believe I have so good a taste, as to set the highest Value upon the richest Gem, and I am sorry my Behaviour has given

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you any despairing Thoughts. Madam, *said he*, I have no cause to complain of your Behaviour, but Hope is a most tiresome thing when it hangs too long upon our hands; but here comes one, to whom I must give place.

Believe me, *said Amoranda*, you mistake, and I will comply so far with your satisfaction, as to say, you stand as fair in my Esteem as he does. By this time *Froth* came to 'em, and complaining of Heat, threw up the Sash. Some little time after a Gentleman rid by, and threw in a Glove at the Window; *Amoranda*, at whose foot it fell, took it up, and found there was something in it, which she conceal'd, but was much surpriz'd at the Action. As she was putting it into her Pocket, she saw Lord *Lofty* coming, and leaving *Froth* and *Callid* in the Summer-house, went to meet him. What an age, *said he*, have I been detain'd from my charming *Amoranda*? Oh! come down this Walk, and let me tell you how Absence has tortur'd me ever since I left you.

While my Lord and *Amoranda* were walking in the other part of the Garden, *Froth* and *Callid* began to compare Notes, and talk of the weighty Affair in which they were both concern'd. Mr. *Callid*, *said Froth*, you and I come here upon the same Errand, and in regard to our former Friendship I must tell you, *Amoranda* is partly dispos'd of, and for that reason I wou'd advise you to desist; a Man's Discretion is greatly to be call'd in question, who, after so many Repulses as doubtless you have met with, will still go on in a fruitless attempt. 'Tis true, we are both Men of Merit, but Love you know is blind, and if she finds just difference enough to turn the Scale to my advantage, I think you ought to drop your Amour, and leave the Lady and I to our own happy Inclinations. Hum—*said Callid*, you are, I must own,

own, a Man of a sanguine Complexion, but a little too much upon the Volatile ; your Understanding evaporates, and you never had a solid Thought in your Life, otherwise you wou'd tell yourself, this Woman has no more regard to you than to all Mankind in general. Perhaps she has given you some Cause to hope ; why, she has done the same by me, and is this minute doing the same by yon Nobleman, and to-morrow, five hundred more shall meet with the same encouragement, if they attack her. No, *Froth, said he*, this way will never do ; but if you will give into my Measures, we may find out one that will. You and I have been long Friends, and old Acquaintance, our Estates are sunk to a low ebb, tho' we have hitherto made that a Secret to the World ; *Amoranda* is not the Prize we seek after, it is her Fortune we want, and part of it, at least, we will have, if you will close with my Design. Well, *said Froth*, I never sign blank Bonds, let me know what your Design is, and as I like it, I will comply with it ; but why the Devil, *said he*, shou'd I lose the Substance for the Shadow ? I am sure she bid me not despair an hour ago, and who wou'd desire more Encouragement ?

I find, *said Callid*, you are running away with the old Bait, that has catch'd so many Fools already ; for my part, I nibbled at it too, but it smelt so stale, I did not like it : and if you'll be advised by a Friend, who can see as far into a Mill-stone as you can do, you'll shun the Trap as well as I. Come then, *said Froth*, let us hear this Scheme of yours. I know, *said Callid*, it will at the first hearing seem a little impracticable, but I don't doubt of convincing you in a small time of its Possibility. I have often heard *Amoranda* say, she pass'd her whole Evenings in this Summer-house when the Weather is hot ; now where would be the difficulty of whipping her out of this low Window into a Coach provided ready,

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and carrying her to a House which I have taken care of, keeping her with the utmost privacy, till she resolves to marry one of us, and t'other shall share the Estate.

Aye, *said Froth*, if this were but as soon done as said, I should like the Contrivance well enough; but pray, *said he*, don't you think her Maid and she wou'd make a damn'd noise when they were carry'd off? Yes, *said t'other*, I believe they wou'd, but we might easily prevent it, by a pretty little Gagg for a minute or two, till we got them into the Coach. Well, *said Froth*, but when we have taken all these pains, what if she will marry neither of us, and the Hue and Cry catch us, as to be sure it will soon be after us; then, instead of a fine Lady, with a fine Estate, we shall each of us get a fine Halter. Thou art a cowardly Puppy, *said Callid*, and I am sorry I have laid myself so open to you; do you think I do my Business by halves? or that an Affair of such Consequence is to be neglected in any part? No, the Devil himself can't find her where I intend to carry her; and if she will not immediately comply to marry one of us, she will at least come to terms for her liberty: you know we cannot stay long in *England*, unless we have a mind to rot in a Jayl, and if we can but screw out each of us a thousand Pound, we will away to the Czar, and let the Law hang us when it can catch us.

Why Faith, *said Froth*, I believe such a Project might be brought to bear, but how shou'd we get the Money brought to us? She shall draw a Bill upon her Banker, *said Callid*, for as much as we can get out of her, then we'll ride post to *London* and receive it. And when, *said Froth*, are we to go about this Work? for methinks I wou'd fain have it over; I have still a fancy *Amoranda* will be mine, and if she be willing to marry me, will you promise not to oppose it? Nay, *said Callid*, if she will marry either
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of us, I do not see why it may not be me as well as you; I will not make a Deed of Gift of the Lady neither, but if it comes to that, she shall e'en draw cuts for us, and the lucky Loon take her.

What an unhappy Creature is a beautiful young Girl left to her own Management, who is so fond of Adoration, that Reason and Prudence are thrust out to make way for it; till she becomes a prey to every designing Rascal, and her own ridiculous Qualities are her greatest Enemies! Thus it might have fared with poor *Amoranda*, had not a lucky hit prevented it, which the Reader shall know by and by. While this Contrivance was carrying on in the Summer-House, my Lord was employ'd in another of a different kind: he thought his Quality sufficient to justify all his Actions, and never feared a Conquest, wherever he vouchsafed an Attempt. Madam, *said he*, why are we to spend our time in this Garden, where so many Interruptions may break in upon our Privacies? I desire an Audience where none but Love may be admitted.

My Lord, *said Amoranda*, did you ever see a finer Goldfinch in your Life than that Cock in the Pear-Tree? That very Cock, my Lord, is Grand-fire to all my little warbling Company within doors; I remember him, and know him by a little uncommon Spot over his Eye: Oh 'tis a charming Bird, I have set a Trap-Cage for him a thousand times, but the dear Creature is so cunning—Well, every thing loves Liberty, and so do I; don't you, my Lord? Yes, Madam, *said he*, I lov'd it, and always had it 'till I knew you; but I am so intangled now in your Charms, I never expect to disengage my self again.

Well, I'll swear, my Lord, *said Amoranda*, that's a pity; methinks a Man of your Gallantry should never marry. Marry! *said my Lord in great surprize*, no, I hope I shall never have so little love for any Lady as
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to marry her: Oons! the very Word has put me into a Sweat, the Marriage-Bed is to Love, what a cold Bed is to Melon-Seed, it starves it to death infallibly. Aye, I believe it does, my Lord, *said Amoranda*; however, one thing I have often observ'd, when once a Woman's married, no body cares for her but her Husband; and if your Lordship's Remarks be true, not he neither: so that, my Lord, I think we must live single in our own defence. But, my Lord, *said she*—what was I going to say—Oh! pray give me a pinch of Snuff. Nay, Madam, *said my Lord*, this is trifling with my Passion, I cannot live upon such Usage; either ease my Sufferings, or take my Life. I'll swear, my Lord, *said Amoranda*, you are a bewitching Man; what a Breach have I made in good Manners by your agreeable Conversation! I left poor Mr. Froth, and Mr. Callid, in the Summer-House two hours ago, and had quite forgot they were there: sure the poor Toads are not there still. Damn the Toads, *said Lord Lofty*, are they a Subject fit for your Thoughts? No, my Lord, *said she*, you see I forgot 'em; but pray let us go in, we shall have the Owls about our Ears, if we stay here any longer, 'tis just dark. Lord Lofty was strangely ruffled at this Behaviour; and tho' he still hoped for a pleasing end of his Amour, he plainly saw it would not be so easily attained as he at first vainly imagined: he therefore took his leave for that Night, and hoped the next Interview would prove more favourable. *Amoranda* was very glad when she found herself alone, that she might have time to examine the Glove which came so oddly into the Summer-House Window. *Jenny*, *said she*, call for Candles, and come here. When she was sate, and had got Lights, she took out the Glove; Oh *Jenny*, *said she*, what a sad afternoon has my Curiosity had, and how much have I longed to see what I have got here? She opened the top of it, and found a Letter: So, *said she*, here is some new
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Conquest, but the strangest way of letting me know it that ever was invented. She opened it, and found these Words ;

THIS Letter, Madam, does not come to tell you I love you, since that would only increase the surfeit you must have taken with so many hundred Declarations of that kind already ; but if I tell you I am in pain for your Conduct, and spend some Hours in pitying your present Condition, it will, I dare say, be intirely new to you ; since (tho' many have the same opinion of your Behaviour) none have Courage or Honesty enough to tell you so. Consider, Madam, how unhappy that Woman is, who finds herself daily hedg'd in with self-ended Flatterers, who make it their business to keep up a Vanity in you, which may one day prove your Ruin. Is it possible for any Fop to tell you more than you know already ? or does not your Looking-Glass display every one of your fine Features with much more exactness, than the base, the fawning Rascal, who pretends to die at your Feet ? Spurn him from you, Amoranda, as you would the worst Infection, and believe me rather than him, when I tell you, you are neither Angel, nor Goddess, but a Woman, a fine Woman, and there are in this Nation ten thousand such. If this little Admonition meets with a favourable Reception, you will, upon the first reading of it, discard three Fourths of your daily Attendants, who like so many Locusts are striving to devour you.

Why Jenny, said Amoranda, did you ever hear any thing so impudent in your Life ? Oh Lud, I have not patience with the familiar Brute, I would give a thousand Pounds to know the Author ; what shall I do to be revenged ? Truly Madam, said Jenny, I must own if this be a Conquest, 'tis made upon a very insulting saucy Lover ; and yet I believe he means well too.

Mean well ! said Amoranda ; what good meaning can he have, who persuades me to banish the Bees, and live in the Hive by my self ? No Madam, said Jenny,

Jenny, your Ladyship mistakes him, 'tis the Wasps he would have you discard, who come to sting and steal from those who have a better Title to the Sweets of your Favours: But, Madam, *continued she*, do you think you should know him again, if you see him?

Not I, *said Amoranda*, I never saw his Face, he flung in the Glove before I knew any body was near; and had he not rid away in a Cloud of Dust, I should have thought it had been a Challenge to some of the Gentlemen in the Summer-House: but what vexes me most, *said she*, is his Pity; I always thought a Woman of Youth, Beauty, and such a Fortune as mine is, might raise Envy in many, but Pity in none.

Here the House-keeper came in to speak with her Lady, and put a stop to their present Discourse, by making way for something of greater moment. Madam, *said she*, if your Ladyship be at leisure, I have a Secret of great Importance to communicate to you. Prithee then, *said Amoranda*, let us have it, perhaps it may put something else out of my head. Madam, *said she*, I went this Afternoon into my little Room over the Summer-house, where you know I dry my Winter-Herbs, and while I was turning them, your Ladyship came in with Mr. *Froth*, and *Callid* came to you. You may please to remember, Lord *Lofly* gave you an opportunity of leaving them, which you had no sooner done, than they began to lay a most dangerous Plot against you; — (so told her Lady what the Reader has heard already) But, *continu'd she*, as soon as they had laid their Scheme, Mr. *Callid* said he would go and provide a Coach, and two or three Villains (like himself) to assist. As soon as he was gone, Mr. *Froth* began to consider with himself what was best to do, stick to the first Design, or discover all to your Ladyship. Now, *said he*, have I a fair Opportunity of turning *Callid's* Knavery to my own
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advantage, by discovering all to *Amoranda*; so signal a Service can be attended with nothing less than her dear self, and then I have her without any Hazard or Partner. But then, *said he again*, as my Friend has well observ'd, the Devil can't fix a Woman of her Levity; perhaps when I have ruined his Design, by telling her the Danger she is in, my Reward may be a Court'sy, and I thank you Mr. *Froth*, and when it lies in my power I'll serve you again: there's an end of his hopes and my own too. No, *said he*, without I were sure of making Sport, I am resolv'd I will spoil none, and good Luck assist our Undertaking; while yonder Lord is so much at her Service, we need expect no Favours but what we force, so *Callid* I follow thee to provide for them. Saying thus, he went out of the Garden thro' the Back-Door. Oh the impudent Rogues! *said Amoranda*: Well, and when, *Brown*, (for that was the House-keeper's Name) is this fine Project to be put in execution? To-morrow night, Madam, *said she*. What, *said Amoranda*, whether I am there or no? tho' I spend a good deal of time there, I am not always there. No, Madam, *said Brown*, I forgot to tell your Ladyship that part of the Contrivance; you are to be entertain'd with a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses in the High-way by Moon-light, just at the Summer-house Window, and if you happen to have any Company, 'tis to be put off till next Night, under pretence of one of the Dancers being not well. Very fine, *said Amoranda*; Well, since the worthy Gentlemen have begun a Scheme, I'll throw in my Counter-Plot among them, and see who will come best off.

Amoranda made her House-keeper a Present of some Guinea's, and dismiss'd her. As she went out, a Footman came in, and told his Lady, an old Gentleman was just alighted at the Gate, who brought her a Letter, but must deliver it into her own hand.

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An old Gentleman ! said Amoranda ; wait upon him in however. The Stranger enter'd, and gave the young Lady a Letter from her Uncle, in which, when she had open'd it, she found the following words :

I Have at last, my dearest Amoranda ! fixed upon such a Person as I think fit to entrust you with ; he is one for whom I have the greatest Value, or, to sum up all in one word, he is my Friend, and as such I desire you'll use him ; let him in my stead interest himself in all your Affairs. I have so good an Opinion of your Prudence, as to believe you will not often want his Advice ; neither will he offer it, unless he finds it necessary : for tho' he is an old Man, he is neither impertinent, positive, or sour. You will, I hope, from my past Behaviour towards you, believe you are very dear to me ; and I have no better way of shewing it for the future, than by putting you into such hands as Formator's, which is the Name of the Bearer ; and if you would oblige me, show it by your Esteem to him, which will confirm me

Your most Affectionate Uncle,

E. TRAFFICK.

When Amoranda had read the Letter, she look'd a little earnestly at Formator, possibly not very well pleas'd with a Guardian of such an Age ; but she consider'd she had a Father and Mother to please in the Person of her Uncle, and he such a one as made up the loss of both to her : for which Reasons she resolv'd to use him as directed in that Letter, and said to him, with a Smile, I find, Sir, I am no longer my own Mistress, but am now to live under your Restrictions ; I promise you I will always listen to your Advice, and take it as often as I can ; but I hope, Sir, you will remember I am gay and young, you

you grave and old, and that the Disparity in our Years may make as great a one in our Tempers : I'll therefore make a bargain with you, if you will bear with a little of my youthful Folly, I will bear with a great deal of your aged Sagacity, and we will be as agreeable to one another, as 'tis possible for Age and Youth to be.

Madam, *said* Formator, I agree to all your Proposals, and shall be very cautious how I presume to advise ; and if I ever do so, it shall be when your own Reason must side with me ; and I see already you have too much Sense to act against that, unless by Inadvertency. All young People, Madam, are fond of Pleasure, and every Thought that opposes it, is thrust out with disgrace ; but——O Lud ! *said* Amoranda, I believe you are to be the Chaplain too, if you talk thus much longer, you'll argue me out of my Senses ; I told you I could not come into your grave Measures of a sudden. Come, Sir, there's nothing in't, an innocent Chearfulness is much more acceptable both to God and Man, than a crabbed sour Temper, that gives every body the Gripes to look at it. Madam, *said* Formator, you quite mistake me : I am not of that disagreeable Temper you have described ; I would have both Young and Old act with that very innocent Freedom you speak of : but what I inveigh against, is an immoderate Love of Pleasure, which generally follows the Young, and too often leads them to Destruction.

Pray, Sir, *said* Amoranda, what is it you call Pleasure ?

Madam, *said* he, I call every thing Pleasure that pleases us, and I dare say you will own a great many things may and do please us, which are in themselves very faulty : as for example, suppose a fine young Lady of a superiour Beauty should spread her Purlieus to catch all Mankind, I doubt not but it would give such a one exquisite Pleasure ; but it is
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at the same time a great fault to give other People exquisite Pain, as the rest of the Sex must certainly feel, when they see one Monopolizer engross the whole Male World to herself. Nay, *said Amoranda*, there never was any such thing in nature, as one Woman engrossing the whole contrary Sex ; believe me, Sir, you all love Variety too well for that, and your Affections, like your Money, circulates all the Nation over ; so that it is only who can keep their Lovers longest we strive for, not who can keep them always, for that we none of us expect. But come *Formator*, *said she*, I must own you are come at a very critical Juncture, and since my Uncle has enjoin'd me to use you as I would him, after Supper I will give you an early Proof of my Duty to him, and my Confidence in you.

Supper ended, *Amoranda* told *Formator* the whole Story of *Froth* and *Callid*, their base Designs, as well as beggarly Circumstances. *Formator's* Cheeks glow'd with Anger, and, in the highest Transport of Rage, cry'd out, How can such a Woman, such a lovely Woman as you are, subject yourself to such Company ? Is it possible that fine Sense, which breaks from those lovely Lips with every word you speak, can find agreeable Returns from such Vermine ? Can a Man mingle his Wine with Mud, then drink it with pleasure ?

Pardon me, dear Madam, *continu'd he*, if my Zeal for so good an Uncle to you, and so good a Friend to me, hurries me a little too far ; 'tis not possible for me to see any thing, so deservedly beloved by him, run into the least Weakness ; beside, you seem to have too true a Notion of our Sex to be so grossly imposed upon by them. Say no more, good *Formator*, *said Amoranda*, I now promise to be governed in a great measure by you ; and since my Uncle has sent you to supply his Place, I will use you with deference, and bring myself to comply with your Desires

fires as far as possible. This Promise gave the old Gentleman ten thousand Joys, which sat triumphant on his pleased Countenance; and *Amoranda* could not forbear being pleased herself, to see how much he was so. But, Madam, *said* Formator, methinks I long to know how you intend to use those Villains. That, *said she*, you shall do presently. When the hour is come for the execution of their intended Project, I design to place two sturdy Footmen, dressed in mine and *Jenny's* Clothes, in the Summer-house; the hour they have appointed, will favour my Design as well as theirs, for ten a-clock's the time, and the Moon to be our Light: so that they will not easily distinguish betwixt the Fellows and us, till their Sense of feeling lets them into the secret; for the Footmen don't want Courage, and I hope my design'd Injuries will give them resentment to it: I dare say they will give them love for love, and pay them in their own coin. What do you think, *Formator*, *said she*, will not my Contrivance do better than theirs? I hope so, Madam, *said he*; but I have one earnest request to make to you, and as it is the first, I hope you will not deny me. No, *said Amoranda*, I am sure you will ask nothing I ought to refuse, and therefore I promise. Then, Madam, *said he*, give me leave to personate you in the Summer-house to-morrow night.

Alas! *said she*, what can your feeble Arm do with such robust Rascals? they will make no more of you than they wou'd of me myself, and methinks I wou'd not have 'em go off without a good drubbing. Fear not, Madam, *said* Formator, this Arm can still do wonders in so good a Cause; a Vindication of *Amoranda's* Honour fills my Veins with young Blood, that glows to revenge her Wrongs. Well, *said Amoranda*, I find I have the Remains of a brave Man to take my part; and since you have so great a mind to show your Prowess, pray do: if you hap-

pen to be worsted, we'll invert the Custom, and instead of your delivering the distress'd Damsel, she shall come and rescue you. This made *Formator* very merry, in spite of all his Gravity: but it was now Bed-time, and he was conducted to his Chamber by the Servants, who were order'd to use him with great respect. The next morning *Jenny* came to her Lady's Bed-side, and told her she had been in the Garden, and had found a silver Box; I fancy, by the bigness of it, 'tis Lord *Lofty's* Snuff-box, *said she*, but there is nothing in it but a Paper. Draw the Curtains, *said Amoranda*, and let me see it; *Jenny* gave her the Box, and when she had open'd the Paper, she found it was a Contract betwixt Lord *Lofty* and a Lady, of whom she had often heard, but never saw her; and if Lord *Lofty* receded from his Promise of marrying the Lady, he shou'd then forfeit Ten Thousand Pounds, as an Addition to her Fortune. This Contract nettled *Amoranda* to the very heart: How! *said she*, does my Lord come here to affront me with his Declarations against Marriage, and at the same time is going to engage himself so firmly to another? Base as he is, *said she*, am I a Person fit only to divert those Hours, in which he cannot gain admittance to one he likes better? Give me my Clothes, *said she*, I'll be revenged of him, or lose my Life in the Attempt.

Poor *Jenny*, who never saw her Lady angry in her life before, began to repent she had said any thing of the Box, and was now afraid her Lady loved Lord *Lofty*. Madam, *said she*, I wou'd not have your Ladyship in such a passion, for by the Date of this Contract, one wou'd believe my Lord never intended to give it the Lady at all; it has been sign'd and seal'd above a month, if it was dated at the same time. *Jenny*, *said Amoranda*, recovering herself, and smiling; I fancy by your Looks, you are afraid I have an inward private Inclination for this worth-

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less Peér : but as thou hast always been a faithful, honest Servant, I will contribute so far towards thy ease, as to assure thee he is upon the same foot with the rest of his Sex, and I know none upon earth I have a superior value for ; but I own I have so just a resentment against his Behaviour to me, that if the Lady this Paper was design'd for, will accept of it, I will certainly make her a present of it to-morrow. But, Madam, *said* Jenny, may-be my Lord may come and enquire for it. If he comes to-day, *said* Amoranda, tell him I see no Company, and to-morrow I will put it out of his reach——if my mind does not alter, *Jenny*, as I believe it will ; for upon second thoughts, 'tis a matter of very great Consequence, and I wou'd not contrribute to a Man's continual Uneasiness neither ; however, I am resolved to see no Company to-day, except *Callid* and *Froth*, so pray give orders accordingly below stairs.

Jenny was very glad to see her Lady recover her Temper so soon, and when she had obey'd her Commands, she return'd to dress her, and then *Amoranda* went down to *Formator* ; they paid each other the common Compliment of a Good-morrow, and then went to breakfast in *Amoranda's* Closet, for fear of a Visit from Lord *Lofty*, who came before they had well begun. But his Errand was different from what they expected, for he neither enquired for, nor had miss'd his Box : but when they told him, *Amoranda* saw no Company that day ; I know it, Child, *said* he, she told me yesterday she wou'd see nobody but me ; Where is she ? then without staying for an Answer, he ran from Room to Room till he found her. *Amoranda* thought his ill-manner'd Freedom proceeded from his Concern for his Box, and was once going to return it, in order to get rid of him, but a better Genius twitch'd her by the ear, and bid her keep it. Madam, *said* he with his wonted Assurance, how will

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you answer this Behaviour to Good-nature? and what have I done to deserve Banishment?

My Lord, *said* Amoranda, I retire sometimes from Company, to make it more acceptable to me when I come into it again; and this I think, I may do as often as I please, without a Breach in either Good-nature or Good-manners. True, Madam, *said my Lord*, but I wou'd fain be acceptable always. *Amoranda* found by this Answer he had not miss'd his Box, or at least did not suspect she had it, and therefore told him, she was surprized to hear him say he wou'd be always acceptable, after having declared so heartily against Matrimony. I fancy, my Lord, *said she*, you will find a Mistress a little given to Variety, and will hardly like you always as much as you may think you deserve. *Formator*, who colour'd at this Discourse, began to take up the Cudgels. My Lord, *said he*, I am sent here by very good Authority, and have a Commission to enquire every Man's Business that comes into this House; I therefore desire to know, if, as the Lady says, you declare against Matrimony, what your designs are in coming here? Prithee, Child, *said my Lord to Amoranda*, what queer old Prig is this? Hark-ye, Friend, *said he to Formator*, your Business now is in the other World, and you wou'd do well to go and prepare for't, without envying us the Pleasures you are past yourself. My Lord, *said Formator*, I am still very capable of Pleasure, and the greatest I can possibly have, is to preserve the lovely Charge committed to my Care, which I will do to the utmost extremity of my power; and do here promise you, till you give a better account of your Intentions, you shall never see her more. *Amoranda* was not very well pleased with what *Formator* said; for tho' she was perfectly insensible of any Passion for my Lord, and knew his dishonourable Designs, she cou'd not think of losing a Lover of his Title and Figure without some Emotion:

tion: and said to *Formator*, with a little warmth, I think, Sir, you assume a Power too great for so short a time, and I shou'd take it kindly if you wou'd give me leave to dismiss my Visitors myself. This gave my Lord a new supply of Hope, and he asked *Amoranda* leave to pull him by the Nose. No, my Lord, *said she*, whoever lays a finger upon him, has seen his last of me. Madam, *said Formator*, if I have been so unhappy as to say any thing to disoblige you, I do here in the humblest manner ask your pardon; but if I am not to take notice of such Behaviour as Lord *Lofty's*, I have no business here, but may forthwith return to him that sent me: for your part, my Lord, you *dare* not pull me by the Nose. Saying thus, he left the Closet, but sent *Jenny* directly up to her Lady, with a charge to stay with her till my Lord was gone, unless she commanded her otherwise, and then he knew what he had to fear.

Amoranda, on the other hand, found she had vex'd *Formator*, which she began to be sorry for, because she knew it wou'd highly disoblige one of the best Uncles in the World, and therefore begg'd my Lord to leave her for that time. He told her he wou'd do ten thousand Things to oblige her, and desired but one in return of all. When I understand you, my Lord, *said she*, I shall know what Answer to make; in the mean time, I repeat the Request I have already made you, to leave me now. My Lord, with a little too much freedom, snatch'd her to his arms, took a Kiss, and vanish'd. As soon as he was gone, she went down to *Formator*, and found him in the Parlor, in a very thoughtful, melancholy Posture; *Formator, said she*, I am come to tell you, I am under some Concern for what has happen'd to-day: I have, to oblige you, sent my Lord away, and do here faithfully promise you, I will never come into his Company more, without your Approbation. I own I have the greatest Inclination in the world to please

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you, and as I believe you sincerely to be my Friend, as such I will always use you, and let this little early Quarrel rivet our future-Amity. *Formator* was so transported at her good-natur'd Condescension, that he cou'd hardly forbear throwing himself at her Feet; but he consider'd, Raptures were unsuitable to his Age, so contented himself with saying, Madam, of what use is our Reason, if we chain it up when we most want it? had your's had its liberty, it wou'd have shown you the villainous Designs of your Noble Lover, it wou'd have told you how much he desires your Ruin, that all the Love he has for you, is to satisfy his own bestial Desires, rob you of your Innocence and Honour, then leave you to the World, to finish the Misery he begun, by being pity'd and despis'd as long as you live: 'Tis true, Madam, *contin'd he*, you have a Fortune that sets you above the World; but when I was a young Fellow, we used to value a Lady for Virtue, Modesty, and innate Love to Honour. I confess, Madam, *said he*, those are unfashionable Qualities, but they are still the chief Ornaments of your Sex, and ours never think a Woman compleat without 'em.

Give me leave, Madam, *said he*, to go a little farther, and tell you how great your misfortune has been, in being left so long to the Choice of your own Company; your Good-nature, and want of Experience, together with a greedy Desire of Flattery, which, (pardon me, Madam) is a Weakness attending the whole Sex, has encourag'd such a heap of Vermin about you, as Providence wou'd not suffer to live, were it not to give us a better taste for the brave, the just, the honourable and the honest Man.

Amoranda was so touch'd with what *Formator* said, that the Tears stood in her Eyes, and she was just going to beg he wou'd have done, when the Bell rung for Dinner, and put a stop to what remain'd; she was never so lectur'd in her Life before,

how-

however she told herself in her own Breast, that every Word he said was true. As soon as Dinner was over, my Friend *Froth* came in, with a design to sift *Amoranda's* Inclinations once more; and if he found her leaning to his Side, as much as he desir'd, then to discover all; if not, to stay till *Callid* came, and join with him, in the Invitation to the Entertainment at night. *Formator*, who was told before he came in who he was, left *Amoranda* and him together, and having a fair Opportunity of trying his Fortune once more, he thus began: Madam, I have often look'd with envious Eyes on the Favours you confer on Mr. *Callid*, but, Madam, as you cannot have us both, I wish you wou'd (for the ease of one of us at least) declare in favour of him you like, and let the other travel. Mr. *Froth*, said she, your Friend and you, are endow'd with such equal Merit, 'tis hardly possible to say which I like best; beside, if I shou'd declare in favour of you, Mr. *Callid* wou'd not believe I was in earnest; and if I shou'd say I like him best, you are too conscious of your own Worth, to think I speak from my Heart. In short, every thing we do, you construe to your own advantage: if we look easy and pleas'd in your Company, we are certainly in Love; if grave and reserv'd, 'tis to hide our Love; thus you all imagine we are fond of gaining a Conquest over a Heart, which when we have got it, is perhaps so very trifling, that we dispose of it at last, as we do of our old Gowns, give it away to our Chamber-Maid. But, Madam, said *Froth*, if you please we will lay by general Comparisons, and come to particulars betwixt *Callid* and myself; and if I, from undeniable Reasons, prove I deserve best from you, will you promise accordingly to reward me?

I faithfully promise, said *Amoranda*, to reward you both as you deserve; but here's Mr. *Callid* coming, I'll warrant he has as much to say for himself as

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you have. (*Mr. Callid came to 'em, and said to Amoranda*) I have provided a little Country Entertainment for you, Madam, if you will do me the honour to see it anon. You are always so very obliging, *said Amoranda*,—but you know, *Mr. Callid*, I never go far from home. No farther than your own Summer-House, Madam, *said he*; I have engaged a few of my Tenants to appear in a rural Dress, and give you a Shepherds Dance; they have been practising this Fortnight, and I am in hopes they may prove perfect enough to give you some diversion; I have order'd them to be there exactly at Ten o'clock, by which time the Road will be quiet, and the Moon up; and Madam, *said Froth*, a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, looks so *Natural* by Moon-light.—Yes *said Amoranda*, so it does, and I promise myself already a great deal of Pleasure from the Hour you speak of; but I wish I had known in the Morning, I wou'd have engag'd Lord *Lofty* to come himself, and have brought some Ladies with him. No matter, *said she*, we'll have it to our selves, and Gentlemen, I desire you will not sup before you come, for I shall take care of a small repast for you, and we will sup in the Summer-House, that we may be near our Diversion. Come then, *Froth*, *said Callid*, we will go and see them do it once more before they perform in the Lady's View; for nothing cou'd be so great a Baulk to me, as to have any thing wrong where she is to be a Spectator. As soon as they were gone, *Amoranda* called *Formator*, and bid him chuse a Companion for the Exploit in hand, for she told him, she had promis'd the two Gentlemen a Supper in the Summer-House, and she wou'd fain have them have a Belly-full.

Formator took the young Lady's advice, and went to chuse a good sturdy Fellow, to personate *Jenny*, while he did as much by *Amoranda*; and when the appointed time was come, they took their Places in
the

Memoirs of Amoranda. 41

the Summer-House, with each a good Crab-tree Cudgel by him, and after a little expectation, the two impudent Varlets came, ask'd for *Amoranda* with their wonted sauciness, and being told she was in the Garden, flew to their hop'd-for Prize. *Callid* ran as he thought to *Amoranda*, and catching her in his Arms, cry'd, No Resistance, Madam, by *Jove* you must along with me. *Froth* did the same by the supposed *Jenny*, and just as they were going to gag them, and call their Associates, who waited in the Lane for the Sign, to their Assistance, the two Ladies began to handle their Cudgels, and laid about them with such dexterity, that the Ravishers were almost knock'd on the head, before they cou'd believe they were beaten; so great was their surprize, and so little did they expect to meet with such resistance: but when they found the blows come faster on, without regard to either Sex or Quality, they began to draw their Swords; *Formator* struck *Callid*'s out of his hand, and the Foot-Man trip'd up *Froth*'s heels, before he cou'd get his out of the Scabbard, which he wou'd not have attempted to do, but that he thought his Antagonist a Woman. All this while the two Ladies laid on so unmercifully, that they began to cry Quarter and beg for Mercy, when the Noise reach'd the House, and they saw *Amoranda*, with Lights before her, coming in a great surprize, to see what the matter was. *Callid*, when he saw her and *Jenny*, cou'd hardly believe his half beaten-out Eyes, but stood staring, first at the real Lady, and then at the feign'd one; but when he found how matters went, he cry'd, *Froth*, thou Villain, thou hast betray'd me. If I have, said *Froth*, I am ill rewarded for't, and believe I shall never stir either hand or foot again. Well, Gentlemen, said *Amoranda* are the Shepherds come? When does the Dance begin? 'Tis over, Madam, said *Formator*, these Gentlemen have been cutting capers this half-hour, to a for-

sorrowful new Tune. Why what is the matter, said she ? I hope you have not hurt 'em.

Nothing, Madam, said Formator, but Harry and I took a frolick to sit here this Evening in Masquerade, and those two Beaus had a mind to ravish us, I think, for they were going to gag us. I am sorry Sir, (said he to *Callid*,) that I was forc'd to exercise my Cudgel upon you, I hope you will excuse it ; had I been in another dress, I wou'd have used another Weapon. I think, said Amoranda, he did not stand upon so much Ceremony with you, for I see he has drawn his Sword, tho' he took you for a Woman. Yes, said *Callid*, ready to choak with rage, despair, and disappointment, I took him for you, on whom I wou'd have had a glorious revenge, had it prov'd so. Oh Death and Fury, said he, what malicious Devil interpos'd ? but it is some Satisfaction to tell you how I wou'd have used you, had Fortune been so kind as to have put you in my power ; know then, proud Beauty, I wou'd——I know already (said Amoranda, interrupting him) as much of your designs, as you can tell me ; but Gentlemen, said she, if the *Czar* shou'd not take you into his Service, when you have received the Money from my Banker, pray let me know, and I'll make a better Provision for you. I have an Uncle going to the *Indies* who wants Slaves, and I believe at my request, he wou'd take you into his Service : in the mean time, do me the favour to leave this Place, for I have had just as much of your Company as I can dispense with. I hope, Madam, said Froth, (whose Tongue was the only Part about him he cou'd stir without Pain) you have more Hospitality in you, than to turn us out of your House in this Condition ; you had more need send for a Surgeon, to set our dislocated Joints in order, and wrap us up in Seer-Cloth, I don't believe I shall live a Week. That, said Amoranda, wou'd be a great pity, the world wou'd have a sad loss of so worth

worthy a Man; but I hear you have a Coach hard by; I shall order two of my Servants to load each of 'em with a Knave, and convey you both to it. I hope you will own I have been as good as my Word, I promis'd you a Supper and *Desert*, and believe you have had both. Upon which, she and her Retinue went away, leaving the two batter'd Beaus in the Summer-House, till a couple of lusty Fellows came, to take them up and shoot the rubbish into the Coach. The Servants who carried them away, left them, and return'd home; and as soon as they were gone, *Callid* accus'd *Froth* of treachery, and laid the whole discovery to his charge. *Froth* declar'd his Innocence, and urg'd his own share of the Suffering as a proof he was so; but *Callid*'s disappointment had sour'd his temper, as well as made him desperate, and he was resolv'd to be deaf to all *Froth* cou'd say in his own Vindication: and tho' they were both so bruis'd they cou'd hardly stand, he made t'other draw, who was innocent in Fact, tho' not Intention; and tho' they liv'd like Scoundrels, they went off like Gentlemen, and the first Pass they made, took each other's Life.

This News soon reach'd *Amoranda*'s ear, whose tender Heart felt a great deal of pity for the tragical Catastrophe. But *Formator* told her, he thought she ought rather to rejoice, if she had a true sense of a Fellow-Creature's Sufferings; for, *said he*, when once a Man has out-lived his Fortune, and his Friends, his next Relief is the Grave. He had now pretty well cleared the House of the Catterpillars that infested it, and began to take the greatest delight in his Charge; his constant Care was to divert her from all the Follies of Life, and as she had a Soul capable of Improvement, and a flexible good Temper to be dealt with, he made no doubt but one day he shou'd see her the most accomplish'd of her Sex: in order to which, he provided a choice Collection of

Books

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Books for her, spent most of his time with her, diverted her with a thousand pleasant Stories, possibly of his own making, and every moment was lost to *Formator*, that was not spent with *Amoranda*.

Lord *Lofty* had made two Visits during this time, but *Formator* wou'd not admit him, and by *Amoranda's* Consent told him she was engaged; which nettled the Peer so much, that he writ to her, in the bitterness of his Soul, the following words:

M A D A M,

*I*F it were possible for me to unriddle a Woman's Behaviour, I shou'd immediately try my Skill upon your's; but as I believe Men of deeper Penetration than I, have been baffled, I must e'en (with the rest) leave you to your own wild Mazes: One day caress'd, the next cashier'd, a third receiv'd again, and a fourth quite banish'd. However, tho' this be a common Treatment from most of your Sex, I never had cause to mind it so much in you, till this old whimsical Fellow came, to give you ridiculous Advice, and your Adorers endless Torment: What the Devil have our Tears to do with his? or why must his pernicious Counsel disturb our Pleasures? If you have that value for me still, which you once gave me reason to hope you had, you will meet me in the little Grove at the end of your own Garden, about nine a-clock, where I will acquaint you with some Secrets you never knew before: I have contrived a way to it without coming near the House, and your old Argus will never suspect you, if you come alone to the Arms of

Your Faithful Admirer,

L O F T Y.

Before *Amoranda* had done reading this Letter, a Servant came and told her, a Gentleman on horseback at the Gate desired to know if he might be admitted to her Presence for a quarter of an hour; his Business was a little urgent, but it wou'd be soon over.

Poor

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Poor *Amoranda* had been so lately in jeopardy, that she was now afraid of every body, and durst do nothing without *Formator*, who went to know the Gentleman's Name; but when he came to the Gate, he saw a poor, thin, pale, meagre young Creature, hardly able to sit his Horse, who look'd as if he wanted a Doctor more than a Mistress: when he had view'd him well, he was ashamed to ask him any questions, thinking he might as well be afraid of a Shadow as such a Skeleton as he was, and therefore desired him to alight, which with the help of two Servants he had with him, he did. *Formator* conducted him in, and left him with *Amoranda*; when the Stranger was late, (for he was very ill able to stand) he first begg'd *Amoranda* to shut the Door, that none might be witness to his wretched Tale but herself, and then with a flood of Tears began thus:

It is the way of the Damn'd, Madam, to desire all Mankind shou'd be in their own miserable State; but tho' I am as wretched as they, I am not so envious: and it is to prevent your Fate, and receive your Pity, that I am come at this time to you. Sir, *said Amoranda*, your Looks without your Tale, call for Pity; and I intreat you to drink a Glass of something to comfort you, before you spend the few remaining Spirits you have left, in a Story which, I foresee, will give you pain in the repeating. Alas! Madam, *said he*, Food and I are become Strangers to each other; but 'tis all the Pleasure I have to repeat my Wrongs, and my tortur'd Heart is never capable of a moment's ease, but when I am complaining. *Amoranda* was in the utmost perplexity to find out what whining romantick Lover she had got, and cou'd not imagine where the Adventure wou'd end, or how her Fate came to be concern'd in the matter; but the poor Afflicted soon let her into a Secret, which she began to be impatient to know. Madam, *said the Stranger*, I am now going to tell you a Story, which

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which will melt you into the greatest pity ; but before I proceed, intreat you will not be too severe upon my Conduct, or say when I have done, I have reaped the Desert of my own Folly. *Amoranda* promised her best Attention, without any Reflection at all ; and the Stranger thus began :

The first thing I am to inform you of, Madam, is my Sex, which is not what it appears to be : I am a Woman, a wretched, miserable, unhappy Woman : my Father was the eldest Son of an ancient Family, born to a very plentiful Estate, and when he died, left only one Son and myself ; my Mother died soon after I was born, and my Father left me wholly to the care of my Brother, who was at Age when he died, and my Fortune, which was five thousand Pounds, was to be paid me when I married, or was of age, and to be kept in my Brother's hands till then. I was then about fourteen Years old, and my Brother, who was Father too, used me with all the Tendernefs that cou'd be expected from so near a Relation ; and had he kept within the Bounds of Honour, and loved me only as a Sister, I might have reckon'd myself in the number of the Happy. A whole Year pass'd over with the greatest Innocence, and my Brother's Love seem'd faultless and natural ; but when I was turn'd of fifteen, in the height of my Bloom and Pride of Beauty, I was one day dress'd to the most advantage for a Ball in the neighbourhood, when my Brother came in, and looking stedfastly at me, *Altemira, said he, Oh Altemira !* you are too lovely. Then snatching me to his Bosom, press'd me with a Warmth which a little surprized me. I broke loose from his Embraces, and ask'd him what he meant ; he seem'd a little confounded, and left the Room. I confess I was under some apprehension of an approaching Misfortune, but was loth to harbour any Thought to the disadvantage of so dear a Brother, and therefore imputed the Action rather

rather to Chance than Design. He came to the Ball, but wou'd neither dance nor speak, nay, nor so much as look at any thing but me, which only I took notice of. When the Company broke up, he convey'd me home, and as we were going, he sigh'd, and said, I had made him very wretched. How, Brother, said I, not willing to understand him, by what Behaviour am I so wretched to make you so? Oh *Altemira!* said he, cease to talk, your Actions had been better, had they been worse; for who can see so much Perfection without Love, without Adoration? Oh *Altemira!* I must, I will enjoy you. It is not possible for me to tell you, Madam, how shocking this was to me, I cou'd hardly keep from swooning in the Coach; but my Passion found vent at my Eyes, and with ten thousand Tears I begg'd him to recall his scatter'd Senses, to arm his Reason for his own Defence, to consider I was a Sister, nay, a Sister who was left wholly to his Care, and one who had none to fly to for redress of Injuries but him; and am I so entirely miserable, as to find my Ruin where I seek my Sanctuary? said I: Oh! by the Ashes of our dead Father and Mother, by all the Ties of natural Affection, of Honour, Virtue, and every thing we hold dear in this Life, if you have any regard to my Welfare or your own, stifle this guilty Flame, and let me quench it with my Tears.

I wish, *Altemira*, said he, I cou'd quench it with my own; but 'tis grown too fierce to be extinguish'd; I have kept it under a great while, and with my utmost Care endeavour'd to suppress it: but alas! my Attempts were vain, it was too powerful for me, and is now broken out with such violence, that unless you stop its force, I must consume to Ashes in the midst on't. My Heart at those words sunk, both with Horror and Pity; I saw an only Brother, whom I dearly and tenderly lov'd, a black Criminal entangled in a guilty lawless Love, while I, who only

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ly had the power of relieving him, lay under an indispensable Duty of refusing to do so. As soon as we alighted out of the Coach, we went to our different Apartments; how my poor Brother spent his Night, I know not, but mine went on with a heavy Pace; I counted every dull Hour as it came, and bathed in Tears, lay thinking how to extricate myself, from the miserable Condition I was in. I found my unfortunate Brother was too far gone, to be brought to reason, and had often heard, a desperate Disease must have a desperate Cure: I therefore resolv'd to end his pain, by absence, and go where he shou'd never see me, till I was satisfy'd he had got the better of his own Folly.

In order to this, I got up when the Clock struck four, and calling up my Maid, who lay in a Closet just by me, I made her pack up some Clothes for me and herself, and taking all my Mother's Jewels, which were now mine, and what ready Money I had, we went down unheard or observ'd by any body, and took the Road to a Wood hard by: I well knew as soon as my Brother was up, he would as usual come to enquire after my health, and when he miss'd me, make strict enquiry after me; I therefore thought it most advisable to stay a day or two where we were, till the search was a little over, and then pursue my intended Journey. My Maid favour'd my design, tho' she knew it not, by stepping into the Buttery before she came out, and filling her Pocket with something for her Breakfast, which we liv'd upon two days. In a Thicket in the Wood we found a Shepherd's Hut, deserted by the owner, where we lay that night; and the next day towards evening, we ventur'd to a Farmer's House, where for a Guinea to the Man, who was newly come, and knew neither of us, he undertook to carry us both where I directed him. When I was about eleven Years of Age, we had a Female Servant, who was
Cook,

Cook, and had liv'd in the Family many Years. She just then married away, and to her I went : she was exceedingly surpriz'd to see me at such an early hour, (for we rid all night) and no better attended. Here, (said I to the Man that brought us,) there's your Hire, and a Crown to drink, make the best of your way home again. I now thought my self the happiest Creature upon earth, for I saw my self safe, and had one to whom I durst intrust my Secret, which I never did to my Maid *Kitty*, because I wou'd not expose my Brother, and for which she owed me, and paid me a Grudge. The Woman, to whose House we were come, was always call'd when she liv'd with my Father by the name of her Place, *Cook* : and so I shall call her for the future : She married a Gardiner, who liv'd some time with Lord *Lofty* : I presume, Madam, said she, you know the Man, and so do I too well. It was, no doubt, decreed, that I should never have rest, otherwise I shou'd have miss'd his fatal acquaintance. Pray, Madam, said Amoranda, give me leave to interrupt you so long, as while I ask you whether you ever favour'd me with a Letter in your Life ? That Madam, said Altemira, you shall know presently. I had not been three days at *Cook's*, before my Lord came that way a hunting, and just at dinner-time, being very hungry, he popp'd in upon us, before we were aware of him. 'Tis possible you will not readily believe I ever had a face worth looking at, while you see no remains of a good one ; but— There I interrupt you again, said Amoranda ; for tho' you have now, a livid, pale Complexion, your Features are still fine, and a little quiet of Mind, wou'd raise those fallen Cheeks to their usual plumpness. Be that as it will, said Altemira, Lord *Lofty* saw something in it, which he thought worth his notice, and he no sooner cast an eye upon me, than he vow'd an everlasting Love : he took *Cook* a-

side, and found out who I was, but not the occasion which brought me there. He spent the remaining part of the day with us, and most of the night, before he cou'd be perswaded to leave us ; and next day he came again, and said ten thousand things to win a foolish Heart, and I must own, I began to be too well pleas'd with every Word that fell from his bewitching Tongue ; he soon perceiv'd it, and as soon took the advantage of my Weakness. One day as we were alone, he began to take some Liberties which I was not very well pleas'd with, and said, My Lord, you abuse the freedom I have given you, I have hitherto believ'd your intentions honourable, you know best whether they are so or no ; if they are not, be assur'd your Quality will stand for very little in my esteem, and till I am better satisfy'd in that point, your Lordship must excuse me if I see you no more. Saying thus, I left the room and went to my own, where I lock'd my self up, and came no more out while my Lord stay'd, which was some hours. The next Morning before my Eyes were well open'd to read it, a Letter came from him, fill'd with ten thousand protestations of his Sincerity, and if I wou'd but give him leave once more to throw himself at my feet, he wou'd soon convince me of his reality. I have already own'd his oily Tongue had made an impression on my Heart, and I took a secret pleasure in hoping all he said was true ; I sent no answer back by the Messenger, which was giving a tacit Consent to another Interview, and I saw him at my feet before I thought the Messenger cou'd have return'd. Oh ! what an assiduous Creature is Man, before enjoyment, and what a careless, negligent Wretch after it. Dear *Altemira*, said my Lord, why do you use me with such contempt ? what shall I do to convince you of the real value I have for you ? is there one Oath left, which

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I have not sworn to confirm my Love to you? or can my Actions display themselves with greater ardency than I have already shown? Yes my Lord, *said I*, there is one Action yet remains, which must authorise all the rest; that once done, I am yours for ever, but till then, you know what you have to trust to. I understand you, Madam, *said the base Deceiver*, and I greatly approve your cautious Proceedings; you shall soon be satisfy'd in every point, and I will break through all my own measures to make you easy; to-morrow's Sun shall see us one. After this promise he staid not long, but left me in the greatest, the highest tranquillity I ever knew. When my Lord was gone, *Cook* came to me, and told me she was afraid there was some juggle betwixt my Lord and *Kitty*; for I have seen him whispering with her twice, *said she*, and beg you will have a care what you do, and how you trust her; she is very sullen at something, and has been out of humour ever since she came here.

I know it, *said I*, and the reason is, because I have not let her into the Secret of leaving my Brother's House. I wish, *said Cook*, you wou'd part with her, I do not like her, I can recommend one to you just now, who will, I am sure, be very just to you.

No, *said I*, I will first be convinc'd of her behaviour, I hate a strange face. Well, Madam, *said Cook*, I wish you may not repent it. For my part, I was so full of satisfaction at the Promise my Lord had made me, that I cou'd find room for no other thought, and went to bed that night two hours sooner than usual, that I might indulge it without interruption. As soon as day appear'd, my poor unwary Heart gave a fresh alarm to Love and Joy, and when I heard the Family stirring, I got up and dress'd me to the best advantage, expecting every hour to see my Lord attended by his Chaplain. At last I saw my Lord enter, but no Chaplain; he

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came to me and said, My *Altemira*, I am now come to remove all your doubts, take this, *said he*, (pulling out a Paper) and let it convince you how much I love. I open'd the Paper, and found it a promise to marry me, with a Bond of ten thousand Pound, if ever he receded from his Word. I own I was pleas'd with the Paper which he gave me in great form, as his Act and Deed, before *Cook* and her Husband, who were both Witnesses to it: But I cou'd not find out the meaning of it, and said, *My Lord*, If you design to marry me, what occasion is there for all this formality and stuff? I presume you are your own Master; what then retards your design? I'll tell you, my dearest *Altemira*, *said he*, when you and I are alone. Well, *said I*, let me go and lay by this Paper, and I'll wait upon you again: I went up to my Chamber, and lock'd it up in a Scrutore which stood in the room, and of which I had the Key, and then return'd to my Lord, whom I found all alone: Well my Lord, *said I*, with a much freer air than usual, now we are alone, pray let me hear this Secret.

Altemira, (said this base Impostor) I now look upon you with a Husband's Eyes, you are in *Foro Conscientiæ* my Wife, and as such I will entrust you with all I know: About nine Months ago, I saw a Lady whom I admir'd then, as I do you now, and after I had made my addresses to her some time, she consented to crown my wishes, and we were to be married in a Month's time; but before it was expir'd (with the true Spirit of inconstancy which reigns in most of your Sex) she jilted me, and admitted another, to whom she is to be married next Week. Now, my Dear, *said he*, shou'd I marry first, she will sling all her own Levity at my door, and say the Falshood was mine; for which reason, since she is so near marriage, I will deny myself the pleasure of thy dear Arms a few days, rather than

than undergo the Scandal of doing an ill Action to a fine Woman. Here was a gloss set upon as base a design as ever Villain invented ; and I, who look'd upon all he said as from an Oracle, gave a pleasing ear to it. He stay'd not late that Night, but came again early next day, for he liv'd within three little Miles of Cook's House, and every time he came, grew more familiar with me : I must confess to you, good Madam, I lov'd this Ingrate to distraction, and after such a firm substantial proof of his, as I had lock'd up, I thought myself exceedingly secure ; my fear and caution which used to attend me constantly, now left me, and I had no other desires than to please my undoer. Three or four days after he had given me the above-mention'd Paper, he came, and said, My *Altemira*, you have never seen my House, I desire you will go with me to-day, and dine there ; I hope I have given you too many demonstrations of my Love, to leave you any room for fear. My Lord, *said I*, 'tis now my Interest to believe every thing that's good of you, and I have no fear of any thing, but a want of Power to please you always. After some other discourse I went up to dress, and you may be sure I left no charm behind me, which I cou'd possibly take with me. Cook was not willing I shou'd go, but durst not be known to persuade me from it, because my Lord was a good friend to her Husband ; however I ventur'd to go, and met with all the civil Treatment in the World, I now thought myself at home, and was pleas'd to think how soon I shou'd give my Brother an account of my good Fortune from thence : but alas ! my Doom was near, my eternal Destruction just at hand. When we were at dinner, a Letter came for my Lord, which he read, and gave it to me, it was an account of the Lady being married, whom he had some days before told me of. Now *Altemira, said*

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he, 'tis our turn, to-morrow you and I will join our hands. When dinner was over, he sent his Chaplain for a Licence, who accordingly brought one which he shew'd me ; the afternoon we spent in different Diversions, and at Night, when I wou'd have gone to *Cook's*, my Lord said I shou'd never leave the House till it was my own, and begg'd I wou'd be satisfy'd to stay all Night : he told me I shou'd have a room to myself and Maid, and in the *Morning Hymen* shou'd crown our Wishes. I own I was not long persuading to comply ; but soon consented to my own undoing, for about One a-clock, when all the House was gone to bed, I heard a little knocking at my Chamber-door ; *Kitty* immediately rose, without saying any thing to me, and open'd the Door, my Lord enter'd, and came to my Bed-side. *Kitty*, the treacherous *Kitty*, put on her Clothes, and left the Room, as she had been instructed. My dearest *Altemira*, said my Lord, it is impossible for me to rest, while you are so near me ; give me a Bridegroom's privilege, and let me lie down by you. I found myself under some concern at his Proposal, but consider'd, a few hours wou'd give him a just title to all I had in my possession : I call'd every circumstance to my memory ; the firm Engagement I had under his hand ; the Letter from *London* of the Lady's Marriage ; the Licence and Preparations which were made ; and the Millions of Oaths and Vows which I had receiv'd from a perjur'd tongue, of an eternal Love ; all these, in conjunction with an unguarded hour, made me a prey to the basest of Men. In short, Madam, he gain'd his ends, and after some hours Enjoyment, got up and left me. *Kitty*, when he went out, came in again ; but I was so little apprehensive of my own Fate, that I said not much to her, but got up and re-assum'd all my Charms. When we were at Breakfast, my Lord said with a sort of raillery ; It shall never

never be said, Madam, that you come to me to be marry'd ; if you think fit, we'll confirm our Vows at *Cook's*, as you call her. With all my heart, my Lord, *said I*, she is Witness to our Contract, let her also see our Nuptials. When we had done, the Coach was order'd to the door, and Lord *Lofty* put me into it, and accompany'd me to *Cook's* ; Now, Madam, *said he*, I will leave you for an hour, and then return with my Chaplain : In the mean time, *said he to Cook*, send for what Provisions you think fit, for dinner to my House, and do you dress it well, and I will help to eat it. This was no sooner said, than my Lord whipt into the Coach and drove away. As soon as he was gone, my Maid came to me, and said, Madam, I have heard by chance my Mother is not well ; I beg you will give me leave to go and see her : If she recovers, I will return ; if not, you may be pleas'd to provide yourself of another, I shall give you an early account. *Kitty, said I*, it falls out unluckily for you, but who can help misfortune ? I am not willing to part with you, and if you can return in a month's time, so long I will stay for you. The Jade thank'd me, and went away.

I was now left alone with honest *Cook*, then she asked me if I was married ? I told her, No, but very near it. She shook her head, and said, she hoped I had brought the same Treasure back with me, which I took to my Lord's, for he was going this Morning to *London*. How do you know ? *said I, in a distracted Tone*. I went, *said she*, to enquire for you last night, when I found you came not back, but was not admitted to see you ; and I then heard orders given for the best Horses to be gotten ready for *London* in the morning. Good Heaven ! *said I*, can this be true ? Is there no such thing as Justice in Man ? No Faith in their Oaths and Vows ? Oh *Cook ! said I*, if you are still my Friend,

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as I hope you are, send thither this minute to know the Truth of what you tell me : But I fear, *continued I*, there is too much in't, both by his bringing me here again, and by *Kitty's* going away, that Wench has certainly sold me to him, and I am undone ; for Oh ! *said I*, all is gone. While *Cook* was preparing to send to my Lord's, a Footman came with a Letter for me ; he just deliver'd it, and went off, which I open'd, and read, as follows :

M A D A M,

AN unlucky Accident has forced me away to London ; it is so very sudden, that I have not time to excuse my going. I hope, at my return, I shall find you where I leave you ; and you shall find me

Your most Obedient,

L O F T Y.

As soon as I had read this Letter, my Spirits sunk, and I remain'd breathless in my Chair ; when *Cook* came in to know what News, she saw the Paper dropt at my foot, and guess'd something of the Contents. I was convey'd to my Bed, where I lay for some days in a most miserable Condition ; tho' in the midst of all my cruel Reflections, I found my Conscience clear'd myself, and I was in hopes my Lord's Bond would in some measure justify my Actions to the World. With this little Satisfaction I got up, and went to the Scrutore to take out, and look at all the hopes I had left ; I fully design'd, if he refused to marry me at his return, to sue his Bond, recover the ten thousand Pounds, and chuse a quiet Retirement from the World, where I might end my days in peace ; but Oh ! what Tongue can tell my Surprize, Confusion and Despair, when I miss'd the Paper which I had put into a silver Box, and both were gone together.

I call'd Cook with a feeble Voice, who came to me, to hear my new Complaints. Oh Cook! said I, my Misery is now compleat, I have lost my Lord's Bond, and Promise of Marriage; it was in a silver Box in this Scrutore. A silver Box! said Cook; I saw Kitty put one in her Pocket the fatal Day you went to my Lord's, and ask'd her what was in it: she said, her Lady's Patches: You would trust that wicked Quean, said she, whom I always disliked, and now — Ay, said I, and now she has undone me for ever; may her Perfidy to me meet with a just Reward. Nature was so far spent in me by my previous Trouble, that I sunk under this new Addition, past all hope of ever rising more; I was some Weeks before I had the use of my Reason, but lay like a stupid Log, taking what Sustenance they gave me, because I knew not what I did. At last, by degrees I recover'd my Senses, but was infinitely less happy, than when I had none, because I was then free from Reflection; my cruel Disquiet of Mind made so great an alteration in my Face, that when I came to look at it, I could not believe I was *Altemira*. After I had been in this condition four Months, I heard Lord *Lofty* was returned from *London*; I immediately writ to him in the most supplicating Terms, but he would not vouchsafe me an Answer: I writ again, and he sent it back unopen'd. I had once a mind to go to him, but I thought his Behaviour to myself would be of a piece with that to my Letters, and I should only expose myself to his Servants, and pick up new matter for fresh Grief: but I soon found why I was used with so much Contempt, and heard he made his Addresses to the rich, young, beauteous *Amoranda*. I own, Madam, your Person and Fortune have an infinite advantage over mine; but a Man, who is resolved to be a Libertine, has no true value for a Woman's good Qualities; the best she can show to please him, is to
give

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give into all his brutal Pleasures : and as I was sure you would shun such a Lover, I own I did write a Line to let you into the temper of the Man. But now, Madam, that I have told you my Wrongs, I hope I have engaged your Justice, Goodness, and Pity, and you will no longer encourage his Addres-ses, but look upon them with the same Contempt, as from a married Man. Madam, *said* Amoranda, your Case I own is very deplorable, and what would give me a sensible Affliction, were it not in my power to do you some service ; but I believe I can make you a very acceptable Present, and will contrive a way of serving you beside. At those words, *Amoranda* left *Altemira*, and return'd with the Box and Bond ; This, Madam, *said* *she*, is, I presume, the Loss you have so much lamented, and I do assure you, Lord *Lofly* has not been at *London* since his Injuries to you, but at a Seat he has just by this House, and there he is now : that Box which I have now given you, he accidentally dropt in my Garden, nor does he know I have it ; and till I see you as firmly his, as he has promised you should be, I will never leave contriving.

The sight of Lord *Lofly*'s Bond, gave poor *Altemira* a satisfaction not to be express'd ; the Blood which had so long forsaken her Cheeks, began to run again in its wonted Channels, and Joy diffus'd itself in every Feature of her Face : Is it possible, *said* *she*, that I am so happy as to recover this testimony of his Villany ! 'tis some little satisfaction for my lost honour, that I have this small justification of myself. 'Tis a very great one to me, *said* *Amoranda*, that I can contribute towards it, and if I can but gain one Point I have in my head, I hope I shall see you perfectly easy ; but I have an old Gentleman in the House, who must be let into the Secret, or nothing can be done.

Madam,

Memoirs of Amoranda. 59

Madam, *said* Altemira, my Secrets are too well known to the World ; engage who you please in the Scheme, but spare me the confusion of hearing it. Then, *said* Amoranda, I will leave you employ'd while I go to my Guardian, and desire you will write a Letter to Lord *Lofly*, to let him know you have recover'd the Bond and Contract which your perfidious Servant return'd to him, and that you expect all the satisfaction the Law can give you ; then leave the rest to me. Here she left *Altemira*, and sent *Jenny* with Pen and Ink to her, while she told *Formator* the whole Story ; he needed no Addition to Lord *Lofly*'s Character, to confirm him 'twas a very bad one : however, his Indignation was ready to boil over, and he express'd himself as every Man of Honour would do upon such an occasion. *Formator*, *said* Amoranda, I have this poor Creature's Wrongs so much at heart, that I shall never rest till I recover her Quiet ; but you must give me leave, because I have promised never to see Lord *Lofly* more, unless I have your Consent for it, and without seeing him nothing can be done.

Madam, *said* Formator, I applaud your just and generous Design, and am so far from desiring to hinder it, that I will be your Assistant to the utmost of my power. Then, *said* Amoranda, give me leave to send for my Lord this minute, and do you abscond. *Formator* consented to her Proposal ; and she writ the following Lines to my Lord, and sent them by a Footman just then.

My LORD,

I Do not want Inclination to meet you where you desired at Nine ; but my Argus, as you have some time call'd him, is gone abroad for this Night, so that we may have an Interview within doors. You know the Hand so well, that this Paper needs no other Subscription, but that

I am Yours

As

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As soon as she had dispatched this Letter, she went to see how *Altemira* went on with hers, and found she had just finish'd it. I am before-hand with you, said *Amoranda*, for I have writ to my Lord since I saw you, and sent it. 'Tis an Invitation to a Man, I now hate, and if I can but gain my ends upon him——Come, let me see what you have writ. She took the Letter from her trembling hand, and read :

IF Prayers and Tears could mollify an unrelenting obdurate Heart, yours had long ago been soften'd into Justice and Pity : but as they have fail'd me so often, I think it needless to try them any more. To tell you, my Lord, of Heaven and Conscience, would only serve to make you sport; but methinks you should have some little regard to your bleeding Honour, which lies stabb'd and mangled in a thousand places by your own Barbarities.

However, my Lord, I am now to tell you, a fortunate bit has put you into my power, and the Contract you gave me, and corrupted my Servant to steal from me, is once more fallen into my hands. I dare say you will easily believe I intend to carry it as far as the Law will bear, but am still forced to wish you would do a voluntary piece of Justice to

Your Injured

ALTEMIRA.

This Letter was sealed, and directed for Lord *Lofly*; and the Summons *Amoranda* had sent him, soon brought him to receive her Commands. In the mean time, neither *Altemira* or *Formator* knew any thing of her Design; but as she hoped it would be attended with good Success, she was resolved to have the Merit of it wholly to herself.

Altemira's

Altemira's Letter she gave to one of her Footmen, with an order to bring it in when she call'd for Tea ; and to say (if any questions were asked) a Man on horseback enquired for my Lord, desired that it might be deliver'd to him, and rode away.

Amoranda, desir'd *Formator* and *Altemira* to go up into the Room over the Summer-House, where *Brown* heard all *Callid's* and *Froth's* Contrivance, and where they might hear what she said to my Lord ; for in the Summer-House she intended to entertain him. They were no sooner plac'd in their different Posts, than they heard the Visiting-knock, and my Lord enter'd, and enquir'd for *Amoranda*, whom he found in the Summer-House : he ran to her with eager transport, and finding her alone, thought opportunity had join'd itself to his Desires, and he had nothing to do, but reap a Crop he never intended to make a title to. My dearest *Amoranda*, said he, how shall I return this favour ? with what joy did I receive your obliging Letter, and with what delight am I come to die at your feet ? My Lord, said *Amoranda*, you seem'd so very earnest in your Letter for an interview, I was resolv'd to give you an opportunity, and shall now be glad to hear what you have to say. To say, my Angel ! said he, can any Man want a Theme, that has so glorious a Subject as *Amoranda* ? Come to my arms, my lovely Charmer, and let me whisper out my very Soul upon thy lovely Bosom. Hold, my Lord, said she, before you run into those violent raptures, let me know your designs a little ; I confess you have often rally'd a married State, but that I rather take to be a sort of a Compliance to a debauch'd, wicked Age, than any real inclination of your own ; come, my Lord, confess you have a mind to marry. To tell you, Madam, I have a mind to marry, is, to tell you I have not a mind to love you ; why shou'd you desire to subject yourself to

to one, whom you may for ever make your Slave ? The very thoughts of being bound to love, wou'd make me hate ; and take it from me, as a very great truth, Every Man breathing, makes a better Lover than Husband. Pray, my Lord, *said she*, from whence do you prove your Assertion ? I must own my experience and observations are but young, and yet I know several marry'd People, who in all appearance love one another exceedingly well.

Yes, Madam, *said he*, in all appearance, I grant you ; but appearances are often false. Why then, *said Amoranda*, by the same rule, we may believe the love of one of you to your Mistress, as forc'd and empty, as that of a marry'd Man to his Wife ; we have no way to know either, but by their Words and Actions, and those that think contrary to both, we look upon with so much contempt, that we shun their Conversation, and think it a fault to be seen in their Company.

What a pity 'tis, *said my Lord*, so many good things should be said upon so bad a Subject. I wonder, *said Amoranda*, your Lordship does not get the House of Lords to endeavour to repeal the Law of Marriage : Why shou'd you Lawgivers impose upon other People, what you think improper to follow yourselves ? Oh ! Madam, *said the Peer*, there are politick reasons for what we do ; but if you wou'd ever oblige me in any thing, let us have no more of Marriage. Why really, my Lord, *said Amoranda*, I am not yet at my last Prayers, so that I hope you will not think Despair has any hand in what I have said ; and to divert the discourse, we will have a Dish of Tea. Here she rung a Bell, and call'd for the Tea-table, which was immediately brought, and follow'd by a Servant, with a Letter for Lord *Lofly* ; who no sooner cast an eye upon the Supercription, than he knew the hand to be *Altemira's*. The effects of a conscious Guilt immediately seiz'd the

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whole Man, his tongue falter'd, his cheeks glow'd, his hand trembled, and his eyes darted a wild horror; when striving to recover himself, he put the Letter into his pocket, and with a forc'd smile, said, A Man had better have a Wife it-self, than a troublesome Mistress. Nay, my Lord, *said Amoranda*, if that Letter be from a Mistress, I am sure you are impatient to read it, I will readily dispense with all Ceremony, and beg you will do so. Madam, *said he*, the foolish Girl from whom this comes, I own, I once had an intrigue with, but—I don't know how it was, she had a better knack at getting a Heart, than keeping it; besides, she gave me such a consumed deal of trouble, that I was almost weary of her, before I had her. No, my Charmer, *said he*, *Amoranda*, and only *Amoranda* commands my heart; I own no Mistress but her; nor will I ever wear any other Fetters, than those she puts me on. Now do I most stedfastly believe, *said she*, that you have said as much, a thousand times, to the very Lady, whose Letter you have in your Pocket: Come my Lord, *said she*, either read it while I am by, or I will go away to give you an Opportunity.

Madam, *said he*, rather than lose one Minute of your Company, I will do Penance for three or four; but be assur'd, I intended to have return'd it unopen'd, as I have done several from the same hand: but to oblige you, I'll read it. While he was doing so, *Amoranda* watch'd his Looks, and found a fresh alteration in his Face at every line he read; but when he came to that part which told him, *Altemira* had recover'd his Contract, he turn'd pale as Death, stamp'd, and cry'd—Zouns—Bless me, *said Amoranda*, what's the matter, my Lord? is the Lady not well? My Lord, after he had paus'd a while, *said*, he was mistaken in the Hand, that Letter came from

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from his Steward, with an account of a very considerable Loss he had had ?

Pugh ! *said* Amoranda, is that all ? you know, my Lord, there are Misfortunes in all Families, as Sir Roger de Coverly says ; come, come, drink a Dish of Tea, and wash away Sorrow. My Lord sat very moody for some time, considering that since *Altemira* had recover'd his Bond and Contract, she would, if only to revenge his Ill-usage of her, be very troublesome : and again, he thought if once the World should come to see them, every body would say he was a Villain if he did not marry her. He therefore resolv'd to put a stop to her Expectations, by marrying of *Amoranda*, and then she would be glad to come to his Terms, and for her own Credit smother the matter. This was just as *Amoranda* expected, and hop'd for ; she wisely imagin'd that if my Lord once saw himself under a sort of necessity of marrying, he would be for chusing the least evil (as he thought all Wives were) and rather marry a Woman he had not enjoy'd with as fine an Estate as he could expect, than take one with an inferior Fortune, and of whom he could expect no more than what he had had already. *Amoranda* saw the Struggles of his Soul in his Looks, how unwilling he was to come to a Resolution so much against his Inclinations ; but he had just promis'd her, he would wear no Fetters but what she put him on, and she was as firmly resolv'd to fit him with a Pair.

My Lord, *said* Amoranda, your Tea will be cold ; I wish I were worthy to know what weighty Affair employs your Thoughts ?

A weighty Affair indeed, Madam ! *said* he ; for I am now bringing myself to a resolution of doing what I have often thought no Woman upon Earth cou'd have had the power of persuading me to : But your Charms have dissolv'd every design, and I now offer you a Heart for Life. My Lord, (*said* Amoranda) a

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Man of your Estate and Quality, leaves a Woman no room for Objection ; but if I shou'd comply too soon, you'll think I am too cheaply won, and value me accordingly. Madam, *said he*, I am one of those who hate trouble, and the less you give me, infinitely the more you'll engage me to you: Come, my *Amoranda*, *said he*, your old, crabbed Guardian is now from home, and there is no time like that present ; I will send just now for my Chaplain, and we will do in half an hour, what I hope we shall never repent of. But my Lord, *said she*, the Canonical Hour is past, and you have no Licence. The Canonical Hours, Madam, *said he*, are betwixt eight and twelve, and not a farthing matter whether Morning or Night ; and for a Licence, I'll step home myself, and take care of one. My Lord just remember'd he had one by him, which he had purchas'd to bamboozle poor *Altamira*, and since he was in such haste, 'twas no more than scratching out one Name, and interlining another ; whip'd into his Coach, bid his Coachman be at home in half an hour, and told the Lady, in another he wou'd be back. *Amoranda*, call'd down her two Prisoners, who had been within hearing all this while, and leaving them in the Summer-House, she ran in, call'd for a Pen and Ink, and wrote thus to my Lord :

I Am, my Lord, in such Confusion, I have hardly time to write to you : Formator is just come home ; I know he hates you, and will certainly prevent our designs, till he has writ to my Uncle. I therefore desire you will, with your Chaplain, come, as you once propos'd, into the Grove your own way ; and when it is dark, I will come to you : I doubt not but your Chaplain has the Matrimony by heart ; if not, pray let him con his lesson before he comes.

Yours in great haste,

A M O R A N D A

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When she had sent this Letter whip and spur after my Lord, she return'd to the Summer-House, and desir'd *Altemira* to come in and dress her in the same Gown she had on; for tho' it was now past nine o'clock, it was light enough to distinguish colours. As soon as they had got ready, they went to the Grove, and *Amoranda* plac'd *Altemira* just where my Lord was to enter, and bid her whisper, under pretence of *Formator's* being in the Garden, as well to disguise her Voice, as to pronounce her own Name without being fairly heard; and when you are married, (said *Amoranda*) tell my Lord you will go in, and go to supper, and as soon as you can conveniently, get to Bed, and send *Jenny* to conduct him to you. She here told them, she had writ to retard his return till it was dark; and now *Altemira*, said she, I hope you are near that happiness you have so long wish'd for: I think I hear the Coach. *Formator* (who was all this while with 'em) and I, will place ourselves where we shall hear you if you speak never so low; but you shall see no more of us, till my Lord is in bed with you, and then we will come in and wish you Joy. As soon as *Amoranda* had done speaking, my Lord came, and found *Altemira* ready, whom he took for *Amoranda*; the Chaplain soon did the work, and made them one, to the unspeakable joy of the Bride. She observ'd all *Amoranda's* Orders, and whispering, told him she wou'd go in, and send *Jenny* for him, as soon as she had an opportunity. My Lord sent away his Coach and Chaplain, and waited with the greatest impatience for *Jenny*, who came after some time, and convey'd him in the dark to *Altemira*. As soon as my Lord was gone out of the Grove, *Formator* and *Amoranda* came out too, who durst not stir till he was gone, for fear of being heard; when they thought he was in Bed, they went into the Chamber, with each of them a light in their hand, to wish the Bride and

Bride-

Bridegroom Joy. *Formator* went in first ; and when my Lord saw him, he thought he was come to take away his Spouse, and cry'd out, Be gone, Sir, she's my Wife. Fear not, my Lord, (said *Amoranda*, behind) no body shall disturb you, only we are come to wish you joy. How, Madam, (said my Lord, when he saw and heard *Amoranda*) are you there ? To whom have you dispos'd of me ? your Chamber-Maid ! No, my Lord, said *Amoranda*, I scorn so base an Action, but I have given you to one, who has the best right to you ; come *Altemira*, said she, sit up and let's throw the Stocking : besides, you are both gone supperless to Bed, and I have a Sack-Poffet coming up stairs.

When my Lord had look'd sufficiently round, and saw how matters went, he found it was a folly to complain, and was resolv'd to turn the Scale, and show himself a Man of Honour at last ; in order to which, he turn'd to *Altemira*, and said, Can you forgive the Injuries I have done you, Madam ? My Lord, said *Amoranda*, I dare answer for *Altemira's* pardon ; but who must answer for yours ? Madam, said my Lord, I am at age, and will answer for myself, and do upon honour declare, I am pleas'd with what you have done ; there is certainly a secret pleasure in doing Justice, tho' we often evade it, and a secret horror in doing ill, tho' we often comply with the temptation. I own my design was to wrong this innocent Lady, but I had an inward remorse, for what I was about, and I wou'd not part with the present quiet and satisfaction that fills my breast, to be Lord of the whole Creation. How great a truth is it, said *Formator*, that Virtue is its own reward ; and who that knows the pleasure of a good Action, wou'd ever torment himself with doing an ill one ? My Lord, said he, this happy turn of temper, has made you a Friend, which you may one day think worth your Notice : and now, Ma-

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dam, (said he to *Amoranda*) let us leave the happy Pair, and *Altemira* to tell her Lord every Incident, that help'd to bring her wretched Circumstances to such a joyful conclusion.

The next Morning, my Lord sent for his whole Equipage, and carry'd his Lady home, as became his Wife. *Formator* and *Amoranda* accompany'd them to the House, where my Lord had first decoy'd his *Altemira* ; and as they went by, call'd at Cook's, who was soon inform'd of all the good fortune that attended her young Lady, and told her she had a Letter for her, from her Brother, which she gave her. *Amoranda* told her Ladyship, there was no body in Company, but who knew the story of her Brother ; and desir'd she wou'd read it, which she did thus:

IF I burnt in an unlawful Flame for my dearest Sister, I have quench'd it with my Blood, I no sooner miss'd you, than ten thousand torments seiz'd my guilty Mind ; I sent three days in search of you, but every Messenger return'd without any News : I fear'd the worst, and fell into the highest despair. What have I done ! said I, ruin'd an only Sister, left to my Care, who is now, if alive, destitute and a wanderer, and all this by an unlawful Love ! Those thoughts distracted me so, that I took up a Sword which lay by me, and struck it into my Breast ; my Wound prov'd not mortal, and a few days brought me a healing Balsam, for I was told where you were : I was resolv'd to drive out one extreme by another, and see you no more, till I had try'd my Success on a Creature, superior in every Charm to her whole Sex ; she listned to my Love, and I pursu'd it, till I made the Fair-one mine. And if *Altemira* will but forgive what is past, I may call myself the happiest Man in the World. You will, doubtless, be desirous to know my Choice ; and to let you see I have not lessen'd my Family by it, know the Lady is Sister to Lord Lofty, who lives so near Cook,

that

that you must have heard of him. I hope you will now return to the arms of your

Repenting Happy Brother.

Here was a new occasion of Joy for Lady *Lofty*, and my Lord was very well satisfied: they went all together to his House, and spent a few days with them, till Colonel *Charge'em* came from *London* to visit his Lordship; who no sooner saw *Amoranda*, than he began to attack, nor she him, than she began to parly: which, when *Formator* saw, (whose Eyes were always open to *Amoranda's* actions) he told her, if she pleas'd they wou'd go home in the morning. She consented, because she thought it in vain to deny; otherways, she had no dislike to a Feather, nor did she think a lace'd Coat a disagreeable Dress, and she cou'd have dispens'd with a little more of the Man of War's Company; but her trusty Guardian put a stop to all farther Commerce betwixt them, by ordering the Coach to be ready early in the Morning, so that they were almost half-way home before the Colonel was up, who very probably wou'd have been for waiting upon the young Lady home. Lady *Lofty* and *Amoranda*, after a mutual promise of an everlasting Friendship, parted with much unwillingness, but with a design to see one another often. As they were going home, their way lay between two steep Hills, where they met a couple of Men mask'd. *Amoranda* was exceedingly frightened, and said, she was sure they shou'd be robb'd; but *Formator* bid her have a good heart, and call'd to the Coachman to stop. He got out of the Coach, and taking a Pistol from one of the Footmen, stood at the Coach-door on one side, while two of the Servants, by his order, did the same at t'other, and waited till the two Masks came to 'em. But they soon found Money was not their Errand, it was the Lady they wanted, who had no other guard than *Formator*, her

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Coachman, and two Footmen. One of 'em rid up, and shot the poor Coachman, who fell out of the Coach-Box, wounded, but not dead; the same resolute Rogue rode up to the two Footmen on one side of the Coach, while the other engag'd *Formator*, who hid his Pistol, till he had his Enemy pretty near him, and then let fly a brace of Bullets at him, which kindly saluted his brain, and down he dropp'd. The other, who had beat back the Footmen, seeing *Formator* an old Man, rode round, to dispatch him, and then get into the Coach-Box, and away with the Lady; but he found the old Man pretty tough, for before the Servants cou'd come to him, who were both disarm'd, he had clos'd in with the Rogue, wrench'd an empty Pistol out of his hand, which he had discharg'd at one of the Servants, but miss'd him, and with it knock'd him down: he was only stunn'd with the blow, but *Formator* stay'd not for his recovery; he order'd the two Footmen, to get the wounded Coachman into the Coach, and one of 'em to get into the Coach-Box, and drive home with all speed. *Amoranda*, when the Coachman was shot, fell into a swoon, and continu'd in it, till *Formator* got into the Coach; he laid her head in his bosom, and chafed her temples, till she recover'd. Her Reason no sooner return'd, than she enquir'd after his safety: Do you live, *Formator*, said she, and have you no Wounds? No, my lovely Charge, said he, (transported beyond himself, that he had her safe) I have no Wounds, but what the fear of losing you gave me; the dreadful apprehension of such a misfortune, stabb'd me in a thousand places. Well, said she, I am glad you are not hurt, but I wish we were at home.

That, Madam, said he, we shall be presently; we have not above three Miles to your own House. As soon as they got home, a Surgeon was sent for, to dress the Coachman's Wounds, who was shot thro' the

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the arm ; and *Amoranda* was some days before she recover'd her Fright. Three Weeks were now past, since they left Lord *Lofty's*, in which time, *Formator* had, by a daily application, endeavour'd to form *Amoranda's* mind to his own liking ; he try'd to bring her to a true taste of that Behaviour, which makes every Woman agreeable to every Man of Sense. A Man, *said he*, of true Judgment and a good Understanding, has the greatest contempt in the World, for one of those Creatures we commonly call a Coquet : Levity, and a light Carriage, is so very despicable in a Woman, that it is not possible for the rest of her qualities, tho' never so good, to atone for them ; how much more does it raise a young Lady's Character, to have one Man of Sense vindicate her Conduct, than to hear a thousand Coxcombs cry—— Gad she's a fine Woman, she's a Woman of Fire and Spirit ? The Commendations of such Men, Madam, *said he*, are like the Compliment of a Dog just come out of the dirt, while he fawns upon you, he defiles your Clothes. Nature when it form'd you, shew'd its greatest skill, and sent you into the World so very complete, that even Envy itself cannot charge you with one single blemish ; your beautiful Form is all Angelick, and your Understanding no way inferior to it ; a Temper mild and easy, and a Fortune great enough to satisfy the avarice of the greatest Miser : and why, lovely *Amoranda*, must all these fine accomplishments be eclips'd, by that Foible of your Sex, Vanity ? Why have you such a greedy thirst after that Praise, which every Man that has his eyes and ears, must give you of course ? For Heaven's sake, dear Madam, *said he*, disguise at least the pleasure you take in it, and receive it with a modest, careless Indifference : a Man who once sees a Woman pleas'd with flattery, has gain'd more than half his point, and can never despair of success, while he has so good, so powerful an Advocate about

the Heart he aims at. *Formator*, said *Amoranda*, were you never flatter'd when you were a young Man ? I fancy you don't know the pleasure of it ; but I am resolved I will never think it a pleasure again, because you dislike it in me ; for it must be a disagreeable quality, or you wou'd never argue so strenuously against it. Nay, and there's another thing which will make me leave it, and that is——Hush, said she, I hear a Coach stop at the door, let's go and see who's come. She ran into the entry, and was most agreeably surpriz'd, to see two young Ladies alighting, one of whom was a particular Favourite, and had been her Companion when a Child ; the other young Lady was a perfect Stranger, but she came with *Amoranda's* Friend, and for that reason was equally welcome : they came in a little before Supper, and *Amoranda* was exceedingly pleas'd she had got a Female Companion or two. When they were at Supper, and saw *Formator* sit at Table ; *Arentia* (for that was the young Lady's name) ask'd if he was a Relation of *Amoranda's*. She said he was better than a Relation, he was a Friend, and one to whose Care her Uncle had committed her. As soon as Supper was over, *Formator* left the Ladies to themselves, and he was no sooner gone, than *Arentia* ask'd how long he had been in the Family. *Amoranda* said, about six Months : he is, said she, a very good sort of an old Man, if he were not so very wise ; but the truth is, we foolish Girls are not to be trusted with our-selves, and he has taught me to believe we are the worst Guardians we can possibly have. Madam, (said the strange Lady, whom we must call *Berinthia*) if we young People give into all the whims of the old, we shall be so too, before we have liv'd out half our days ; I hope, Madam, we shall not have much of his Company, for of all things I hate an old Man. Oh ! said *Amoranda*, you will like him better when you are acquainted with

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with him, and will find him a very agreeable Companion ; for all his Age, *Formator* has a Sprightliness in his Conversation, which Men of younger Years might be proud of. This Encomium of *Amoranda's*, rais'd a blush in *Berinth's* Cheeks, which she took notice of, and laughing said, If you had not just now, Madam, declar'd your aversion to old Men, I shou'd be half afraid you had a mind to rob me of my Guardian. After some other discourse it grew late, and *Amoranda* ask'd the Ladies, if they wou'd lie together, or have separate Beds ? *Berinth* said, she always lay alone, which accordingly she did. Next Morning, after Breakfast, *Amoranda* took them into the Garden, and there entertain'd them with the Story of *Froth* and *Callid's* contrivance, with every thing else which she thought wou'd divert them ; but while they were in the midst of mirth and gaiety, *Formator* came into the dining-room, and with discompos'd looks, walk'd a few turns about it, saying to himself, From whence proceeds this strange uneasiness ? why is my Heart and Spirits in such an agitation ? I never was superstitious, and yet I cannot forbear thinking *Amoranda* in some new Danger ; there must be something in it, and Heaven, in pity to her, gives me warning : Then after a little pause—I'll take it, said he, and watch the lovely Charmer : I know not why, but methinks I tremble at the thoughts of those two Women, and fancy I see her more expos'd to ruin now, than when she was surrounded with Fools and Fops. Saying thus, he went into the Garden, and walk'd at a distance from the Ladies, but kept his eye upon them ; he perceiv'd the new-come *Berinth* close to *Amoranda*, one hand lock'd in her's, and t'other round her waist : This sight increas'd his doubts, and rais'd his indignation. At dinner he watch'd her looks, and found her eyes almost upon *Amoranda* : The sight was death to him, his Soul was rack'd and tortur'd,
and

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and while he flung dissatisfy'd looks at *Berinthia*, she darted hostile glances at him; his suspicions grew every day stronger, yet was he in such a state of uncertainty, that he thought it not convenient to say any thing to *Amoranda*, till one Morning she came down before the two Ladies were stirring, and saw *Formator* walking in the Hall. She was glad of so good an opportunity, for she had for several days taken notice of an unusual melancholy in his Looks. *Formator*, said she, what is the matter with you? what new trouble has taken possession of your breast? I see a Cloud upon your brow, and cannot be easy till I know the occasion of it. Madam, said he, the source of my trouble proceeds from the real concern I have for your Welfare, which I have so much at heart, that the least appearance of Danger, gives it a fresh alarm. I confess myself extremely uneasy, but fear you will think me a very whimsical old Fellow, if I tell you, I suspect *Berinthia's* Sex, and cannot but fancy he is a Man.

I shall always, said *Amoranda*, acknowledge myself obliged to you for your great Care and Caution, but beg, my good *Formator*, that you will not carry it too far: What in the name of Wonder cou'd put such a Thought into your Head?

Madam, said he, Observation puts a great many things into our heads; you may please to remember, first, she would lie alone. Pugh! said *Amoranda*, that's what I love myself, and so may ten thousand more. True, Madam, said he, and had my Reasons stopp'd there, that wou'd have dropp'd of course; but why so many kind Glances? so many rapturous Embraces? such loving Squeezes by the hand, an eager Desire to please you? Eyes ready to run over with Pleasure at every word you speak? Are these the common Marks of Respect betwixt one Lady and another?

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Consider, Madam, you have Youth, Beauty, Sense, and Fortune enough to bring our Sex to you in as many Shapes as ever *Jove* himself assumed, and we are always soonest surprized, when we are least apprehensive of Danger.

Formator, said *she*, every thing you say pleases me, because I know it comes from an honest Heart ; but you are too full of Fears, and your Zeal and Care for my Safety, makes you look at things in a false light : I cannot give into your opinion for several Reasons ; first, I think it highly improbable a Person of *Berinthas* Sense, should undertake so ridiculous a Project ; next, I can never believe *Arentia*, who must be privy to it, would be so base as to betray me. No, no, *Formator*, said *she*, there can be nothing in it, and I beg you will lay by your Fears. Saying thus, she left him, and went away to the Ladies, who, she heard, were both up. *Berinthas* met her with an Air of Gallantry, and led her a Minuet ; then catching her in her Arms, kiss'd her with some eagerness. Hold, *Berinthas*, said *Amoranda*, Kisses from our own Sex and other Womens Husbands, are the most insipid things in nature ; I had rather see you dance, I fancy you do it very well, but can't be so good a Judge while I dance with you myself : you will oblige me if you take a turn or two about the Room. This she proposed on purpose to mind her step, which she found somewhat masculine, and began to fear *Formator* was in the right. Good Heaven ! said *she* to herself, can this be true ? Is it possible *Arentia* can be so treacherous ? Is there no Justice, no Honour, no Friendship to be depended on in this vile World ? Methinks I cou'd almost hate it, and every thing in it, unless honest *Formator*. While she was thus musing, *Berinthas* ran to her, and taking her again in her Arms, said, My dear *Amoranda*, what are you thinking of ? Her dear *Amoranda* began now to disrelish her Embraces, and break-

breaking from her a little abruptly, said, Madam, I was thinking of Treachery, Falshood, broken Friendship, and a thousand other things, which this bad World can furnish us with. This Answer made both the Ladies colour, and they look'd at one another with the utmost confusion; which *Amoranda* took notice of, and applying herself to *Arentia*, said, Why, Madam, do you blush? Your Youth and Innocence are doubtless Strangers to all those black things I accidentally named. *Arentia*, willing to extricate herself from her Confusion, said it was a Vapour. O! said *Amoranda*, is that all? then here's my Bottle of Salts for you; and yours, Madam, said she to *Berinthia*, is a Vapour too, I presume: I'll call for another for you, since your Distemper is the same, your Cure ought to be so too. But come, Ladies, said she, (*being resolved to try them a little farther*) I will divert your Spleen with a sight I have not yet shown you. She then led them up two pair of Stairs, where there was a large old-fashioned wrought Bed. This Bed, Ladies, said she, was the Work of my Grandmother, and I dare say you will believe there was no want of either Time or Stuff when it was made. No, said *Arentia*, they had doubtless plenty of both, or it had never got to such a size; I don't believe it wants much of the great Bed of *Ware*. Methinks, said *Amoranda*, they should bring up this fashion again, now that Men and their Wives keep so great a distance, they might lie in such a one with so much Good-manners. I dare say, continu'd she, we three might lie in it, and never touch one another. What think you, Ladies, shall we try to-night? No, said *Berinthia*, for my part, I never loved one Bedfellow, much less two; besides, I never sleep well in a strange Bed. The Proposal however took off some Apprehensions from the two Ladies, but confirmed the third in her Fears.

Madam,

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Madam, *said Arentia*, I ventured to promise my Friend here, before we came from home, a great deal of pleasure upon your fine River ; here's a cool Day, and if it be consistent with your inclination, we'll take a turn upon the Water this afternoon, for to-morrow we must think of going home. *Amoranda* was not sorry to hear that, but told them she cou'd not answer them of a sudden; for she knew they did not care to have *Formator's* Company, and whether he wou'd consent she shou'd go without him, she knew not.

I confess to you, Madam, *said Berintha*, I had much rather want the pleasure of the Water, than have the Plague of the Man ; but hope you will prevail with him to stay at home, and let us go without him. Come, Madam, *said Arentia*, 'tis our last request, gratify us in this small matter, and compleat the favours we have already receiv'd. Well, Ladies, *said Amoranda*, if you will excuse the rudeness of leaving you a minute, I'll go and try my Guardian's good-nature. She conducted the Ladies down again, and went to *Formator*. I am come, *said she*, to tell you something, which will, I dare say, be very grateful to your ears ; my two Ladies talk of going home to-morrow, but they have a great mind to take a little recreation this afternoon in the Barge, and I desire your Opinion of the matter. Madam, *said he*, I am strangely surpriz'd at your having an inclination to go abroad with a Person you are utterly a stranger to ; you know the Water, for some Miles, runs by nothing on one side but Woods and Desarts, and has on the other, but one small Town ; suppose there shou'd be a trap laid for you, and you shou'd fall into it, what account can I give your Uncle, either of your Safety, or my own Care ? I am sure, *Formator*, *said she*, you do not think so indifferently of me, as to believe I have a mind to be trapan'd, or that I
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wou'd not carefully avoid all danger; but I cannot see how it is possible, for me to be in any at this time, because I shall have all my own Servants about me, and if a hundred baits were laid, they cou'd not reach me, unless I were to land; which I faithfully promise you, I will not do: and supposing the very worst you fear, to be true, and *Berinth* shou'd prove a Man, he is neither a Devil nor a Monster, to devour all before him, I wish you were to go with us yourself. No, Madam, *said he*, I perceive myself a perfect Bugbear to 'em both, and wou'd not make your Company uneasy: May Heaven have you always under its kind Protection; I shall be transported at Night, when I see you safe at home again. Fear not, *Formator*, *said she*, that Providence which knows my innocent Intentions, will I hope conduct me back again. Here she left *Formator*, and went to order the Barge to be got ready, and then return'd to the Ladies. Well, *said she*, I have order'd all things for our long Voyage, and as soon as we have dined we will embark. Nay, *said Berinth*, let us take a bit of any thing along with us, and not stay for dinner, we shall not have half pleasure enough before Night else. *Amoranda*, willing to gratify them this once, sent fresh Orders to the Barge-Men, who were ready in half an hour, and when *Jenny*, by her Lady's Command, had laid in Wine and cold Viands, they sail'd down the Water with a pleasant gale. The three Ladies were set at one end of the Barge, and *Amoranda's* Servants, six in number, at the other; she herself was set between *Berinth* and *Arentia*, when *Arentia* thus began. Madam, *said she*, Fortune did me an early piece of Service, in making me your acquaintance, when I was yet but a Child; I have ever since done my endeavour to keep up amity and a good understanding betwixt us, and it shall be wholly your fault if ever there be a breach in our Friendship; but

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but Madam, our time is short, and there is a story ripe for your ear, which I must beg you will listen to, and hope you will contribute so much to your own Happiness, as to comply with the Proposals we are about to make to you; tis neither my Cousin's inclination nor mine to use force, but something must be resolv'd upon in a very short space: Nay, Madam, *continued she*, don't look surpriz'd, what I say is fact, and so you'll find it. *Amoranda* gave a scornful smile at what *Arentia* said, and ask'd her, if she thought her a Woman of so little Courage, as to be bullied into any Compliance in the midst of her own Servants. No, Madam, *said Berintha*, *Arentia* has gone a little too far, give me leave to tell the ungrateful Tale, for so I fear it will prove. Why, then *said Amoranda*, do you tell it? a fault committed by chance or mistake, ought to be forgiven; but a wilful one we cannot so easily overlook. The poor Lady began now to wish she had taken *Formator's* advice, and had staid at home, for she saw nothing, either on her right-hand or her left, but a resolute Arrogance in both their Countenances; however they kept within the bounds of Civility, and *Arentia* once more began: Know, Madam, *said she*, I am not going to tell you any thing, but what you might be very well pleas'd to hear; I have a near Relation, who is a Man of the greatest merit, a Man of fortune and honour; he had the misfortune, (as I fear I may call it) of seeing you once at the Bath, and tho' it be more than a twelve-month since, he still struggles with a Passion that will master him, in spite of all Opposition: Oh! turn to your left shoulder, *Amoranda*, and behold the Wretch.

Amoranda, who guess'd where it would end, look'd very serene and unsurprized, saying, *Arentia*, if your Friend *Berintha* be a Man of Fortune and Honour, as you say he is, why has he used clandestine

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stine means to get into my Company ? Do you think, Sir, *said she, turning to him,* I am so fond of my own Sex, that I can like nothing but what appears in Petticoats ? Had you come like a Gentleman, as such I would have received you ; but a disguised Lover is always conscious of some Demerit, and dares not trust to his right Form, till by a false appearance he tries the Lady : if he finds her weak and yielding, the day's his own, and he goes off in triumph ; but if she has Courage to baffle the Fool, he sneaks away with his disappointment, and thinks nobody will know any thing of the matter. *Biranthus,* (for that was his true Name,) was stung to the very Soul to hear *Amoranda* so smart upon him ; but was yet resolved to disguise his Mind as well as his Body, and said, You are very severe, Madam, upon a Slave who dies for you ; but if I have done foolishly in this Action, *Arentia* should answer for it, the Frolick was hers, and it was design'd for nothing else. But, Madam, *said he,* Time flies away, and every Minute is precious to a Man, whose Life lies at stake ; it is now time to know my Doom, shall I live or die ? Believe me, Sir, *said Amoranda,* it is perfectly indifferent to me which you do ; and if nothing will save your Life but my Ruin, you will not find me very ready to preserve it at so dear a Price. If, *said Biranthus,* you give me cause to accuse you of Ill-nature, you half justify my Design upon you. Pray, *said Amoranda,* what is your Design ? To force a compliance with my Wishes, *said he,* if you refuse a voluntary one. How, *said Amoranda, with a scornful Laugh,* will you pretend to Force, while I am in the midst of my own Servants ?

Biranthus, now grown desperate, told her she was too merry, and too secure ; for know, Madam, *said he,* those Servants of whom you boast, are most of them my Creatures ; the Slaves have sold that

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Duty to me, which they owed to you, and therefore Compliance will be your wisest Course. Nay, then, *said Amoranda*, I am wretched indeed : Oh *Formator* !—*Formator*, *said Biranthus*, is not so near you now, as he was when you were attack'd in your Coach some weeks ago ; I owe the old Dog a Grudge for his Usage of me then, and would have paid him now, but I had try'd the Strength of his Arm, and found it too powerful for me, otherwise you had had his Company this once, in order to see him no more ; but you have taken your leave of him, as it is. And are you, *said Amoranda*, one of the Villains that—(here she fainted away.) *Biranthus* was glad of so good an opportunity of getting her ashore, and calling some of the Men to his assistance, they clap'd Pistols to the Breasts of the two Bargemen, who were all *Amoranda* had on her side, and made them row to Land, just at the side of a great thick Wood. *Biranthus* and one of the Men took *Amoranda* up betwixt them, and carried her into it ; which the Bargemen seeing, prepar'd to follow and bring her back, but were prevented by the rest of the Rogues, two of which they knock'd over-board with their Oars, and the other they tied neck and heels in the Barge, then went in search of their Lady : but *Biranthus* had carried her such intricate Ways, and so far up in the Wood, that the poor Bargemen thought there had been Horses ready for them, and they had carried her quite away ; however they were resolv'd to stay till night, in hopes of her Return. In the mean time, the Devils that carried her off, had convey'd her into the most unfrequented part of the Wood, and laid her on the Grass to recover herself ; but who can express the Rage, Despair, and Grief, which appear'd in her lovely Eyes, when they open'd to such a Scene of Sorrow, when she saw herself in the full power of a threatening Ravisher, her own Servants aiding and assisting him, in the midst of a wild Desert, where nothing but Air and Beasts could receive her Cries ?

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Oh *Amoranda*, said *she*, wretched *Amoranda* ! what sullen Star had power when thou wer't born ? Why has Nature denied us Strength to revenge our own Wrongs ? And why does Heaven abandon and forsake the Innocent ? But Oh ! it hears not my Complaints.—Oh *Formator* ! did you but know my Distress, you would come to my Relief, and once more chastise this odious impudent Ravisher. Oh wretched me ! what shall I do ? *Arentia*, who had been a long time silent, and confounded at her own Baseness, went to her, and said, Why *Amoranda*, do you think yourself wretched ? It is in your own power to be very happy, if you will but hearken to your Friends, and be—Peace, Screech-Owl, said *Amoranda*, thy Advice carries Poison and Infection in it ; the very Sound of thy Words raises Blisters on me, so venomous is the Air of thy Breath. Oh Madam ! said *Arentia*, we shall find a way to humble your Pride ; and since you are resolved to make your Friends your Enemies, take the Reward of your Folly. Saying thus, she went away, leaving *Biranthus* and her own Man with her, to execute their abominable Designs against her. When she was gone, the hated *Biranthus* came to her, and said, Madam, if you will yet hear my Proposals, I am now in a humour to make you very good ones ; but if you refuse 'em, you may expect the worst usage that can fall to your share, and I shall please myself, without any manner of regard to your Quality or Complaints. 'Tis true, my Estate is not a great one, but your's join'd to it, will make it so ; and you shall find me in every thing such a Husband——As I, said *she*, no doubt, shall soon have reason to wish hang'd : No, base *Biranthus*, if Providence had design'd me a Prey for such a Villain, I should have fallen into your first Snare ; but I was deliver'd from you then, and so I shall be again. Before I would consent to be a Wife to such

a Monster, I would tear out the Tongue by the roots that was willing to pronounce my Doom. I would suffer these Arms to be extended on a Rack, till every Sinew, every Vein and Nerve should crack, rather than embrace, or so much as touch a Viper like thyself. Then hear, *said he*, and tremble at thy approaching Fate. This minute, by the help of thy own Servant, I will enjoy thee; and then, by the assistance of my Arm, he shall do so too. Thou lyest, false Traitor, *said she*, Heaven will never suffer such Wickedness. Just as she spoke these last words, they heard a dreadful Shriek at a little distance; the Voice they knew to be *Arentia's*, and *Biranthus*, who had taken hold of *Amoranda*, let her go again, and run to find out his Partner in Iniquity, who he saw just expiring of a Sting from an Adder. He then cry'd out as loud as she had done, when the other Rogue ran to him, and left *Amoranda* to shift for herself. She was no sooner rid of them, than she heard the sound of Horses pretty near her, and began to run towards them. Good Heaven, *said she*, has at last seen my Wrongs, heard my Complaints, and pities my Distress: The Horses were now within sight of her, and she saw a graceful, fine, well-shaped Man upon one of them, attended by two Servants; to whom she thus apply'd herself: Stranger, *said she*, for such you are to me, tho' not to Humanity, I hope; take a poor forsaken Wretch into your kind Protection, and deliver her from the rude hands of a cruel Ravisher. The Stranger looking at her, said, I presume, Madam, you are some self-will'd, head-strong Lady, who, resolved to follow your own Inventions, have left the Care of a tender Father, to ramble with you know not who. Oh Sir! *said she*, some part of your guess is true; but Father I have none. Nor Mother? *said the Stranger*; nor Guardian? Nor Mother, *said she*, but a Guardian, a good one too,

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I have; and were I but once again in his possession, I wou'd never leave him while I live.

Well, Madam, *said the Gentleman*, I am sorry for you, but am no Knight-Errant, nor do I ride in quest of Adventures; I wish you a good Deliverance, and am your humble Servant. Saying thus, he and his Servants rode away. Poor *Amoranda* follow'd them as fast as she cou'd, and still with Prayers and Tears implor'd their Pity; but they were soon out of sight, and the loathed *Biranthus* again appear'd, coming in full search after her, and designing to drag her to *Arentia's* Corps, there satisfy his beastly Appetite, and sacrifice her to her Ghost. He found the poor Forlorn half drowned in her own Tears, pulling off her Hair, and wringing her lovely Hands, calling, *Formator*, Oh *Formator*! where are you? *Biranthus* rudely seized her on one side, and her own Man on the other, and was dragging her along, when her shrill Cries filled the Air, and reached the ears of the Gentleman, who had just left her, and now returned again. Villain, *said he to Amoranda's Man*, unhand the two Ladies. Sir, *said Biranthus*, there is no harm design'd against her; but the cause of this Lady's Cries proceeds from her Concern for the Death of her Sister, who is just now stung to death by an Adder.

Oh! gentle Stranger, *said Amoranda*, believe him not, this very Creature, who has now spoken to you, is a Man disguis'd, and is going to murder me: O, as you hope for Happiness, either here or hereafter, leave me not. Sir, *said Biranthus*, her trouble has distracted her, do but ride forty Paces farther, and you shall see the poor Lady lie dead. Lead on then, *said the Stranger*. When they came to the Place where *Arentia* lay dead, the Gentleman look'd at her and shook his head, saying, how does Vice, as well as Virtue reward itself! But Madam, *said he to Biranthus*, if those two Ladies were Sisters, what

Rela-

Relation are you to 'em? None, none, *said* Amoranda, I have already told you he is a Man, a Monster, a Villain and a Murderer; this very Man, Sir, *said she*, set upon my Coach about a Month ago, shot my Coachman, and wou'd have carried me away then, but I had my Guardian with me, my Guardian Angel I may call him, and he preserv'd me that time: the Rogue when he thought he had me sure, confess'd he was a Man, and therefore, for Heaven's dear sake take me from him, tho' you throw me into the River when you have done. No, Madam, *said the Stranger*, you look as if you deserv'd a better Fate than that; here, *said he to his Servants*, light, and set this Lady behind me: but *Biranthus* stepp'd between, and pulling out a pocket Pistol, discharg'd it at the Stranger, but miss'd him; which exasperated his Men so much, that one of 'em ran him quite thro' the Body. When *Amoranda's* Man saw him fall, he ran away as fast as he cou'd, but was soon overtaken and brought back. *Amoranda's* Good-nature, as well as Gratitude, put her upon making ten thousand acknowledgements to her kind Deliverer, and begg'd of him to finish the Obligation, by conveying her safe to her Barge. Madam, *said he*, I will wait upon you wherever you please to command me, but how shall we find the way out of this Wood? Sir, *said one of his Men*, I know the way to the Water-side. Upon which, he and his Companion went before, with *Amoranda's* Man bound with a Saddle-girth, till they came to the Barge: as soon as the two Barge-Men saw their Lady come again, they set up a loud acclamation of joy, and she got in again with the Stranger, who gave his Horse to his Servants, and they rid by the Barge till it was just at home. When *Amoranda* was set down, at her first coming into the Barge, she ask'd the Barge-Men what that was that lay in a lump at the other end. That Madam, *said*

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the Men, is one of our Rogues, who we have ty'd neck and heels ; and where, *said she*, are t'other two ? Why, Madam, *said they*, we cou'd not persuade 'em to be quiet, but they wou'd needs go and help to carry your Ladyship away, so we knock'd 'em down with our Oars, and they fell plum into the Water ; we ne'er thought 'em worth diving for, but e'en let 'em go down to the Bottom, they will serve to fatten the Salmon. Well, *said Amoranda*, take this other Rogue, and tie them back to back, but set his neck at liberty, that part will have enough of the Halter, when he comes to be hang'd. As they were going home, the Stranger ask'd *Amoranda* how she came into the Wood, and in such Company. She briefly told him the whole Story ; and Sir, *said she*, if you will but land and go in with me, you shall receive ten thousand thanks, from as good an old Man, as you ever saw in your Life. Madam, *said the Stranger*, I have had your thanks, which is more than a double recompence for the small service I have done you ; and after that, all other will be insipid. Pray Sir, *said Amoranda*, will you satisfy me in one point ? You seem now to be a very good-natur'd Man, why were you so cruel to me, when I first made my application to you in the Wood ? Madam, *said he*, there is a Mystery in that part of my Behaviour, which you may one day know, for I hope this will not be the last time I shall see you ; however, to mend your opinion of me, I will tell you, I left you with a design to return, and went no farther than behind some Trees, from whence I saw you all the time. They now began to draw near home, and after some other discourse, perceiv'd the House : When they were almost at the landing-stairs, the Stranger desir'd *Amoranda*, to let her Men touch the shore, that he might again take Horse, his Servants being just by ; but she press'd him very much to go in with her, which he modestly refus'd, but promis'd

to do himself the Honour of seeing her in a little time. When the Barge-Men had landed him, he gave each of 'em five Guineas, for their Fidelity to their Lady, and standing on the shore, till he saw the Lady land, with a graceful Bow to her at parting, he mounted his Horse; and she, to return his Compliments, stood and look'd after him, as far as her eye cou'd reach him: when he was quite out of sight, she went in, calling to *Formator*. But *Jenny* came to her Lady, and told her he went to walk in the fields, just when she went upon the Water, and they had not seen him since: But Madam, said *Jenny*, where are the Ladies? Oh *Jenny*, said *Amoranda*, my Spirits are too much worn out with Fatigue and Fear, to answer you any question; I must repose myself a little, and when *Formator* comes in, let me know, for I have a long tale to tell that good old Man; in the mean time, bid the two Barge-Men, *Saunders* and *Robert*, take care of their Charge. Here she went to her Chamber, and with a grateful Heart thank'd Heaven for her deliverance; but the Agent it had employ'd, run strangely in her head. From whence, said she to herself, cou'd he come? he is a perfect stranger here-about, and how he came into that Wood, which is no road, and at such a needful time, I can't imagine: sure, Providence dropp'd him down for my safety, and he is again return'd, for he is too God-like to be an Inhabitant of this World, something so very foreign to what I have observ'd in the rest of his Sex, a *Je-ne-sçay-quoy* in every Word, every Action he is master of.——But what did he mean when he said his Behaviour had a Mystery in't?——will he come again?——he said he wou'd, and tell me this mighty Secret; I wish he may keep his Word, methinks I long to see him again;——but then, *Formator*?——what of *Formator*? he will not find a fault where there is none: *Formator* is strict, but then he's just, and will not take a-

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way Merit, where he sees there is a title to it. — I wonder what Love is, if ever I felt either its pleasure or its pain, 'tis now. Those Reflections, and her wearied Spirits lull'd her to sleep, and her disturb'd Mind had an hour's Rest. When *Jenny* had laid her down, and observ'd something very extraordinary in her Looks, she made all the haste she cou'd, to go to the Barge, for Information from thence ; but as she was a going, she met *Saunders* and *Robert* at the back-door, dragging in two more of her Fellow-Servants, pinion'd down with Cords. Mercy upon us, *said Jenny*, what's the matter ?

Aye, *quoth Robert*, Mercy's a fine word, but an there be any shewn here, I think we deserve none our-selves. Why don't you tell me, *said Jenny*, what the matter is ? Matter ! *said Saunders* ; aye, aye, if such Rogues must go unpunish'd, for my part I'll never take five Guineas again for being honest. Why, what the Devil have they done, *said Jenny* ? Done, *said Robert*, nay, nay, they have done, and had like to have undone ; but the Man has his Mare again, and so there's nothing done to any purpose, thank Fortune. Pox take you both, *said Jenny*, if I don't fit you for this, may I always long in vain, as I do now ; you couple of amphibious Rats, I'll make you tipple in the Element you are best us'd to, till you burst your ugly guts, before you shall ever wet your Whistles with any thing under my Care. Say you so, Mrs. *Jane*, *said Saunders*, then you shall swim in a Dike of your own making, before you ever come into my Barge again : you think, Forsooth, because the Butler's your Sweet-heart, no body must come within smell of the Ale-Cellar, without your leave ; but I-cod your flat Bottom shall grow to the Cricket in the Pantry, before it shall ever be set on a Cushion in my Barge again. You may go, *said Jenny*, and hang yourself in your Barge, 'tis as good there as any where else, you
great

great Flounder-mouth'd Sea-Calf. While they were in this warm discourse, *Formator* came in, and ask'd *Jenny* if the Ladies were yet return'd? My Lady, Sir, said *Jenny*, is return'd, but no body is come with her, but the two Barge-Men, and a couple of the Footmen, with Ropes about 'em, in the wrong place I suppose. Where, said *Formator*, is your Lady? Gone to bed, Sir, said *Jenny*, but order'd me to let her know when you came in; I hear her ring just now. *Amoranda*, was not long coming down, when she heard *Formator* was come in, but meeting him with the greatest pleasure, said — Oh! *Formator*, I'm glad we are met again, I will always allow you a Man of deep Penetration, and a discerning Judgement; come, said *she*, let us go and sit down in the Parlour, and I will tell you such a story — you little think what a fiery tryal I have gone through since I saw you. When they were set, Madam, said *Formator*, I fear you have been frightened, you look very pale, and yet I think we have had no high Winds to-day; but where, continu'd he, are the Ladies? Ladies, said *Amoranda*, the Monsters, the Fiends, you shou'd have said; but they have receiv'd the just reward of their Wickedness, and are now no more. What, said *Formator*, are they drown'd? No, said *she*, I'll tell you their Catastrophe; so she began, and told him the whole story, but when she came to that part, where the stranger was concern'd, she blush'd and sigh'd, saying, Oh *Formator*, had you seen the fine Man, how graceful, how charming, how handsome — Pugh, I think I'm mad, said *she*, I mean how genteel he was; I'll swear *Formator*, said *she*, now I look at you again, I think the upper part of your Face like his, and there is some resemblance in your Voices too, but that you speak slower, and have a little Lisp.

Madam, said *Formator*, I prophesy, I shall not be lik'd worse for having a resemblance to this fine Man; but

but beg you will have a care, he is a stranger as well as *Biranthus* was, and for ought you know, may be as great a Villain. Oh ! 'tis impossible, *said Amoranda* ; if he be bad, the whole Race of Mankind are so : No, *Formator*, Probity, Justice, Honour and good Sense, sit triumphant on his fine Face.

Madam, *said Formator, smiling*, 'tis well if this Gentleman has not made a greater Conquest than that over your Ravisher ; but how can you forgive his cruelty, in riding away from you when you were in such distress ? I told him of it, *said she*, in the Barge, and he said it was a mysterious action, which I shou'd know more of another time. What, then, *said Formator*, he intends to visit you, I find ? He said he wou'd, do you think he will keep his word, *Formator ? said she*. No doubt on't, Madam, *said he*, a Man of so much Honour as you say he is, will never make a Forfeiture of it, by breach of promise to a fine Lady. I remember, *Formator, said she*, you told me some time ago, that a Woman's conduct, vindicated by one single Man of Sense, was infinitely preferable to a thousand Elogiums, from as many Coxcombs. I have now brought myself to an utter Contempt for all that part of our Species, and shall for the future, not only despise Flattery, but abhor the mouth it comes from.

I own, *Formator*, the ground-work of this Reformation in me, came from those wholesome Lectures you have so often read to me ; but the finishing stroke is given by my own inclination. I believe it, Madam, *said he*, by your own inclination for the Stranger, who (that he may prove worthy of you) I wish may deserve as well in the eye of the World, as he seems to do in your own. Well, *Formator, said she*, I find you think I am in Love, and for ought I know, so I am, for I'm sure I feel something in my heart that was never there before ; but this I here promise you, I will never marry any Man, who has not
your

your approbation, as well as mine. Why then, Madam, *said he*, in return for your good-nature, be assur'd, I will bring my Opinion as near yours, as I can, and doubt not, but they will meet at last. But, Madam, *said he*, what must be done with the two Rogues yonder? I know not, *said she*, I think 'tis best to pay 'em their Wages, and turn 'em off. Yes, *said Formator*, off a Ladder, if you please; shou'd we take no more notice than that, of stealing our Heiresses, every Rascal who has twenty Guineas to bribe a Footman, may come when he pleases: No, Madam, they must swing for example. I own, *said Amoranda*, they deserve it, but I'm not willing to take their Lives, perhaps a little Clemency may reclaim them. Madam, *said he*, the Mercy you wou'd shew them, is highly becoming your Sex; but you forget 'tis doing the World, as well as yourself a kindness, to rid both of a Villain; I therefore beg leave to send them to-morrow Morning to the County Jail. Then do what you will, *said she*, I leave it wholly to you. Next day at dinner, *Amoranda* look'd very grave, and *Formator* very gay: Madam, *said he*, I begin to fear you are really in Love; else, where are all those pleasant Airs? that Vivacity in your Eyes? the Smiles that used to sit upon that fine Mouth? and the sprightly diverting Conversation, so agreeable to all that heard it? I think, *said he*, we must send a Hue and Cry after your Deliverer, in order to recover your Charms.

I believe, *Formator*, *said she*, what I have lost, you have found, methinks you rally with a very gay air; I am glad to see you grow so chearful: but why shou'd you impute my Gravity rather to Love, than to the late Fright and Disorder I have been in? Do you think a danger like mine, is to be forgotten of a sudden? While they were in this discourse, a Servant came in with a Letter for his Lady, and said the Messenger stay'd for an answer.

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Formator, said Amoranda, you shall give me leave to read it, which she did, as follows.

M A D A M,

TH E Raptures I have been in ever since yesterday, at the thoughts of having serv'd you, has depriv'd me of a whole Night's sleep: What pleasure can this World give us, like that of obliging a fine Woman, unless it be that of her returning it! but as that is a Blessing I do not deserve, it is likewise what I dare not hope for, because my Wishes are superior to any Service I have, or can do. Believe me, Madam, I aim at nothing less than your lovely Person, and wish for nothing more. Oblige me with one Line, to encourage a visit; and if I can but make myself acceptable to you, Formator and I will talk about the Estate.

Yours, A L A N T H U S.

While *Amoranda* read this Letter, *Formator* watch'd her Eyes, in which he saw a pleasing Surprise. When she had read it, with a quite different Look from that she had all Dinner-time, she said, I have seen this Hand before, but cannot recollect where: Here *Formator, said she*, I find you are to be a Party concern'd, pray read it, and tell me whether I shall answer it. When he had read it, he return'd it, and said, I fear Madam, my Advice will have but little force; however, since you condescend to ask it, 'tis but Good-manners to give it: and I think you ought to have a care how you converse with a Man, for whom you seem to have a tender Concern already, till you know something of his Circumstances.

Nay, *Formator, said she*, that's the part you are to look after, you know I have nothing to do with that; but I think there can be no harm in one Visit, and it would be a poor return for saving my Life and

and Honour, to deny him the satisfaction of a Line : but I will write but a little, and you shall see it when I have done. She went to her Closet, and writ the following words :

I Confess myself so greatly obliged by the generous Alan- thus, that it is not possible for the little Instrument in my hand to make a suitable acknowledgment for what I have received ; but beg you will accept in part, of what it can do, and expect the greatest addition from a verbal Thanks, which is in the power of

AMORANDA.

As soon as she had done, she brought it to *Formator*, and when he had read it, she sealed it up, and call'd for the Messenger, whom she had a mind to pump a little. Friend, *said she*, I have writ a Line to your Master, but you must tell me how to direct it.

Madam, *said he*, it can never lose its way, while I am its Convoy ; I'll undertake to deliver it safe. How many Miles, *said she*, have you rid to-day ? That, Madam, *said he*, I cannot readily tell ; for I called at several places wide of the Road. Was your Master born on this side of the Country ? *said she*. I am very unfortunate, *said the Fellow*, that I cannot answer any of your Ladyship's Questions directly ; but really, Madam, he was born before I came to him. May be, *said Amoranda*, you don't know his Name neither. Yes, Madam, *said he*, mighty well, and so does your Ladyship doubtless, for my Master always writes his Name, when he sends a Billet to a fine Lady. I fancy, *said Amoranda*, your Master's a Papist, and you are his Chaplain in disguise, for you have all the Evasions of a Jesuit. No, Madam, *said he*, I have only Religion enough for one, I want the cunning part ; but, Madam, *said he*, my Master will be impatient for my return, so beg your Ladyship

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ship will dismiss me. Here then, *said she*, take that Letter for your Master, and there's something for yourself, and be gone as soon as you please.

Formator stood all this while at a Window, leering at them, and laughing to hear the Dialogue betwixt them. Well, Madam, *said he*, I am sure you are pleased, your Looks are so much mended. Pugh! *said she*, I think I have the foolishhest Eyes that ever were, they can't keep a secret ; but they can tell you no more than I have done already. I have own'd to you, I do like this Man, who calls himself *Alanthus*, much better than any I ever saw before, and am fully determin'd to die as I am, if his Circumstances will not admit of a Union between us. But I am now going to be very happy in a Female Confidant, to whom I can entrust all my Secrets. Not another *Arentia*, I hope, *said Formator*. No, no, *said she*, it is a grave Lady, the only Relation I have on my Mother's side : I expect her to-morrow ; she will be a rare Companion for you, *Formator*, and I can assure you she is a Woman of good Sense, and a pretty Fortune : I know not but we may have a Match between you, and while I am contriving for a Companion for myself, I am perhaps getting you a Mistress. No, Madam, *said Formator*, I have as many Mistresses as I intend to have already ; but if she comes to-morrow, I think I'll go and meet her. I'll assure you, *said Amoranda*, I intend her for my Companion and Bedfellow all this ensuing Winter. Yes, *said Formator*, if *Alanthus* does not take her place. Say no more of that, *said she*, but I desire you will not go out to-morrow, because I fancy *Alanthus* will come, and I would fain have you see him. Madam, *said he*, I shall not want an opportunity of seeing him ; his first Visit will not be his last : *Amoranda* cannot make a half Conquest.

I'll swear, *said she*, you are very courtly, and I begin to take a little merit to myself upon your account ;

count ; for they say a brisk Girl makes a young old Man : but I'll go and undress me, and by that time Supper will be ready. While *Amoranda* was undressing, she pulled out the pleasing Letter ; and while she was reading it over again, *Jenny*, with the prying Eyes of a Chamber-maid, look'd at it, and said, I wonder, Madam, what delight you can take in that rude, unmannerly Letter ? What do you mean, *said Amoranda*, you never saw it in your life before ? Why, Madam, *said Jenny*, is it not that you had thrown in at the Summer-house Window in the Glove ? I will swear it is the same hand. Ay, *said Amoranda*, and so will I too, now you put me in mind on't ; I knew I had seen the hand before, but could not remember where. No, *Jenny*, *said she*, that Letter which you call rude, I now see with other Eyes, and have reason to believe it came from a Friend. Nay, Madam, *said Jenny*, you know best how you can bear an Affront ; had any Fellow sent me such a one, I would have spit in his face the first time I saw him : Tell me I was no Angel ! an impudent Block-head. I find, *said Amoranda*, your Lovers must be very obsequious, *Jenny* ; prithee what sort of a Husband would you have ? Madam, *said she*, I would have one that could keep me as well as you do, one that would rise to work in a morning, and let me lie a bed, keep me a Maid to do the business of the House, and a Nurse to bring up his Children ; and then I believe I should make a pretty good Wife. That is to say, *Jenny*, *said Amoranda*, if you can get a Husband that will keep you in perfect Idleness, you will be so very good, as to be very quiet ; but I find you intend to take less pains than I should do, for if ever I have a Child, I will not think it a trouble to nurse it, 'tis a Work Nature requires of us. Aye marry, Madam, *said Jenny*, if I had follow'd Nature, I should have had Children long ago for some-

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somebody to nurse : But I hear the Bell for Supper, will your Ladyship please to walk down ?

When they had done Supper, *Amoranda* show'd *Formator* the first Letter, and ask'd him if he did not think it was the same hand which came subscribed *Alanthus* ? Yes, Madam, said he, I believe it is ; and how will you excuse such Plain-dealing ? O ! said *Amoranda*, you have taught me to relish it, and I have no longer a taste for Flattery ; I see 'tis nothing but Self-Interest in your Sex, and a Weakness in ours, to be pleased with it. Believe me, Madam, said *Formator*, you make my poor old Heart dance with Joy, to see this happy Reformation in you ; and I shall give a speedy account to your Uncle, of the advantageous Change in your Behaviour : As for *Alanthus*, I find he has made a way to your good opinion of him ; and if I find his Estate answers, as he seems to hint it will, I will further his Amour, and try to make you happy in the Man you like.

Formator, said the pleased *Amoranda*, do not you think I ought to have more than a common regard for the Man who snatch'd me from the Jaws of Death and Ruin ? But what, said she, can be the reason of his concealing himself ?

Madam, said *Formator*, Man is a rational Creature, and you say *Alanthus* has good Sense ; he doubtless has his Reasons for what he does ; but when I see him, I will give you my opinion of him more at large. It now grew late, and *Amoranda* went to bed, but *Alanthus* (whom she expected to see next day) had taken such possession of her Head and Heart, that poor Sleep was quite banished. The Sun no sooner got up, than *Amoranda* did so too ; and leaving a restless Bed, went into the Garden, to try if Variety of Objects would divert her Thoughts : after she had spent some time among the Birds and Flowers, she thought she heard the noise

of Horses in the Highway, and somebody groan ; she an and call'd *Jenny*, who came, and they with the Gardener ran to the Summer-house, and having open'd the Shutters, they saw a fine young Lady on a *Spanish* Jennet, in very rich Trappings, the Lady herself in a pale Wigg, with a laced Hat and Feather, a Habit of Brocade, faced with a silver Stuff, and attended by three Servants in rich Liveries, and her Woman, all well mounted ; but just at the Summer-house Window, one of her Men fell down, and broke his Leg. *Amoranda* had a just compassion for the unfortunate Man, and saw his Lady's Journey retarded ; but the late Attempts which had been made upon her, made her afraid to desire her to come in : however, Good-manners took place of her Fears, and she said, Madam, if you will honour me so far as to ride into the Court and alight, my Servants shall get you a Surgeon. The Lady accepted of the Invitation, and *Amoranda* met her at the Gate ; when she had conducted her in with that respect which she thought due to her Quality, she order'd her Coach to be got ready, to carry the Servant to the next Market-Town, within three little Miles, and where there was a very good Surgeon. *Amoranda* then call'd for Breakfast, and while they were drinking Tea, and eating Sweetmeats, she kept her eye so long upon the strange Lady, that she was almost ashamed, and thought she saw every Feature of *Alanthus* in her, only hers had a more effeminate Turn.

Madam, said she, if I may hope for the honour of being better acquainted with you, and that you have not resolv'd to make your Journey a secret, I should be very proud of knowing your Family, and where you travel this way. Madam, said the young Lady, I never thought any thing so troublesome as a Secret, and for that reason never keep any : I can assure you, there is not one Circumstance of my Life worth

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knowing ; but if it will oblige you to answer directly to the Questions you have asked, I will briefly tell you: My Father, who has been some years dead, was Marquis of *W——r* ; I left a tender Mother yesterday, to go in search of an only Brother, of whom I hope to hear at Lord *B——s* : he has been from us above this half year, and tho' he writes to us often, we know not where he is. Lord *B——s* is my Mother's Brother, and lives so near you, I presume, I need not name the Town, but think it is not above twelve Miles from hence. And pray, Madam, said Amoranda, is not the young Marquis, your Brother, call'd *Alanthus* ? Yes, said the Lady ; do you know him, Madam ? I believe, said Amoranda, I saw him once on horseback, when I was from home one day ; he is a fine Man, and I think your Ladyship like him. By this time the Servants returned, who had carried their Companion to the Surgeon ; and the young Lady again took horse, after she had refused a great many Invitations from *Amoranda* to stay a day or two with her, but obliged herself to call as she return'd, and stay a week with her then.

As soon as she was gone, a thousand Thoughts crouded themselves into *Amoranda's* Breast, and as many pleasing Ideas danced in her Fancy ; she well knew *Formator* would share her Joy, and therefore call'd for him, to communicate the whole Affair to him ; but was told, he rid out in the morning before seven a-clock, and said he should not return till night. She despaired of seeing *Alanthus* that day, thinking his Sister would wholly engross him ; however, she was resolved to put on all her Charms both that day, and every day till he came, and call'd *Jenny* to go up and dress her to the very best advantage. Dinner over, *Alanthus*, who had Love enough to leave all the World for *Amoranda*, came in a Chariot and two Horses, attended only by as many Footmen. She

She was resolved to take no notice she had seen his Sister, or knew any thing of his Quality, but leave him wholly to himself, and let him make his own discovery when he thought fit. She received him however with a modest Delight in her Countenance, and he approach'd her with Love and Transport. Madam, *said he*, if my faltering Tongue does not well express the Sentiments of my Heart, you are to impute it to that Concern, which I believe most Men have about them, when they first tell a Lady they love. But *Amoranda, said he*, if you have well consulted your own Charms, you may save me this Confusion, and believe I love you, tho' I never tell you so; for nothing but Age or Stupidity can resist them. *Alanthus, said she*, you come 'upon me so very suddenly, that I am at a loss for an Answer; but I don't wonder you are out of countenance at the Declaration you have made: Love is a Subject every Man of Mode is ashamed of. It has been so long exploded, that our modern Wits would no more be seen in *Cupid's* Toils, than in a Church; and would as soon be persuaded to say their Prayers, as tell a Lady they love her.

Madam, *said Alanthus*, you speak of a Set of Men, who are best known to the World by the Names of Beaus and Coxcombs. I beg, Madam, you will not take me for one of that number, but believe me a Man of a regular Conduct, one that was never ashamed to own his Maker, or to keep his Laws; and for that reason, whenever I take a Woman to my Arms, she shall come there with the best Authority that Law we live under can give us. Believe me, *Amoranda*, you are very dear to me, and I know you much better than you think I do. I think, Sir, *said Amoranda*, your Words are as mysterious as part of your Behaviour in the Wood was; I can very safely tell myself, I never saw your face till then, and if you ever saw mine before, I

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should be oblig'd to you, if you would tell me where. Madam, *said he*, a very little time will draw up the Curtain, and lay all open to the naked Eye; in the mean time, if you dare give yourself up into my hands, you shall find I will strive to make you very happy.

I dare say, *said Amoranda*, you do not expect any hopes from me, till I know who I give them to; or think I would bestow a Heart on one, who may run away with it, and I not know where to call for it again. No, Madam, *said Alanthus*, I have a much better opinion of your good Sense, than to expect an indiscreet Action from you; but if I convince you, my Family and Estate are equal to your own, and can procure your Uncle's Consent, have you then any objection against me? Yes, *said Amoranda*, for all your plausible Pretences and Declarations of Love, I can produce a Letter under your own hand, in which you tell me you don't love me. Then, Madam, *said he*, I'll renounce my Pretensions. *Amoranda* then pulled out the Letter which came in the Glove, and asked him if that was his hand? he said it was, but hoped he had not express'd so much Ill-manners in it.

Take it then, *said she*, and read it over. Which he did with some emotion; then said with a smile, I did not think, Madam, you would have thought this Letter worth keeping so long, but you have put a very wrong Construction upon it; and I design'd it as a very great Mark of my esteem: I sent it to put you in mind of turning the right end of the Perspective to yourself, that you might with more ease behold your own danger. I own the Obligation, Sir, *said she*, but as you have that commanding Charm of good Sense, I desire you will employ it in considering how early an Excursion I made into the World, left my Father and Mother before I understood any thing but Flattery, I might have said, or
loved

loved any thing but it; and had not my Uncle sent me as good an old Man as ever undertook so troublesome a Task, I might have fallen into a thousand Inconveniencies: I wish he would come home while you are here, I am sure you would like his Conversation mightily. Madam, *said Alanthus*, every thing pleases me, which gives you satisfaction; and if I can but find the Art of pleasing you myself, I have no other Wishes. Just here a Footman came in with the Tea-Table, and turn'd the Discourse; *Alanthus* drank in Love faster than Tea, and *Amoranda's* Charms were his best Repast. She on her side had not so great a command of her Eyes, but they made sometimes a discovery of her Heart, to the unspeakable inward Content of *Alanthus*. The Afternoon was now pretty far spent, and our Lover began to think of taking his leave; but first he told *Amoranda*, he would not press her farther at that time for an Assurance of his Happiness, because it was the first time he had declared himself, but hoped a few Visits more would make her forget the Ceremony and Formality of a tedious Courtship, and give him a glimpse of the only Satisfaction he was capable of. He then went with unwilling steps to his Chariot, and *Amoranda* return'd in, with a pleas'd Countenance, and sat down to meditate upon what had pass'd that afternoon; but her Soliloquies were interrupted, by hearing her Cousin *Maria* was come, whom she had been expecting some hours, and went to meet with that chearfulness and good-nature, which shew'd itself in all her actions.

My dearest *Maria*, *said she*, (taking her in her arms) you have brought me what I have long wanted, a Female Friend; and now I have you, we will not part this Winter. Madam, *said Maria*, I don't want inclination to spend my whole Life with you, but I have a small Concern at home, which will hardly admit of so long an absence; however, 'tis

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time enough to talk of that a Month hence. Nay, then, *said Amoranda*, there's a Lover in the Case. I never was in a young Girl's Company in my life, *said Maria*, but she brought in a Lover, some way or other ; but Madam, I am neither young enough, nor old enough to be in Love ; that Passion generally takes place, when Women are in their first or second Spring, now I am past one, and not come to the other. Ah ! *said Amoranda*, I fancy when the blind Boy shoots his random Arrows, wherever they hit they wound.

The best on't is, (*said Maria, laughing*) I have had the good fortune of escaping him hitherto, and if I thought myself in any danger, wou'd wear a Breast-plate to repel his Force. But I have heard, *said Amoranda*, Love is such a subtle Thief, it finds a way to the Heart, tho' never so strongly guarded ; besides, 'tis a pain we all like, tho' we often complain on't. You speak, Madam, *said Maria*, as if there were a good understanding betwixt you, but I desire you will never introduce me into his Company ; for I wou'd always say with the old Song, *I am free, and will be so*. Well, well, *said Amoranda*, I have seen as bold Champions for Liberty as you, led home at last in Chains, to grace the Victor's Triumph : *Cupid's* an arbitrary Prince, and will allow none of his Subjects to pretend to Liberty and Property. But come, *said she*, we'll go up stairs, that you may pull off your Habit, and look like one of the Family. After they had sat a while, *Amoranda* heard *Formator's* Voice below stairs, and said to *Maria*, there's my honest Guardian come home, we'll go down to him, he is one of the best Men upon Earth. They found him in the Parlour, to whom *Amoranda* presented her Relation, and he, with his wonted good-manners, saluted and bid her welcome ; then turning to *Amoranda*, said, Madam, you are dress'd exceeding gay to-night, I doubt you
have

have had a Visitor, and am sure if you have, he's gone away in Fetters, for you look more than commonly engaging. Yes, *said* Amoranda, so I have, and wonder you wou'd go out, when I told you I expected him. I am sorry, *said* Formator, I was not here, but did not think he wou'd come so soon. That, *said* Amoranda, must be an affront either to him or me; for either you think my Charms are not attractive enough, or you think him an unmannerly Fellow, who does not know a Visit defer'd is as bad as none: He told me, *Formator*, he knew me better than I thought he did, and I could have told him, I knew him better than he thought I did; but I was resolv'd to give him his own way, and said not a word of the matter. Why, *said* Formator, what do you know of him? I know, *said she*, he is a Marquiss; that his Father is dead, that he has no Brother, and but one Sister; that——How, Madam! *said* Formator, *in the greatest surprize*, do you know all this? did he tell you so? No, *Formator*, *said she*, he did not tell me so, but one did, that knows as well as himself: his Sister rode by to-day, whom you might have seen, had you been at home; an accident happen'd just at our door almost, which oblig'd me to invite her in, and seeing her the very Picture of *Alanthus*, I enquir'd into her Family; of which she gave me a full account without reserve, and told me she had but one Brother, and his name was *Alanthus*. I see, *said* Formator, this *Alanthus* has found the way to please you, and this discovery of his Family will countenance your Choice; but, Madam, as you have found out one Secret, I must now tell you another: Your Uncle, before I left him, had provided a Husband for you, a Man of Worth, of Wealth, of Quality, and my Business was, to take care you married nobody else; Now, Madam, if your Uncle's Choice be every way as good as your own, will you scruple to oblige

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him, when you cannot find one Objection against the Man? Why, *Formator*, said *she*, trembling, have you used me so cruelly, as not to tell me this sooner? Why did you let me see *Alanthus*, to whom I have given a Heart, which is not in my power to recall: No *Formator*, said *she*, I will die to oblige my dearest Uncle, but I cannot cease to love *Alanthus*. You yourself say, my Uncle's Choice is but as good as my own; and if there be an exact equality between the Men, why am not I to be pleased, who am to spend my Days with him? and why must I be forc'd into the arms of a Man I never saw?

It wou'd be cruel indeed, said *Formator*, to force you to marry a Man you never saw; but Madam, you have seen him a thousand times, nay, and what is more, you love him too.

Formator, said *she*, with tears in her eyes, I did not expect this usage from you, 'tis false, by all my Love 'tis false; I never cast an eye of affection towards any of your Sex in my Life, till I saw *Alanthus*, and when I cease to love him, may I eternally lose him. And when I cease to encourage that Love, said *Formator*, may I lose your Esteem, which, Heaven knows, I value more than any earthly Good; and now, Madam, said *he*, prepare for Joy, *Alanthus* is your Uncle's Choice. *Amoranda* was so overwhelm'd with delight, at this happy discovery, that she sat for some time both speechless and motionless: At last, *Formator*, said *she*, you have given me the most sensible Satisfaction I am capable of, for I now find myself in a Condition to please a most indulgent, tender, kind, generous Uncle, and can at the same time indulge my own Inclinations: But still I am at a loss, for a meaning to some of your Words: Why do you say, if *Alanthus* be the Man, I have seen him a thousand times? Madam, said *Formator*, you know there has been all along, something mysterious in that Gentleman's Behaviour; but the next Visit he makes

makes you, will set all in a clear light, and you shall be satisfied in every particular.

Very well, *said Maria*; 'tis no wonder, Madam, you have been standing up for Love's Prerogative all this while, I see you are an excellent Subject, and will fight for your Master; they say Love's a catching Evil: I think instead of staying all the Winter, I had not best to stay all the Week. What say you Sir, *said she to Formator*, is it not infectious? Madam, *said he*, I believe Love often creates Sympathy, but I never heard 'twas infectious; Love is a Passion of the Mind, which most resembles Heaven, and that Heart which is not susceptible of Love, is certainly fill'd with more inferior Passions: but I am an old Fellow, and have now forgot both the Pleasure, Pain, and Power of it. No, Sir, *said Maria*, I am sure you have not quite forgot it, you speak with too much Energy in its behalf. I shou'd laugh, *said Amoranda*, to see you two talk yourselves into the Passion you are so very busy about; you can't imagine, *Formator*, with what pleasure I shou'd see you both made one. Madam, *said Formator*, the honour of being allied to you, is a sufficient reason, for breaking any Resolution I have made against Matrimony; but I will certainly see your Nuptials over, before I think of my own: beside, I fear this Lady will think me too old for her.

No, no, *said Amoranda*, *Maria* is not very young herself, and you may have the pleasure of going together, and no mortal take the least notice of either of you. Aye, *said Formator*, there lies the burden, so heavy upon old shoulders; we do not only sink under the Infirmities of Age, but we are despised for being Old: Tho' the Young are very generous, and willing to give us our revenge, by being content to live till that despicable time themselves. I don't think, *said Amoranda*, any body despises a Person for having 60 Years on their backs; but because they
then

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then grow Sour, Morose, Cenforious, and have so great a pique against the Young, that they won't so much as remember they were ever so themselves: Tell me, *Formator*, said *she*, you that are free from the Weakness of Age, is not my Notion just ? *Madam*, said *Formator*, your Judgment runs in too clear a Channel, to be stopp'd by any sediment : I have often thought old People take the most pains to make themselves disagreeable. For my part, said *Maria*, I sit and tremble, to hear all this, and shall do nothing to-night but study how to avoid it : I once heard of a great Person, who had one always by him, to put him in mind he was a Man ; and I think it wou'd be very convenient for us, to have somebody by us, to put us in mind we are growing old, that as he avoided Pride by one, we may Folly by the other. Nay, said *Amoranda*, we live in a very good-natur'd World, that will tell us our Faults without being hir'd to it ; I'll warrant, you may meet with ten thousand, that will tell you for nothing you are an old Maid. Supper, and some other Chat of this kind, put an end to the Evening, and two whole days were spent without seeing or hearing from *Alanthus* ; during which time, *Amoranda* was very uneasy, and *Maria*, who shou'd have diverted her, had seen so much in *Formator*, that she grew very dull, and wanted a comforter herself ; by which we may see there are Charms, even in Old Age, when it is dress'd in the Ornament of an agreeable Temper. *Formator*, said *Amoranda*, you that are privy to all, will you tell me, what new Mystery has introduced itself into the Behaviour of *Alanthus* now ? Is there no end of his ambiguous Proceedings ? And must I never see the Riddle more ?

Madam, said *he*, if you never do, I am satisfied *Alanthus* will have the greatest disappointment ; for I know he loves you with a Passion not to be match'd in Man : but if we hear nothing from him by to-morrow

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morrow, I will go myself for Intelligence. The Morrow came, but still no News, and *Formator*, who read a great deal of uneasiness in *Amoranda's* Looks, told her he wou'd go just then, and bring her News; but as he was drawing on his Boots, a Servant from *Alanthus* brought *Amoranda* a Letter. She took the welcome Paper, and found these words:

I Do not complain, dearest Amoranda, of an Indisposition which has confin'd me to my Bed; but that I am robb'd of all my Joy, of all my Comfort, by being kept from her I love, from her I adore.

Oh that Amoranda had but Love enough herself to guess at mine, she wou'd then have some notion of those Torments, which Absence, cruel Absence, creates in me: When I shall be able to throw myself at your feet, 'tis impossible for me to know; but if you wou'd hasten my Recovery, it must be by a Line from your dear Hand to

Your Burning

A L A N T H U S.

Amoranda's Eyes soon made a discovery of the Sentiments of her Heart, and *Formator*, who saw her Concern, told her he wou'd go and see *Alanthus*, and bring her better News. She waited with some impatience for his Return, which was not till almost night; and then he told her, it was only a light Fever, which his Physician had assur'd him wou'd go off in a few days, and in the mean time, he wou'd write to her every day, till he was in a condition to come in Person; which accordingly he did, and every Letter gave fresh advice of his Recovery. When *Amoranda* found her loved *Alanthus* out of danger, as all his Letters assured her he was, she began to rally poor *Maria*: Madam, said she, you are grown strangely grave of late; I thought, for some time, it had

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had been occasion'd by your Concern for me, but tho' my Gaiety be return'd, yours is quite fled, I think. Come *Formator*, said *she*, I don't know how far you may be concern'd in this Metamorphose; I assure you, I expect a good account of this matter, and shall be very well pleased to say, Here comes my Cousin *Formator*. Well, Madam, said *Formator*, when I see you in the Arms of *Alanthus*, I faithfully promise, you shall dispose of *Formator* as you please. But, Madam, said *he*, have you any Commands to *Alanthus*? I left two of his Servants at the Gate. No, no, said *she*, he's well again now; but I leave that to you, *Formator*, send what Message you please. *Formator* went to dismiss the Men, and then *Maria* found her tongue again. Madam, said *she*, how will you answer this Behaviour of yours to your Good-nature? to say so many shocking things to me, before the very Man you fancy I have an esteem for: I declare, if I were not one of the best-natur'd old Maids in *Europe*, I shou'd resent it past forgiveness. Prithee Child, said *Amoranda*, don't be so foolish, why I can't believe there's any difference betwixt an old Man and an old Woman; and I dare promise, in *Formator's* name, if ever he marries, the Woman must speak first. I don't know how it is, said *Maria*, but *Formator's* Intellects seem to be perfectly sound; and for his Out-side, there is nothing old belonging to it but his Beard, and that, I confess, is a very queer one, as ever I saw in my life: for I have been here above a Fortnight, and I am sure it has never been a pin's point longer or shorter since I came. Why really, said *Amoranda*, I have often minded his Beard myself, and I sometimes fancy the Man was born with it; for he has never shaved it since he came here, and one wou'd think it might in that time have grown very well down to his Waist: But I am glad to see you so chearful again, prithee what was the matter with you, to be so sadly in the dumps?

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Why, *said Maria*, if I tell you the whole truth, it will amount to no more than you have guess'd already; and I shall make no great scruple to tell you, if I ever liked a Man in my life, 'tis *Formator*. I am glad, *said Amoranda*, it will be in my power to serve you then, for you know when I am married myself, I am to dispose of him as I please: But what think you of the God of Love now, *Mrs. Maria*? I think of him now, *said she*, as I did before, that the Distemper he flings among Men is catching; however, he has but wounded, I am not slain: and if it were not for staying to be your Bride-maid, I wou'd fly for my life, and leave the Place where I saw myself in so much danger.

But the poor Lady found herself in a much greater before the next Morning's Dawn; for one of the careless Grooms had left a Candle in the Stables, which set the Hay on fire, consumed the Stables, and burnt all the Horses: and for want of a timely discovery, the Flames being very violent, they had catch'd hold of one end of the House; but the Family being alarm'd, it was soon put out.

Formator, as soon as he heard the dreadful Cry of Fire, jump'd out of Bed, slipp'd on his Night-gown, and ran to *Amoranda's* Chamber; he found her up, and in a horrible fright, but hearing *Formator* come into her Chamber, she turn'd to go with him out of the House, and had no sooner look'd upon him, than her fear gave place to her surprize. My Lord *Alamthus*! *said she*, how, or when came you here? *Formator* was as much surpriz'd to hear her ask such a question, as she was to see him there, and clapp'd his hand to his mouth to feel for his Beard, which in the fright and hurry he had forgot. Madam, *said he*, I fly by Instinct when you are in danger; but let me convey you hence, and in a safer place I'll tell you more. As they were going down stairs, they met several of the Servants coming to tell them the Fire was

was quite extinguished ; upon which they return'd up stairs, and went into the Dining-Room. It being now fair Day-light, *Maria*, who had been all this while with them, and had had her share of the Terror which had attended the Night, seeing *Alanthus* and *Amoranda* look with some confusion in both their Faces ; began to recall her scatter'd Senses, and compare the present with the past. This *Alanthus*, said she to herself, is *Formator* in every thing but the filthy Beard, on which we have so lately animadverted ; but I confess, thought she, it made a very great alteration, and I'll try if I can find it out : she left the two Lovers, and went, as she pretended, to see the ruin'd Stables. When *Amoranda* found herself alone with *Alanthus* ; What, Sir, said she, am I to think of your being here at such an hour, in perfect Health, and in *Formator's* Gown, when I thought you on a languishing Bed of Sickness, in your own House or Lodgings ? Must I always be a Stranger to your Intentions ? Sure you have a very low opinion of my Prudence, while you dare not trust me so much as with your Name or Family ; and if I am acquainted with both, I owe my Intelligence to chance : your Lordship will pardon me if I resent it. Saying thus, she rose from her Seat, and was going, when *Alanthus* snatch'd her hand, and said, My adorable *Amoranda*, if I value myself for any Action of my Life, it is for carrying on so clean a Cheat so long a time ; I have been these eight Months under your Roof, and have never lain one Night abroad ; have been daily conversant with you, and dined and supp'd at your Table, and yet you never saw me more than twice or thrice. While *Amoranda* was waiting for an Explanation of what *Alanthus* had said, she saw *Maria* come laughing in with *Formator's* Beard dangling at her fingers ends : Here, Madam, said she, *Formator* has cast his Skin, and left it me for a Legacy ; for I plainly see, 'tis all that will fall to my share of the

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Memoirs of Amoranda. III

Man. *Amoranda* look'd at the Beard, and then at *Alanthus* ; What, *said she*, do I see ? Or what am I to believe ? not my Eyes, for they have deceived me already ; not *Alanthus*, for he has deceived me too. I beg, my Lord, you will disentangle my Understanding, and let me know at once who in reality you are ; while you were *Formator*, I had all the value and esteem for you, which was due to a good Adviser, and a careful Guardian : when I took you for Lord *Alanthus*, I look'd upon you as a Man of the highest Merit, as well as Quality ; and the additional service you did me in the Wood, gave you a very good title to a Heart which I thought you greatly worthy of : But now that you are no longer *Formator*, I have done with you as a Guardian ; and till I am better satisfied you are Lord *Alanthus*, I have done with you as a Lover too. *Alanthus* was very well pleased with her Caution, but resolved to try her a little farther, before he gave her that satisfaction she expected. Madam, *said he*, was not the Authority I brought to introduce me sufficient ? Did I not give you a Letter from your Uncle's own hand, to receive me as a Friend ?

Yes, *said Amoranda*, to receive you as a Guardian, not as a Lover ; to receive you as *Formator*, not as *Alanthus* : and if you cou'd so dext'rously deceive me, perhaps you have done the same by him. I fear, Madam, *said Alanthus*, you wou'd be pleased to find me unworthy of you, and wou'd be glad of a fair Pretence to make me a Stranger to your Favour. No, *said she*, Heaven knows, to find you any thing but Lord *Alanthus*, wou'd be the greatest disappointment I am capable of knowing ; and I have made too many declarations to *Formator*, of my Love for *Alanthus*, to grow indifferent to him all of a sudden : but such a gross Imposition as this might prove, wou'd not only ruin my Fortune, but call my Sense in question too ; tho' I confess, there is one Circumstance, which

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which makes me hope you are the Man I wish : and that is, the Account I had from your Sister, of your Family. Nay, I have still another, which will croud in to justify you ; a Face I own you have, which says a thousand things in your behalf, and reproaches me as often for my weak suspicion of you.

Let all Disputes for ever cease betwixt us, *said Alanthus*, as I will this hour give you satisfaction. He went away to his own Apartment, and when he had dress'd him, return'd with a Paper in his hand : Here, my *Amoranda*, *said he*, let this convince you. She took the Paper from him, which she knew to be her Uncle's hand, and found these words :

THE Man, my dearest Niece, who some Months ago appear'd to you as the grave, the wise, the old Formator ; is now turn'd into the gay, the young, the accomplish'd Lord Marquis of W—— ; and whenever he thinks fit to discover himself, it is greatly my desire you use him as such. He has done me the honour to accept of me for a Friend, and promised to make you the Partner of his Bed, if he liked you when he saw you, and cou'd find a means to win your Affections ; if not, you will never know him for what he is.

When *Amoranda* had read the Paper over, she reassum'd her chearful Looks, and Pleasure diffused itself in every Muscle of her Face : But my Lord, *said she*, this discovery being made by chance, who can say you design'd it shou'd ever be made at all ? I can, *said Maria* ; for I was so near running away with *Formator*, that my Lord *Alanthus* wou'd have been glad to have bought himself off at the low expence of a little Secret. Madam, *said Alanthus*, if I had design'd to have lived in masquerade, as long as I staid in your House, you shou'd never have seen me as *Alanthus* at all, neither wou'd I have staid so long with you. I came to you, disguised like an old Man, for

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two reasons ; First, I thought the sage Advice you stood in need of, wou'd sound more natural, and be better received from an old mouth, than a young one ; next, I thought you wou'd be more open and free, in declaring your real Sentiments of every thing to me, as I was, than as I am. How good an effect my Project has met with, you are not, I hope, insensible ; and I beg you will give me leave to remind you of the vast difference there is betwixt your Behaviour then, and now. My Lord, *said Amoranda*, I am so far from derogating from your Merit, that I own, when you first took me under your Care, I was a giddy, thoughtless, inconsiderate Mortal, fit only for the Company of those Coxcombs I too frequently conversed with : but then, my Lord, you shall own in your turn, that I received all your Lectures and Admonitions with the Spirit of a willing Profelyte ; that I was ready to give into all your Maxims, and took your Advice as fast, almost, as you gave it. But pray, my Lord, *said she*, (*taking the Beard*) let me once more see my good old *Formator*, let me once more behold you in that Dress, which so artfully deceived me : methinks I grieve when I tell myself, I have lost the good old Man. Aye, *said Maria*, 'tis pity so good a Character shou'd be a fictitious one ; but alas for me ! the Loss is mine, and if my Lord assumes the Dress again, I shall certainly lay some claim to the Man. *Alanthus* took the Beard, and dress'd himself as when *Formator*. Now, my Lord, *said Maria*, you are in the height of all your Charms ; the grave, sententious, grey-bearded *Formator*, had certainly Attractives which the gay, smooth-chin'd Lord *Alanthus* wants. In your Eyes, *said Amoranda* ; remember the Fable, the Fox complain'd of Acids, when he cou'd not reach at——and yet I can't but love that Form myself, when I consider the Advantages that accrued to me under its Government, the just Rebukes,

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the friendly Persuasions, the kind Admonitions, the assiduous Care, to turn *Amoranda* from Folly and Madness, to that Behaviour so ornamental to her Sex. Then it chastised the insolent Designs of *Callid*, and repell'd the rapid Force of *Biranthus*, when he shot my Coachman, and wou'd have run away with myself. Can those things die in Oblivion? Can they be forgotten in a generous grateful Heart? No! *Formator's* Name shall always be dear to *Amoranda*, and shall for ever find a resting-place in her Breast. Madam, *said Maria*, you'll spend so many Raptures upon my old *Formator*, that you will leave none for your own young *Alanthus*. Yes, *said Amoranda*, I have one acknowledgment to make *Alanthus*, which is equivalent to all the rest, and that is the great Deliverance he brought me in the Wood: But now I think on't, my Lord, you promised to tell me why you left me in such exquisite Distress, when I sued for your Assistance in that dreadful Place. Madam, *said he*, you may please to remember, when you suffer'd yourself to be drawn from your own House by those two Impostors, it was extremely against my liking; and I said as much as Modesty would admit of, to put a stop to your design: but when I found, by your excusing them, you were resolv'd to go, I went to my Servants, who are three Miles off, got on horseback, and with two of 'em rid directly to the Wood, where I knew the Scene wou'd be acted, if they had any ill design against you: I was there an hour before I met you, and rang'd about every part of it, till I heard some Voices, and when the base *Arentia* shriek'd for her Life, I heard the Cry, and thought it had been yours: I then clapp'd Spurs to my Horse, and was riding towards the Sound, when I met you. How full of Joy my Heart was when I saw you safe, I leave to every Heart, as full of Love, to judge; but I was resolv'd, if possible, to cure you at once of rambling with Strangers: in order to which,

which, I put on an Air of Cruelty, which, Heaven knows! my Heart had no hand in, and rode from you; I knew it wou'd give you double terror, to see a Prospect of relief, then find yourself abandon'd; and I likewise knew, the greater your fear was then, the greater your Care wou'd be for the future, to avoid such Enterprizes: but I had yet a view in favour of myself, and had reason to believe, the greater your deliverance was, the greater value wou'd you set upon your deliverer; and those considerations carry'd me behind a tuft of trees, where I absconded till I saw you environ'd in the utmost danger: Methinks I yet behold my trembling Fair, with lift-up Hands, and watry Eyes, imploring help, and striving to convince me, *Biranthus* was a Man, tho' some hours before, I seem'd ridiculous to her for only suspecting of it.

I own, my Lord, *said Amoranda*, I owe a thousand Obligations to your generous Care, and my whole Life will be too little to thank you for them, but——No more, *Madam, said he, interrupting her*, I had a glorious return for all that Care, when at Night, as *Formator*, I heard the whole story over again, and so much in favour of the happy Stranger, as *Jove* himself wou'd have listen'd to with envy; and if ever Vanity had an advantage over me, it was that pleasing Minute. This call'd a blush into *Amoranda's* Cheeks, who said she little thought, when she made a free confession to *Formator*, that *Alanthus* was within hearing. But I have another piece of cruelty to lay to your charge, my Lord: Since you had by your disguise found out my weakness, and knew I had a value for you, why did you send me word you were in a dangerous state of Health, when at the same time you had no indisposition, but what proceeded from your Mind, in giving me pain when you had none your self? My dearest *Amoranda, said he*, pardon that one tryal of your Love, it was not possi-

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ble for me to deny myself the exquisite pleasure I knew your kind Concern wou'd give me; but good Heavens! how did my longing arms strive to snatch you to my bosom when you had read that Letter, that I might have suck'd in the pleasing tears which dropp'd from your lovely Eyes. Pray, Madam, *said Maria*, will you order your Coach to carry me home again; I am resolv'd to go into my own Country, and pick up some sweet Swain, to say a few of those fine things to me. My Lord, *continu'd she*, will you be pleas'd to oblige me with that engaging Beard of yours, that if the Man, whom Interest persuades me to, shou'd want exterior Charms, I may clap it on his Face, and fancy him *Formator*. With all my heart, *said my Lord*, there it is, and may it contribute as much towards your Happiness, as it has done towards mine; but I believe you are the first Woman under Thirty that ever fell in Love with a grey Beard. Aye, or over it either, *said Amoranda*; but pray my Lord, *said she*, now that we have set things in a little Order between ourselves, give me leave to enquire after your beautiful Sister, she promis'd to honour me with a few days of her Company, as she return'd from Lord B——. Madam, *said Alanthus*, you saw her since I did, I have writ to her several times, since you told me she was on this side of the Country, but have not seen her yet, nor does she know where to write to me. While the words were yet in their mouths, *Jenny* came running in, and said, the young Lady who had been here some time ago, was come again in Lord B——'s Coach, and was just alighting. Pray, my Lord, *said Amoranda*, put on your disguise once more, that I may have the pleasure of seeing your own Sister as much deceived as I have been. My Lord, clapp'd on the Beard, and *Amoranda* went to meet Lady *Betty*, (*for so she was call'd,*) and when she had conducted her in, and the common Compliments had pass'd,

pass'd, *Amoranda* told *Lady Betty*, she now claim'd her promise of staying a few days with her. *Madam, said Lady Betty*, it is that promise that has brought me here now; and had I never made it, you had seen no more of me, for I own it was always my Opinion, that a Person who is not in perfect good humour, shou'd never incumber other People with their Chagrin, of which I am at present so very full, that you must have an uncommon share of good-nature, if you can bear with my Company. Methinks, *said Alanthus, disguising his Voice as usual*, it is a pity so young a Lady shou'd have so early an acquaintance with any thing that cou'd ruffle her Temper; you have likely, *Madam*, left a Lover behind you. Pshaw, *said Lady Betty*, you old Gentlemen always think a young Girl's Mind so set upon Lovers, that they have room for no other thoughts: tho' he that gives me a present uneasiness, is a Lover I hope, but he's a Brother too. I remember, *said Amoranda, smiling*, your Ladyship spoke of an absent Brother last time I had the honour of seeing you; have you never seen him since? No, *Madam, said Lady Betty*, I fancy he's got into *Fairy-Land*, he lets me hear from him, but will not tell me how he may hear from me; 'tis a little odd, he shou'd make his own Mother and Sister strangers to his abode. *Madam, said Maria*, has your Ladyship any Faith in *Astrology*? this old Gentleman here, is so well skill'd in the occult Sciences, that he can in a quarter of an hour tell you when and where you shall see your Brother; nay, I dare be bold to affirm, he can without stirring out of the room, shew him to you in his full health and strength, without so much as raising the Devil to help him. *Madam, said Lady Betty*, I shou'd never have taken the Gentleman for a Conjuror, he does not look like one, nor do I believe any Man upon Earth has a power of doing what you have promis'd in his name, unless Lord *Alanthus* be in some Closet

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in this Room. No, Madam, *said* Alanthus, there is no Man in this Room, but myself, and yet I believe I cou'd make a shift to perform all those difficulties which the Lady has told you of. *Amoranda*, who sat next to a Window which look'd into the Court, saw a Coach and six come in, with Servants in her own Livery : Bless me, *Formator*, said she, who have we got here ? *Alanthus* ran to the Window, and saw Mr. *Traffick* alighting. Oh ! joyful Day, *said he*, Madam, here's your Uncle ! They ran to meet him, and brought him in, to Lady *Betty* and *Maria*, so full of raptures and tender sentiments, at the sight of his beauteous Niece, that his eyes ran over with tears of joy ; no less did the sight of his beloved *Alanthus* transport him : But how comes it my Lord, *said he*, that you are still *Formator* ? I thought by this time, I shou'd have met you, with the Respect due to the worthy Lord *Alanthus*. Lady *Betty*, at those words, stood like one aghast, and looking round her for interpretation, she cast her eyes on Lord *Alanthus*, who had pull'd off his Beard, and whom she saw in her Brother's Form ; but so far from running to him with the kind Caresses of a Sister, that she shriek'd out, and fell in a Swoon. For *Amoranda* being an accidental acquaintance, and *Maria* a perfect stranger, who had just been telling her the old Man was a Conjuror, and she not expecting to find her Brother there, and seeing him all of a sudden turn'd from an old Man, whom she had never seen before, to a Brother whom she knew not where to find ; she thought herself in some enchanted Castle, and all about her Fiends and Goblins. The whole Company quickly surrounded her, and brought her to herself again ; when Lord *Alanthus* took her in his arms, and said, Why my dear Lady *Betty*, are you so extremely surpriz'd ? Look round you, Madam, with chearfulness, and believe yourself in the arms of your unfeigned Brother, and among your
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real Friends : This, my dear Sister, is the *Fairy-Land* where I have so long liv'd Incognito ; and there, there's the Inchantress, who, by a natural Magick, has kept me all this while in Chains of Love. Poor frighted Lady *Betty*, who had always done *Amoranda* Justice, in thinking greatly in her favour, began to hear and believe all ; and when she had perfectly recover'd her Surprise, she turn'd to *Amoranda*, and said, From the first moment I saw you, lovely *Amoranda*, I had an inward impulse to love you, and how well I'm pleas'd with that Alliance I foresee will be betwixt us, my future Behaviour shall shew ; in the mean time I beg I may be let into the whole Affair, and know why Lord *Alanthus* affected the frightful Air of an old Man, rather than his own faultless Form. Madam, said *Amoranda*, I hope I need not take much time to persuade your Ladyship to believe I am very proud of your promis'd Friendship, and shall always, with my utmost industry, strive to deserve it ; but for the Scheme of the Beard, since I had no hand in it, I leave it to be explain'd by those that had : Lord *Alanthus*, and Mr. *Traffick*, are the fittest to give your Ladyship an account, which I leave them to do, while I beg leave to go and dress me. *Amoranda* and *Maria* went to their Dressing-rooms, while the two Gentlemen entertain'd Lady *Betty* with the Story she desir'd to hear. As soon as *Amoranda* and *Maria* return'd, Lord *Alanthus* went to the former, and taking her by the hand said, I hope, my dearest *Amoranda*, you remember what a long time of Self-denial I have had, and that during *Formator's* Reign, I never durst so much as touch your Hand, tho' my Heart had ten thousand flutters and struggles to get to you ; but as we are now barefac'd, and know one another, as we have determin'd to make each other happy, I beg you will no longer procrastinate my Joy, but let this Day, this very Day, clap us into *Hymen's* Fetters,

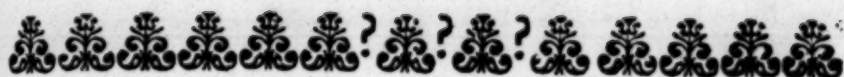
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there to remain, till Death do us part. The whole Company join'd in the request of *Alanthus*, and Mr. *Traffick* added a Command, which met with no opposition. Every thing was immediately prepared, and the Nuptials solemniz'd that afternoon, to the very great Satisfaction of all Parties, and after a Week more spent where they were, they all took Coach, and went to *London*; where the Reader, if he has any Business with them, may find them.



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I T is not possible, *said the pleased Abaliza*, to tell my dear *Lucy* what Joy her Company gives her Friend; it is now four whole Years since I had the pleasure of seeing you, during which time, every Circumstance of my Life is changed, saving the Friendship I always had for one, whose Behaviour deserved the best return: you are doubtless so conscious of your own Merit, as to believe, I mean yourself.

My Abaliza, said Lucy, I think your Style is changed as well as Circumstances: I wou'd not exclude good Manners, but methinks this way of Conversation is a little too stiff for that easy agreeable thing call'd Friendship, in which, Ceremony ought to be excluded as much as Hypocrisy in Religion, since both spoil the fine end they were design'd for.

'Tis true, *said Abaliza*, without Friendship there can be no Love, and without Love no Religion; but
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what a strange Girl art thou, to run into those old-fashion'd Notions? Do you not know that all the World is Compliment, that nothing is so ridiculous as the Character of a Plain-dealer? Why, Child, you'll be hiss'd off the Stage of Life, if you set up now for Sincerity.

Then Madam, *reply'd* Lucy, by those fine new-fashion'd Rules, I perceive, I am to take all those civil things you have said, for no more than a little exterior Gloss, which like *Dutch Gold* upon *Dutch Bread*, pleases the Eye of a Child, tho' eaten, it cankers the Guts. Believe me, *Abaliza*, I grieve to see that honest Heart of yours, give so largely into the way of the World; I once thought you cou'd have scorn'd the name of Sycophant. What can I hope from——A feign'd Behaviour, *interrupted Abaliza*; it is no more, my *Lucy*, you are no longer to believe me the Person you seem to fear I am; since I have now the very same generous Sentiments of a sincere and real Friendship, which I had when we last parted, and which I will for ever cherish: but what I said, proceeded from the Bitterness of my Soul, having been very lately used with much Flattery, and much Treachery, by one, whose Gratitude might have taught her a better way of returning a great many Civilities; but as Womens Quarrels are generally too trifling to be entertaining, for that Reason I will wave it: But you desir'd to have the Tale of my Amour, which I will give you at large. That, *said* Lucy, will be very obliging, because I have hitherto had only an imperfect account of it, and since a Story told by halves occasions nothing but incoherence, I beg you will go quite through with it, that I may hear again as well what I know already, as what I do not.

Then thus, *said* Abaliza, I begin: You may remember when we parted we were both very young, and tho' one wou'd think four Years shou'd make no

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great Alteration, yet it is plain so much Time both
buries in Oblivion, and raises standing Monuments of
our Actions; the good ones are forgot, or at least
never to be mention'd, while our Trips and Mis-
management is register'd in every busy spightful
Breast, to be produced in opposition to any little
word spoke by chance in your favour: but I lay by
all moral Reflections, and come to the Tale. When
I had obey'd my Father's Summons, and return'd
home from your House, I was, you may remember,
about eighteen Years of Age, and had (which is
pretty rare) a Heart entirely disengaged from all the
foolish Incumbrances which generally attend that
time of Life: That is to say, *quoth* Lucy, you were
not in Love, which, considering your Offers, was, I
own, a little rare, If you interrupt me, *said* Abaliza,
I shall forget where I left off, and make a Botch of
my Story. I was no sooner got home, than I met
with such a Reception as an only Child might ex-
pect from the Arms of two tender Parents; my Mo-
ther was ready to eat me, and wou'd not let me stir
out of her sight for many days; she was a Woman
of much Prudence and Goodness, one who had al-
ways made it her chiefest care to initiate early Prin-
ciples of Modesty and Virtue into my Breast: and
one day as we were sate alone, she said, *Abaliza*, I
am of a weak infirm Constitution, and do believe
my days are few on Earth; your Papa may marry
again, and you may find some inconveniency in a
Step-mother, you have had a great many advanta-
geous Offers made you, and I shou'd face my last hour
with great content, cou'd I first see you well disposed
of; you are my only Care, and next to your Father, my
only Comfort, for you have been my Child these
eighteen Years, and to your Face I own, you never
disobliged me in your Life. Nor ever will, my dear
Mamma, *said* I; oh! do not tell me of your Death,
I hope, and believe you have many happy Years of
Life

Life to come, in which, perhaps, I may bring myself to a more favourable Opinion of a matrimonial Life, I think it is a State that requires more Sedateness and Gravity than is usually found in Eighteen; and it is but a melancholy Reflection to a young Breast, to say, it is going to give away all its Pleasure. I do assure you Madam, *continu'd I*, it wou'd have been more agreeable to my temper, had you injoin'd me to Celibacy for Life; but to shew my Duty to the last, give me but leave to like the Man, and you shall command me in that too. She took me to her Bosom, kiss'd and thank'd me for my Compliance. But while I was reflecting in my own Breast on the Folly of Resolution, which is seldom kept any longer than till we have a strong Temptation to break it, (Nature, my *Lucy*, will have its swing) my Father came to us, and with him a Something, which was, I fancy'd, design'd for a Man, tho' Nature, to shew us some diversion, and to let us see she can be merry over her own Compositions, had made the thing look like a Creature engender'd betwixt a Monkey and a *Dutch Mastiff*. His Eyes were red and very small, his Nose-end turn'd up so very erect, that with the help of a good Perspective, one might have made a shift to find the way to his Brains; his Mouth was wide, his Teeth black, his Chaps thin and wrinkled, his Head hung to one Shoulder, his Back was crooked and so were his Legs, a Club-foot, and very ill dress'd.

Heaven guard us all from *Cupid's Bow*, said *Lucy*, I hope you came off Heart-whole; why *Æsop* was but a puny sucking Monster compared to your, (almost) Devil. Ah my *Lucy*, *reply'd I*, were all Objects like this I have described, you might save your Prayers for another Occasion; and yet he had a Wife, a deserving one too. But to go on: After I had taken a cursory Survey of him, bless me, thought I, where has my Father pick'd up this Epitome of De-

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formity? or has he bought him to make Sport? While I was thus musing, he came forward, and made up to my Mother to salute her, which he did with such an awkward Air, that had not a little good Manners stood close at my Elbow, I had laugh'd in his Face. I expected the next Proof of his Civility wou'd fall to my share, as it accordingly did, and I was kiss'd in my turn. He then commended my Person, asked my Father if I was his Daughter, and whether married: he told him in a jocular way, he was forc'd to own me, but I was too much a Drugg to be disposed of. Oh, *said the Beauty*, she shall have a Husband, tho' I fetch her one myself. For my part, I was half scared out of my Wits, for fear it was his own lovely Carcass he design'd for me, for I knew not then he was married. He sat a considerable time with my Father, and talked much of things abroad: I must confess, his Discourse put me upon making many inward Reflections on the kindness of Nature, who, often gives the greatest Beauties to the Mind, when she denies them to the Shape and Face. Thus it proved in the Person I am speaking of, who, tho' a most deform'd Creature in his make, had the Charms of a *Cicero* in his Conversation: and had the Sense of Seeing been lost in his Companions, the Sense of Hearing had been doubly gratified. After a great many good things said, and as well apply'd, he got up and went away; and tho' his great Sense had very much atoned for his ridiculous Out-side, yet I cou'd not forbear being a little merry upon him when he was gone. Sir, *said I to my Father*, I have often heard that Monkeys can talk if they please, but I never heard any of them speak before; I'll swear this was one of excellent Parts, if the whole Species cou'd but talk like him, methinks 'tis a thousand pities they shou'd ever be silent. Tho' my Father cou'd not forbear laughing at me, he was a little nettled that I had made so free with his

his Friend, and said—I have often told you, Madam, the visible part of a Man, is the most worthless part of him, unless where Reason and Prudence are wanting; but this Gentleman has as large a share of both, as any body I know, and shou'd for that Cause be treated after a different manner: beside, Gentlewoman, *continu'd he*, this Person with whom you make so bold, has a Son wou'd set your Invention on the Rack for an Engine to catch him, if you saw him once. I found Papa spoke with some warmth, and was willing to cry *Peccavi*. I am sorry, Sir, *said I*, I have displeased you with what I said of the old Gentleman, I was so foolish as to believe he was design'd by Nature for every body's Jest; but I am sure you cannot think me so weak; as to be in any danger of his Offspring, at whom, I dare say, I can look with as much Indifference as I have always done upon the whole Sex beside; and I have seen some, who have pass'd in the World for Men without blemish. I am glad, *said Papa*, you are proof against Mankind, for none have more Advantages to boast of, than the Son of this Gentleman; and I can assure you, neither your Person or Fortune deserves him. These Words, in spite of my Endeavours to hide my Resentment, brought a Colour into my Cheeks, and I was not able to hinder an inward vexation, at hearing my Father speak so contemptibly of me. I was probably then, one of those foolish Girls who think their Charms irresistible, and that it was impossible for a Man to see, and not to love. Full of those fond thoughts, I resolv'd, tho' it was the first time, to make a Conquest if possible, and in order to it, set my Mother on to find out who this old Gentleman was; but did it without giving her the least cause to suspect the Reason of my Curiosity: she had as great a mind to know as I had; and when they were alone some time after, she asked some Questions accordingly. My Father told her, he was

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a Person not only of great worth, but Master of a finer Estate than some Noblemen cou'd boast, being possessed of ten thousand Pounds a Year: I knew him, said he, in *Spain*, tho' he is not of that Nation, he is a *Dutch* Man born, and his Name is *Van-zouch*, he married a fine *English* Lady, who admir'd him for his good Sense and extraordinary Temper; by her he has one Son, who is his only Child, and one of the most accomplish'd Men in *Europe*: his Lady is now in *Holland*, to whom he intends to go, in a very little time; he is now at a Relation's House hard by, where he stays to oblige his Son, who of all things loves the Country. This was the Account my Mother got, and which, the first Opportunity, she communicated to me. As soon as I cou'd handsomely disengage myself, I got up to my Chamber, where I sat down to consult with my own thoughts, what Method was to be taken towards seeing this mighty Man of worth: sometimes I hoped, the Husband which the old Man had promis'd to bring me, might prove his Son; but then I consider'd, he was a Father, and as such, wou'd try to make a better Market for him: but then I again consider'd how little my Father's Opinion was of me, and I knew not but he might prize his Son as low, as I was valued as a Daughter; tho' I knew my Father lov'd, nay, doated on me, but it stuck sadly in my stomach that he shou'd think, I cou'd not deserve the Son of that ugly old Man. I was sadly at a loss how to compass a Sight of him, and yet I fear'd to see him too, lest it shou'd prove as Papa had said, and I shou'd want a power to gain a Conquest; and betwixt the hope of his coming, and fear of his not liking me when he did, I gave up my thoughts so entirely to that one Subject, that I grew perfectly moping, and did not care either to eat or talk. My Father thought I was in the dumps because he had affronted me, but my poor Mamma was anxious for

my Health, and fear'd some growing Distemper; for which reason she wou'd fain have sent for Physicians, but I was resolv'd my Pulse shou'd not come between their Fingers; and cou'd have told her — the Cure of the Mind was not the work of the Doctor: but I kept my own Counsel, which is more than some Women can do, and said it was only a Fit of the Vapours, which wou'd go off with a little time. Vapours! *said my Mother*, what shou'd vapour you, who never had one Vexation or Disappointment in your Life? I beg, my *Abaliza*, *continu'd she*, you will not give way to so much as a thought of that whimsical, tho' modish Distemper; it borders too much upon Sloth, Idleness, and a thousand other impertinent things, which corrupt and spoil the Blood: No Child, you have no such thing, 'tis nought but Fancy, go and take a Walk in the Morning, and try to disperse those melancholy Fumes that disturb you thus, the Air will do you good. Next day I took her Advice, and calling *Faddle* my Maid, I went attended only by her to take a walk in the Fields: you know *Faddle* is a good merry Girl, and as we were walking a slow Pace, she thus accosted me. — For the love of Fortune, Madam, what is the matter with you, sure three or four days never brought such a change with them in this World before; Lord, what can you ail? If we had had any young Visitors in that time, I shou'd have thought you had fallen in love; but the duce of any body have we had but old Club-foot, and if you are sick for him, by my troth, Madam, I beg your pardon, but I shall never pity you: tho', *continu'd she*, I fear Madam, you have got a pain in your Tongue, which is a part of us as seldom disorder'd, as any Member we have. It wou'd be very much for my present ease, *reply'd I*, if thou hadst a pain in thine too; there is nothing so intolerably troublesome as Impertinence, and I wish you wou'd learn Silence, and
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meddle with nothing but what concerns your self : By this Answer, *Faddle* found I had no pain in my Tongue, and she grew very grave upon it. Madam, *said she*, I am surprized to see you angry at what I said, you used to be pleased with my Nonsense; but I must say, every thing that gives you pain or pleasure, has the same effect upon me; 'tis true, I have taken a little more Freedom than perhaps I ought to have done, but the design was to divert, not vex you; I see you labouring under some lurking Disorder, and wou'd fain remove it if I cou'd; what then have I done to deserve a Reprimand? Or, did I ever make a Breach in that Fidelity I owe you? No, no, *said I*, it is not in my power to charge thee with any Crime, but I hate to be ask'd Questions which I cannot answer; whatever I ail, is a Secret even to myself; how then shou'd I share it with you? Why really Madam, *said the merry Wench*, I have often observed the best Expedient for keeping a Secret, is never to know it. With such talk of no consequence we went on, till we had insensibly wander'd almost three Miles; we were got into a very pleasant Close, at the bottom of which, was a fine clear Spring: Here, *said I*, we will sit down and rest us; which we had no sooner done, than a little Lap-dog came wagging his Tail and fawning to me. *Faddle, said I*, where are we? I was never thus far in my Life before; we are certainly near some Town or some Company by this pretty Dog, pray let us go back. I know where we are, *said Faddle*, we are a good way from home, and yonder's a Gentleman looking very earnestly at you, over yon Hedge. Let us away this Minute, *said I*, putting on my Mask, for Hats were not then in fashion; and as we went, the little Dog follow'd me, and his Master him; I walked as fast as my Legs and Strength wou'd carry me, and wonder'd the Stranger did not call his Dog, who overtook us just as we came to a

Stile. Madam, *said he*, I know not whether I shou'd cherish or chastise my Dog, for drawing me so near an Object worthy of Admiration; but I see by that cruel Cloud, with which you have eclipsed your fine Face, you thought me too happy when I gazed upon it bare. How many Advantages have you Ladies above our Sex, who can screen your Beauties from Sun and Sight, whilst we are forced by Custom to expose ours to both, tho' sometimes, perhaps, we cou'd be glad to hide them? These Words raised my Eyes to the Stranger's Face, which I suppose he expected when he spoke them, and I found him a most complete fine Man. I dare say, Sir, *said I*, were it the Fashion for your Sex to wear Masks, your Vanity wou'd keep you a good while out on't. Madam, *reply'd he*, I shou'd keep out of it for ever, durst I hope it cou'd find the means to please you; but till then, 'tis neither worth hiding or exposing. You Men of Gallantry, *answer'd I*, shou'd never engage with us Country Girls, we know not how to hold discourse with you, but I hope you wou'd not try to persuade me you are in love. Madam, *said he*, you wrong your own Charms if you doubt it; who can see, and hold from loving? And oh! forgive me, if I beg to know with whom I leave a Heart, always my own, till you by open Force have snatch'd it from me. That's hard indeed, *said I*; but to let you see my Will was not any way concern'd in the Rapine, it most readily consents to the return of it: I assure you, I do not desire to have the carriage of your Heart, 'tis well if I can take care of my own. Oh! *return'd the Stranger*, that you wou'd give me leave to construe those Words to my own advantage; but Madam, you have promised more than you are able to perform, you cannot give me back my Heart, it sticks where 'tis, like the Shirt of *Hercules*, and no power can tear it from you. One wou'd think, *answer'd I*, you were
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made of Tinder or Touchwood, you catch fire so soon. And Madam, *said he*, to carry on your own Simile a little farther, I fear I shall find you too like the Flint and Steel, which give heat, but feel none. I own, his ready Answers and good Sense made me look at him once more ; and I believe had our Conversation lasted much longer, I shou'd have wished for a Continuance of it. His Face indeed was faultless, his Shape I cou'd be no Judge of, because he was in a Night-Gown, his Hand was very white and finely shaped, on a Finger of which, he had a very rich Diamond ; by which, and his Brocaded Gown, I guess'd him to be a Person of some distinction : but while I was surveying him, *Faddle* told me the Coach was coming. He then, with an uncommon Accent, begg'd me not to leave him in racking Uncertainty, but give him some Hopes, tho' never so small, that he shou'd see me again. I told him, Extremes never lasted, and he might assure himself, he wou'd find his Cure where he got his Wound ; for before he cou'd recover the Place where he first saw me, he wou'd forget he had ever seen me at all. Madam, *said he*, 'tis greater Cruelty to disbelieve my Love, than to return it with Contempt ; for pity's sake.——No more, Sir, *interrupted I*, when I can believe I have Charms to wound at the first sight, I'll fancy all you have said is true ; till then, you must excuse me. He was going to reply, when the Coach came up to us, into which I stepp'd and left my Lover. My Mother, who was come her self to look for me, was surpriz'd to see me with a Man, and asked me several Questions about him, to which, I made her very imperfect Answers, tho' all I knew ; and as I had told the fine Stranger, so I did myself : for while I was answering my Mother's Questions, I had almost forgot the Subject. My Mother then asked me, if I cou'd give any better Account of myself than I had done of

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my Spark, how my Walk agreed with me, and if I was pretty well after it? I told her I thought I was after my Walk just as I was before it; and I was very well. But *Abaliza*, said my Mother, I have a piece of News for you, your Father and I have been laughing at it this Morning: we are to have a Visit this Afternoon, from the ugly old Gentleman and his handsome Son; they sent to know if your Father wou'd be at home, and alone: so if one does not please you, perhaps t'other may. It is not possible, my dear *Lucy*, to tell you how this News alarm'd me: my whole Fabrick was in a general Disorder; but my Heart had by much the greatest Share: It flutter'd about and cut Capers, as if it were seeking out new Quarters; my Cheeks sometimes glow'd, then turn'd to a livid Paleness, which I wou'd fain have prevented, but 'twas not in my power; my Mother took notice of it, but cou'd not for her Soul tell what to make on't. She thought 'twas impossible I should like the old Man, and the young one I had never seen; in short, every Look was a Riddle to her, and the more she thought, the more she was perplex'd. *Faddle's* Amazement broke out at her Eyes and Mouth, which were employ'd in staring and gaping at me; and I believe the poor Girl, who had a mighty Notion of Witchcraft, certainly thought I lay under the power of some of that Chimerical Fraternity. We were now gotten almost to our own Gates, when my Father met us, and said, he supposed we had met with good diversion we staid so long: he very ceremoniously handed us out of the Coach, and when we were got in, Now *Abaliza*, said he smiling, now is the time to guard your Heart; for I can tell you, it will be put to its utmost tryal before Night, and all your boasted Strength will be little enough to defend it. So Mamma tells me, Sir, said I; and if I must encounter this Rarity, I shall the sooner have

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an Opportunity of shewing you how much I can despise one, who you yourself allow to have so many Charms: But methinks you do not use your poor Daughter well, to suffer her to run into so much danger; especially, when you have told her how superior his Merit and Fortune is to hers. Suppose a Woman's Weakness, Sir, shou'd take place of her Resolution, and I shou'd see this fine Man with your admiring Eyes; how wou'd you extricate your Child from such a Misfortune? Indeed Child, *said my Father*, you have very justly accused me, and I do own it is not safe to trust a Woman with her Heart: but as I had always a very great Opinion of your Conduct and Prudence, it carried me a Step beyond my own Discretion, and made me consent to let you see a Man, who, in all probability, will make an impression. But it is still in my power to prevent your Fate; and as nothing cou'd touch me more nearly, than to see you unhappy: in pity to us both, I lay my Commands upon you to keep your Chamber till they are gone. Oh! my *Lucy*, this was what I did not foresee when I was so very pert, and it gave me a fresh cause of Uneasiness: every Word I had spoke, like our greatest Sins, brought a new Occasion for Repentance. What a while had I been wishing for a Day, which no sooner came, than I blasted it by the Wind of a few Words. Nay, Sir, *said I*, if you ever had a good Opinion of my Conduct, do not cancel it till I give you cause: I beg you will let me see this young Gentleman, if it be but for the Novelty on't: if I make a Conquest, your Daughter is better provided for, than you cou'd expect; and if I do not, I dare venture to promise, the Disappointment shall never hurt *Abaliza*. Upon that Condition, *said Mamma*, I dare engage your Father's Consent; but remember, whatever we feel for you, it is you yourself will be the greatest Sufferer. Fear not, Madam, *reply'd I*, there is a certain thing

call'd Pride, which does, or shou'd reign in every Woman's Breast, which will certainly secure both you and myself from Pain; for I shou'd think myself weak indeed, shou'd I give a Heart to one who never offer'd his.

O *Abaliza*! interrupted my Father, if that be all your Security, you are but very weakly fortify'd, and talk as if you were a stranger to your own Arguments; either you forget, or you never knew that human Nature has the same ascendant over Women, that it has over Men. 'Tis true, there is a little difference, Women's Constitutions being somewhat colder; but if your Heart should first take fire, you may meet with a great many Precedents of the same kind, which tho' it does not justify you in the same Failing, is still a demonstration that the thing is possible; and for that reason I will think of your own Words, and keep you out of harm's-way.

Sir, *reply'd I*, do you call the Coldness of our Constitution a small difference? To me it seems the ultimate Cause of preserving our Honour; for if your Assertion be true, that Nature has the same Ascendant over our Sex, as it has over yours; what can possibly be a better Guard, or Fence against Nature, than a Constitution hedged in by a Wall of Ice? Believe me, Sir, I reckon mine my chiefest Happiness, but you have commanded me to my Chamber, and thither I'll go; come *Faddle*, let us go up. When I was got to my Chamber, I order'd *Faddle* to dress me to the very best advantage, and was resolv'd not to omit one Jewel, which I thought cou'd any way add to my natural Charms; for tho' my Father seem'd to threaten I shou'd not see this Wonder of his, I yet hoped his Mind wou'd change, or the old Gentleman wou'd ask for me, or something wou'd happen to bring us together: which fell out better than I expected; for we had spent so much of the Morning abroad, and so much in Dis-

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putes at home, and I in dressing, that it was so late before we went to Dinner, the Company came before we had well done, and just as I was going up, *Vanzouch* came in, and taking me by the Hand, led me to the Dining-Room, where they were to sit: And here, *Lucy*, I cannot forbear telling thee what an undutiful Slut I was, for I could not forbear laughing in my Sleeve, to think how poor Papa was baulk'd of his Design. However, he with my Mother soon follow'd, but first I had an opportunity of viewing the young one, whose Eyes I met, and found he was as busy inspecting into my Faults, as I was finding out his. I own he had the very Life of a good Face, I mean fine Eyes, he had likewise good Teeth, was very clean, and very genteel; but I had expected so much, that what I saw was nothing at all: And is this, *thought I*, the fine thing that's to run away with my Heart in spite of itself, and must I be confin'd, for fear of an Antidote against Love? Sure my Father banter'd me all this while, or else he is one of the worst judges of Beauty in the Universe. To what purpose, *thought I*, have I taken so much pains to dress me, only to show myself to one I hate. I own it vex'd me so to see myself so baulk'd, that it made me very moody, and out of humour, and if a *Dutch Doit* wou'd have secur'd the old Gentleman's Heir, I wou'd not have made the Purchase.

After Tea, and Wine, *Vanzouch* desir'd to go in- to the Gardens, which he did, and my Father with him; while the young Gentleman stay'd to entertain my Mother and I, but his company grew tedious and tiresome, which made me, for a little Variety, propose going into the Gardens too. Mamma found herself full employ among the Greens and Flowers, which gave my new Spark an opportunity of saying some fine things to me, which must be acknowledg'd, even by me, who cou'd not abide him, was done with very good Address, and had the Speeches he made,

made, come from a Mouth I had lik'd, they wou'd have been equally pleasing; but I was so prejudic'd against him, that every thing he said was insipid and fulsome, but still good Manners oblig'd me to use him civilly, and I thanked him for all he said, tho' I was sure I wanted Merit to deserve it. But hearkye Child, *said* Lucy, did this Gentleman's fine Estate stand for nothing with you; methinks you might have seen ten thousand Charms in as many Pounds a Year, and the Beauties of one might have atoned for the Defects of the other. Why then, *return'd* I, by the same Rule I might have marry'd the Father, had he wanted a Wife. No, *Lucy*, I love a good Estate, but I wou'd have it without such disagreeable Incumbrances: tho' I shou'd not so much have disliked the Man, had he not been praised; for he was neither ugly nor silly, only came short of the Character my Father gave him, and that indeed was his greatest Disadvantage.

He was going on exceeding fast with his Amour, when the old Gentleman released me, by calling us to come and see the Fountains play; which I was so glad of, that when I had once join'd the Company, I was resolv'd to keep to it for fear of another Attack. *Vanzouch* made his Visit shorter than we expected, because his Son he said was not well, which I wonder'd at, for he look'd well enough, and I was sure he had Health enough to be very troublesome; but when they were going away, the young one turn'd to me, and with a Look which spoke his Desire,—*said*, I hope, Madam, if I repeat my Visit, you will not think me Impertinent. Sir, *return'd* I, a Man must want the discerning Faculty very much, who cannot see whether he is welcome or no; but this is my Father's House, and to him I dare believe you will never be troublesome. This Answer, I had reason to believe gave him some Pain, for his Nose gush'd out with Blood, and he look'd very pale. 'Tis true,

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I had good nature enough to pity him, and gave him the hearing of a Sigh or two more, without laughing at him.

My Father and Mother, who knew not the cause of his Disorder, press'd him much to come in again till the Blood was stop'd ; but he told them with the highest Despair, he had no mind to preserve it, or if he had, the only way to do so, was to leave that Place.

My Father at these words gave a sort of a guess how Matters went, and after they had taken Coach, and we return'd in, he said, You see, *Abaliza*, my Friend *Vanzouch* has been as good as his Word to you, he promis'd to bring you a Husband, how do you like him ? So ill, Sir, *reply'd I*, that I never liked any body worse ; you had rais'd my Expectations to such a height, that they look'd for nothing less than a Cherubim. I know Beauty always suffers for being praised, and we seldom find it answer its own Character, but this Gentleman's Title to it is so very bad, that I am amaz'd you should ever say he was so much as tolerable. Pray Daughter, *said Papa*, who do you take this Man for, all this while ? Why, Sir, *said I*, is there any room for Guess ? I thought he had undeniably been the Son of *Vanzouch*. You are mistaken, *return'd my Father*, he is his Nephew, but not his Son ; his Father marry'd the Sister of *Vanzouch* in *Holland*, they are both dead, and he has a good Estate. Sure Child, *said my Mother*, your Lovers make but little impression on your Mind, when you forget 'em so soon. Forget 'em, Madam, *return'd I*, I do not understand you ; to the best of my knowledge, I never saw this Man in my life before, and by what I have seen now, heartily wish I never may again. I find, *reply'd my Mother*, your Aversion holds, tho' your Memory fails you ; for this is the very Gentleman who dangled after you so at the *Spaws*, last time we were there, and to whom

whom you gave so many gross Affronts, one wou'd think the Man was fond of ill Usage to come any more at you, after the Treatment he met with from you before : but I suppose his Uncle encourag'd him, tho' you are resolv'd, if you can't break the Hearts of your Lovers, you'll break the Neck of their Designs. I wonder you have so perfectly forgot him; for tho' the Small-Pox, and two Years Travel, has made a very considerable Alteration, I can still remember every Feature of his Face, as well as his Air and Mien. Sure Madam, *said I*, this is not *Adrastus*, the hated loathed *Adrastus*, and yet it must be he, by the natural Impulse I had to abhor the Man.

I thought indeed he spoke as if he imagin'd I knew him, which I took for an Instance of his forward Assurance, tho' to do the poor Man Justice, he was always very obsequious, and perhaps his Humility was a fault in him ; for I believe we all like a Man of Spirit, better than a cringing whining Fool, who is always dying, but never dead.

I find, *said my Father*, you are old Acquaintance, I thought this had been your first Interview. No, Sir, *return'd I*, it seems it is not ; but tho' it be not the first, I hope it will be the last. Why so, *reply'd my Father*, if you will oblige me, you must see him again, and like him too. Sir, *reply'd I*, what I have hitherto been, you shall always find me, a dutiful Child ; but beg you will let Reason and filial Pity stand my Friends, and persuade you to expect no more from me than I am able to perform : Impossibilities are out of my reach, and you may as well bid me exist without Breath, or retain Reason without Rest, as give Affection where there is none. 'Tis true, Sir, to oblige you, and ruin my own Happiness, I can easily give my Hand ; but Hearts are not at our beck, nor can we dispose of 'em, how, or when we please. And I must own mine has
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so great an Aversion for *Adraftus*, that I cou'd with more pleasure tear it from its present Dwelling, than give it as it is to him.

I once thought, *Abaliza*, said my Father, you wou'd have been ruled by Reason and me; but I find you grow too like the rest of your ungovernable Sex, and think your own Will your best Adviser. To be govern'd by you and Reason, Sir, said I, is the same thing with two Names, since you never act without the assistance of t'other: But, Sir, I beg you will remember, Reason has very little to do with our Passions, of which I take Love and Hate to be the strongest. And so, said my Father, since we are one, and Reason has nothing to do with your Passions, by your own Civil Argument I have nothing to do with 'em neither. No, Sir, said I, not as far as Reason only is concern'd, but Nature has given you a superior Power over your own Child; and if that Power be not back'd by Love and an indulgent Pity, every wretched Child that falls into contrary Hands, must expect nothing but Misery, unless they happen to have the same taste with an inexorable Father.

My Mother, who was with us all this while, was not pleased at what I had said to my Father, and with an angry Air, not common to her, bid me, at her Request, or Command, leave the Room: For, continu'd she, how strong soever you may think your Arguments, they are not urged against a fit Opponent; and as Silence wou'd have been an Argument of more Duty, it wou'd have shown more Prudence too.

Madam, reply'd I, why are you angry at what I have said. I am sorry any Dispute shou'd arise, to give either my Father or you the least Uneasiness; but intreat you both to consider, that where the whole Welfare of our Lives are concern'd, it is pretty hard to be silent. Can that Parent love a Child,

Child, that would sacrifice its worldly Happiness to its own Caprice? Beside, what can be more solemn than the Charge given us in the Marriage Ceremony, where we are commanded in the Presence of Heaven to declare we have no Impediment, and can there be a greater, than to give my self to a Man I hate?

I find, *said my Father*, (turning the whole Dispute into a little Pleasantry) *Abaliza* will not be to learn her Lesson when she is married. She has, I find, read Matrimony over; but do not be so alarm'd, I shall always have too tender a Regard for your Satisfaction, to force your Inclinations; and will not fear but Prudence will regulate your Actions, and put you upon consulting your own Good. I hope so too, Sir, *said I*, and do here in my turn promise, I will never dispose of myself while you live, without your Approbation and Consent; for I can with much more pleasure deny the Man I love, than take the Man I loath. This set all right again, and our warm Contest was at an end. I then went to my own Apartment, as well to think of what had so lately happen'd, as to consider how I shou'd get a sight of this Son of *Vanzouch*, which at that juncture was the very Work of Life I most wish'd to accomplish. After I had sat musing some time, *Faddle*, who was with me, thus interrupted my Meditations with the following Impertinence: Madam, there is one thing I am extremely surpriz'd at, *said she*, which is, that you have never once nam'd the fine Stranger we met with in the Fields since you left him; I waited once on a Colonel's Lady in *Flanders*, where I had an opportunity of seeing a whole Army sometimes, and may I lead Apes in Hell if ever I saw any thing like him; his Eyes were infinitely more brilliant than the Diamond on his Finger; his Forehead, Nose, Mouth, Complexion and Teeth, so fine, so very fine, I have not words to describe them. Then his Hand! O bless me, sure there ne-

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ver was any thing to compare with it, unless the fellow on't? Then he look'd so tenderly, spoke so gracefully, and——Well, my Master may say what he pleases of yon Hedghog's Son, but if he be to compare with him, I'll be bound to live upon Chalk and Oatmeal till I look like a Green-Cheese. Oh! Madam, what would I give to be a fine young Lady with a swinging Fortune for his sake! he should never ask twice, by my troth should he not, I wou'd e'en give him my Hand, and strike up a Bargain at once.

Your Transport, *Faddle*, said I, runs very high, I wou'd have you take care of your Senses, tho' you have enough to wish well for yourself, and to see the Perfections of others; for I confess you have only done common Justice to the Gentleman you have described: But prithee Girl, don't fall in love, for fear it shou'd prove a desperate Disease. No, Madam, said *Faddle*, that wou'd be to lose my Senses indeed, I know a better way of matching his Perfections than that comes so. How! *return'd I*, you said just now they cou'd not be match'd. Not among his own Sex, *reply'd she*, nor are there many among ours that can do it; and yet I fancy I cou'd make a shift, without Conjuring, or raising a Fiend, to find out one that would fit like a Tally. Well, go down, said I, for I am sleepy; and when I want you, I will ring. When she was gone, the Stranger came again into my head, and I confess I run over his whole Form with some pleasure, till at last I fell asleep in good earnest; tho' I only design'd it for an Excuse to get rid of *Faddle*: and whether her Talk, or my own Thoughts, brought him to my Dream, I know not; but I saw him in my Sleep, and fancy'd he gave me a Paper seal'd, and told me his Name was *Alcipus*; but as I was striving to open it, I awoke and call'd *Alcipus*. As soon as my Reason was perfectly return'd, I began to think again of this Man:

Man : And why, *said I to myself*, may not this very Man I met be the Son of *Vanzouch*, his Person answers directly to my Father's Character, and it seems they lodge about the very place where I met him ; his Name too may be *Alcippus*, for any thing I know, and he may at last prove the very Man I have so much wish'd to see. Oh ! how I indulged that Thought, and with how much pleasure did I feast my Mind on a Subject that gave me such Content ! While I was full of those half-hoping, half-despairing Thoughts, my Mother came to me, and said, she believed Supper was ready ; we had some more talk of *Adrastus*, and she seem'd very much concern'd that I had such an Aversion for him ; told me what a satisfaction it wou'd be to my Father and her, if I could but bring myself to hearken to his Addresses. I had so lately had a rough Dispute about him, and had some private hopes that something wou'd soon happen to please me, that I was resolved to play the Hypocrite a little, and told her, I was as sorry as she that I could not like him ; but I knew not what Time might do. I did assure her, if it were ever in my power, I wou'd make her happy in disposing of myself to her Liking. But, Madam, *contin'd I*, so great an Aversion as mine is at present, cannot be worn off of a sudden ; I therefore beg a little time, and I'll try what I can do. She, poor Lady, was in Raptures at my Answer, kiss'd me, and took me to her Bosom, and said my Condescension should not go unrewarded.

When we were at Supper, my dear Papa, willing to let me see he had forgot all that was pass'd, began to rally me about my Dress, said, 'twas pity so much pains shou'd be lost on an old Lover, and one who had swallow'd one Bait already, and had gorged, till he was almost suffocated. Tell me, *Abaliza*, *said he*, wou'd you have dress'd, had you known your Visitor ? I find, Sir, *said I*, you have found me out, and there-

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therefore I own I wou'd not; for I think it a double Cruelty, to despise a Man, and strive to entangle him more. Dress was design'd for Ornament, and Ornament for an Addition to Nature; but I shou'd think myself very weak to display either, where I was sure the Man wou'd prove my Aversion. Some other talk of this kind ended the Evening, and before I left my Chamber in the Morning, Faddle came to bring me a Letter, which I was in no great haste to open, because I guess'd it came from a Hand which cou'd not greatly recommend it. However I read, as follows:

M A D A M,

TH O' your parting Words were cold enough to freeze a Man to death, and tho' I saw your Disdain in your Eyes, and persuaded myself to love no more, yet your Charms are stronger than my Resolves; and in spite of all I can do, am forced to beg Relief from one who I fear will never grant it. Yet give me leave, my long adored Abaliza, to see you once more, that I may die at your feet, since that I believe is the only Fate reserv'd for the Wretched.

A D R A S T U S.

Before I had well done reading it, my Mother came to me, who guess'd as well as I who it came from, and desir'd to see it; which when she had read, she asked me what Answer I wou'd send: I told her, I was not willing to send any. No! *said she*, have you no pity in you? Yes, Madam, I have pity, and cou'd give it, *said I*, but I hope you do not think, every whining Love-Letter deserves it; at that rate, I might have been melted into a Jelly of Pity by this time: but since it is easier to pity than relieve, I do not care if (to please you) I say, I do pity him; and

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as to the Answer, I beg you will please yourself, and send what you think good. While my Mother was gone to the Messenger, I sat fuming in my Chamber, to think how near I was to another Persecution, for I well knew she wou'd encourage him to come again: however I was resolv'd to see him in a grand *Dishabillé*, and under pretence of a light Indisposition, I went down to dinner undress'd, tho' that spiteful Action brought me as much Repentance as any thing I ever did in my Life. As soon as we had dined, I left the Room, and brim-full of Chagrin at the thoughts of what I was in expectation of, I went into the Garden; where after a turn or two, I saw my Father coming with *Adrastus* and the fine Man I had met in the Fields. How shall I, my dear *Lucy*, describe my Confusion, when I consider'd myself quite undress'd? The vexation of that, and the sudden Surprize of seeing the Stranger, whom I did not in the least expect, made a perfect uproar in my Breast; and I stood fix'd till they came to me, and even then was tongue-ty'd, so much was I out of countenance to be catch'd in such disorder. However, I was in great hopes the Stranger wou'd not know me again, having never seen me above once, and then at a distance; for which reason, I was resolv'd to be very civil to *Adrastus*, and take no notice of him. But I was greatly deceived when I thought he wou'd not know me, for he was as much surpriz'd as I, and stood some time looking full at me; but my Mother's Approach brought us out of our dumps, and we all turn'd about to meet her. The Stranger kept behind with me, and told me in a low Tone, what Obligations he lay under to kind Fortune, who had overpaid all his late Sufferings, by bringing him so accidentally into the Company of the only Person upon Earth who had power to make him happy. I was too well pleased with what he said, to be unmoved at it; but with a guilty Blush, which plainly shew'd

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shew'd my Ignorance was affected, told him I knew not what he meant. He said, he hoped he shou'd find an Opportunity of explaining himself before we parted. *Adrastus* look'd behind him, and hoped his Friend was imploy'd in his Affair, which was the very thing he brought him for. By this time my Mother and we met, when my Father turning, took the Stranger by the hand, saying, *Alcippus*, this is my Spouse; and Madam, *said he to my Mother*, this is the Son of my Friend *Vanzouch*. These Words were no sooner out of my Father's mouth, than they ran thrilling to my Heart, and met with a Medley of Joy, Hope, Despair, and I know not what; yet did I govern my Passion, and manage it so dext'rously, that none cou'd perceive the least Alteration in me, tho' my Father watch'd my Looks, and so did my Mother too: I must own it was a Master-piece, and I never got the better of myself so cleverly before. Compliments paid and received on both sides, I saw *Adrastus*, who was afraid of losing time, make a sort of a Sign to *Alcippus*, when he singled me out, and led me to a Walk separate from the rest of the Company. This gave my Heart a new and greater Agitation than before; for I guess'd the Truth, when I fancy'd *Adrastus* had employ'd him in his Affair, and instead of himself wou'd have interceded for him: but still I remember'd the last Words of *Alcippus*, and hoped when he found he cou'd not prevail for one, he wou'd try what cou'd be done for t'other. I have often heard that Silence in Love is a very great Argument of its Violence; and that of *Alcippus* continu'd so very long, that I began to fancy he had forgot the Lesson *Adrastus* had taught him; or, (which was infinitely more pleasing) that he was studying one of his own. In short, both our Mouths were stopp'd during the length of a long Walk, at the end of which, was a very pleasant Summer-House, where we went and sat down; when *Alcippus* thus began. So long a Si-

lence, Madam, where a Man has so fine a Subject to discourse upon, must be a certain Sign of a Breast fill'd with Perturbation and Distress: I own I have undertaken a Work, which, by all the Laws of Honour and Friendship, I think myself obliged to the utmost of my power to go through with it: but oh! while I am doing for my Friend, I am undoing myself, and our State is so perfectly wretched, that if either rises in your favour, the other must inevitably perish: So unhappily, oh! so unhappily are we both taken in the same Toil.

If my Favour, Sir, *said I*, is likely to be so very pernicious, I shall take much care how I bestow it. For your part, Sir, you are too young an Acquaintance to be in any danger; and for your Friend, you must be pleased to explain yourself a little farther, before I can say any thing to the matter. Then, Madam, *return'd he*, *Adrastus*, the happy *Adrastus*, has prevail'd with me (tho' perhaps he wants not one) to be his Advocate; I own my ignorance in the Affair, was as great as my Desire to do him good; for I little knew, I was going to beg that for another, which I languish and die for myself: but my Word is pawn'd for my Performance, and now what follows, is in behalf of him. I confess, Sir, *said I*, *Adrastus* was both in the right and the wrong when he employ'd you: he doubtless knew he had a much better Orator to tell his Tale, than he can any way pretend to be himself, and durst not trust his own Eloquence, so far he was in the right; but the very next step shews his Weakness, when he seems not to consider the disadvantage of sending a Man to promote his Amour, who is so much his Superior in every thing. Those Words were no sooner spoken, than repented of, for I thought them a great deal too plain, and therefore to bring myself off, went on thus: For tho' we may see Perfections in a second Person, without growing fond of 'em; we are some-

times

times apt to despise the Principal for want of 'em : but I own, *Adrastus* is a Man of some Merit, and has my Father and Mother both of his side ; but for my own part, I must know him better before I encourage him, since I have often observed, precipitate Weddings are unhappy, for want of a thorough Inspection into each other's Temper ; for while People are young and in love, they have no room to shew ill-nature ; but a few Years over, and the Affairs of Life thrusting in, then it is that Humours display themselves, and the unhappy Pair have no other Musick, than jangling and discord.

Madam, said the complaisant *Alcippus*, you shoot with bearded Arrows, and wound past hope of cure ; such good Sense and so much Prudence, join'd to your outward Form, must needs be irresistible to all but the Deaf and Blind : poor *Adrastus*, may well love ; but poor *Alcippus*, may still despair. I cou'd have told him he ly'd, if I had pleas'd, but I found he was pretty safe, and resolv'd to let him live in (what he was a Stranger to in every thing else) Ignorance, and propos'd going to the Company. He grew pale at what I said, and thought (as he told me afterwards) I cou'd no longer stay from *Adrastus* ; but if I was not in haste to go to him, he was so to come to me ; for before *Alcippus* cou'd say any more, we saw him coming towards us. *Alcippus* got up first, and said, I am too sensible, Madam, of the Injury I have done the thrice happy *Adrastus*, in robbing him of your Company so long, let us walk fast and meet him, that we may redeem as much of your lost time as we can. I was so well pleas'd to see *Alcippus* grown jealous, that I walk'd a good round Pace to improve it : we no sooner met, than he, betwixt Anger and Design, gave my Hand to *Adrastus*, saying, Here, happy *Adrastus*, take that Hand which you alone deserve. These Words confounded the poor Man, which I saw by his Looks, and he was

strangely at a loss how to take them: however, he made no scruple of the Hand that he willingly embrac'd; and when he had approach'd me with that awe, so natural to a despairing Lover, he said, How happy, Madam, has my Friend been all this while, and what an age of Pleasure have I lost, by employing another in my grand Concern!

Sir, said I, you shou'd learn of the Fox, who always thinks himself the best Messenger; but you may venture to believeme, when I say you are no loser by yours. At that Word I snatch'd my Hand from him, and turn'd to look for *Alcippus*, whose quiet, I had more than a common concern for, and saw him walking back to the Summer-House where we had been sitting: I was resolv'd I wou'd not lose his Company quite, and therefore call'd to tell him his Father was just come, who I saw with mine at the side of the Canal. He turn'd at my call, and came towards us, but I left 'em both, and went to the rest, they follow'd, and we all join'd Company; after which, we had no other Discourse than what concern'd the Publick. *Adrastus* talk'd more, and better than I had ever heard him before; so much did a little groundless Hope raise his Spirits: but poor *Alcippus* was dumb as a Statue, said not one Word with his Tongue, tho' his Eyes were full of tender Language, which mine wou'd fain have answered, had I not by main Force restrain'd them, and wou'd not suffer 'em to cast a look that way; which pleased the Man I much despised, and mortified him I began to love. His Father came to him, and ask'd him why he was so silent; he said, he was not well: which Answer disturb'd the old Gentleman, and made him shorten his Visit, and they all went away together; but as they were going, whether by Accident or Design I knew not, *Alcippus* dropp'd his Handkerchief, which after the other two were got into the Coach, he came back for, and took it up just at my foot. Ma-

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The Lady's TALE. 151

dam, *said he*, I told you in the Garden, my business here, was to speak for my Friend, but without you are pleased to send some better Encouragement, I shall have but a poor Account to give him of my Negotiations. This I knew he said to sift my Inclination, and was resolved to raise his Jealousy a Peg higher; in order to which, I bid him tell *Adrastus*, I thought him so very much improved in his common Conversation, that I fancy'd next time he made love, he might venture to tell his own Story. However, Sir, *said I*, advise him from me, to send you no more of his Errands. This he knew not what to make of, but with a languishing Look and jantee Bow, he took his leave. They were no sooner gone then my Father began again to be merry about my Dress, and pleased himself mightily to see how I was baulked. Fortune, *said he*, has really dealt very unkindly with you, to suffer you to entertain the fine *Alcippus* in a Dishabillé: well, but by the way, how do you like him? I own, Sir, *reply'd I*, he is a good clever Man, but I do assure you, *Faddle* need not secure my Garters, for I shall never grow desperate for him. No, *said my Mother*, I hope you have more Wit than to give away your Heart, till you know upon what terms: but what ground has *Adrastus* gain'd, does he stand any fairer in your Esteem than he did yesterday? No, truly Madam, *reply'd I*, it is not very likely he shou'd, I don't see how he can expect to improve any body's Opinion of him, while he is such a Fool to carry *Alcippus* about with him: other People chuse to pick up somebody less agreeable than themselves to pass for a Foil; but he, a Wise-acre, came to be one himself. My Mother shak'd her Head, and left us to go and give order for Supper; while I went up to my Chamber to think of poor *Alcippus*, whom I had sent away in such doleful dumps: but *Faddle* came to me very big with her Perquisites, and said, she had got Gold in

both hands; and pray, *said I*, who has given you most, for by that I shall know who you will stickle for hardest. Nay, Madam, *said she*, Mr. *Adrastus* was most generous, but I shou'd be a Fool if I spoke for him, for two Reasons, one is, because I like the t'other better; and the next is, I am sure you do so too: and what signifies speaking against one's Conscience, when it will do the poor Gentleman no good? Oh! yon Mr. *Alcipus* is a fine Man, and I stood at a Window when you were in the Garden, and he did so ogle, and so leer, and so stare——well, I hope to Goodness, he's in love with you, Madam, and then I'faith we have fitted my Master.

I think the Wench is mad, *said I*; thy Gold has set thee a chattering like a provoked Monkey, I cannot digest my own thoughts for thee. O Madam, *said the pert Gypsy*, if you have forgot what you were thinking of, I dare say I can tell you: but I hear a sad bustle below stairs, I'll run and see what's the matter. As she was going down, she met one of the Footmen on the stairs, coming to call me to my Mother, who was taken suddenly ill. I ran down with the utmost precipitation, and found her in a strong Convulsion in my Father's Arms; we sent away with all speed for Physicians, and got her to her Chamber and Bed. The Doctors came, and found her very weak, insomuch, that we had no cause to expect her Recovery. I sate up with her all Night, and in every interval from pain, she repeated those kind good Admonitions, which were always part of her Conversation when we were alone. *Abaliza, said she*, that grand Opposite to Life, stands ready to part us; and it is my greatest earthly Comfort, that I leave you in the hands of so good a Father: next to Heaven, shew your Obedience to him; let Virtue stamp your Actions, and Prudence coin your Words; and if you wou'd shew a Tenderness for my Memory,

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do it by a daily remembrance and practice of the Counsel I always gave you.

My Tears were the best Representatives of my wounded Heart, which wept Blood for the Agonies of so dear, so tender a Parent. I begg'd she wou'd believe my Endeavours shou'd always be to follow her Rules, and that nothing shou'd make me deviate from them. My weeping Father, who cou'd rest no where, came from his Bed to see how she did, which was a very timely Visit; for he had no sooner sat down by her, and enquir'd after her Health, than she catch'd his Hand, gave it a dying gripe, and seized with another Fit, expir'd in his Arms! Here was one Parent irrecoverably gone, and the other I fear'd making all the haste he cou'd after her, for he fell into a cold Sweat, and then fainted quite away. I leave you, my *Lucy*, to judge what a miserable plight I was in: I was forced to leave sorrowing for my dear Mother, in order to comfort a distracted Father, whose Grief had got the better of him so far, that for some days he wou'd not suffer me to speak to him, nor any body else to come near him; but conquering Time, tho' he cou'd never wholly remove, began to mitigate his Grief. And after the Funeral was over, and things a little settled; *Faddle* came to me, and said, she had a Letter for me, which had been in the House some days, but seeing me in such trouble, she had laid it in my Dressing-Room, and forgot it till then. 'Tis no matter, *said I*, you may lay it there again if you will, for I am not dispos'd for Impertinence, (supposing it came from *Adrastus*.) She did as I bid her, and there it lay till next Morning; and as I was going to dress my Head, I cast my Eye towards the Sash, and saw it lie; but soon perceived it was not his hand: which roused my Curiosity, and taking it up, I found it from a much greater Favourite, in these Words.

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TO complain, dearest Abaliza, when a Man has no hopes of Pity, is an Instance of the greatest Weakness; but who can bear the Misery of the Mind, without continual Sighs, or to whom shou'd we apply for Cure, but to those who have it in their power to give it? A whining Lover is such a despicable Animal, that I shou'd blush to tell myself, I was one of that number, did not the Object of my Wishes excuse the Failing; but to see and hear you without the greatest Emotion, is confessing an Insensibility, infinitely more contemptible. I pity poor Adrastus, because I know your Power, but he, alas! gives ground, and has drop'd those Hopes which I wou'd fain have taken up, but found them not worth stooping for, being so very weak, 'tis no wonder they expired: then since he has resign'd, what Injury can I do him, if I offer a Heart wholly yours? the least Line of Encouragement from your dear Hand, will give the highest Content to your Disconsolate

ALCIPUS.

When I had read this Letter, I had all the uneasiness in the World upon my Spirits: I consider'd *Alcipus*, as one, whose Person, Sense and Fortune might have commanded almost any Woman in the Nation, and consequently not to be used, either with Contempt or Ill-manners, and to keep his Letter so long in my hands without taking notice of it, was both in a high degree. He, on the other hand, resolv'd, whatever he felt, to write no more; but all my hopes was, that when he heard of my Mother's Death, he wou'd impute my Silence to that Cause: however, I took my Pen, and thus excused myself.

IF I have made a Breach in that good Manners, which ought to be shewn by every body to a Man of your Merit; I beg you will think it the effect of my late Distraction,

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on, which hinder'd me from opening your Letter till this Day. A Person of so much Worth as Alcipus has to boast, commands a Welcome every where ; and I hope it will make no Fraction in Modesty, if I say you shall find one from

A B A L I Z A.

Now, said Lucy, if I may speak my mind, I think it did make a Fraction in Modesty, to bid a Lover come and welcome, whom you had never seen above once or twice.

Pugh, return'd I, the worst you can make of it, is, that I was a little too forward ; but I liked the Man and his Circumstances, I did not know how soon his Father might force him away, and was resolv'd a little trifling Decorum should not part us for ever ; I therefore seal'd my little Epistle, gave it to a servant, and bid him deliver it with care and Secrecy, as directed : but as he was going, he met *Vanzouch* and his Son coming to see, and take their Leaves of my Father, who had never stir'd out of his Chamber since my Mother died. The Servant convey'd the Letter into the hand of *Alcipus*, and return'd back to tell us they were coming. I went to let my Father know, who had seen no Company, nor desired any ; but *Vanzouch* being an old Friend, and one he always loved, he order'd me to wait on him up-stairs, when they came in. *Alcipus* desir'd to stay below till the melancholy Scene was over betwixt the two old Gentlemen. I conducted one to my Father, and return'd to the other, who was resolv'd to lose no time, now he had so fair an Opportunity.

I have, Madam, said he, (pulling out my Letter) a very considerable Favour of yours to acknowledge ; but it was so long before it came, that my Impatience grew desperate, and your Silence was so intolerable, that I push'd my Father's Inclinations forward of going to *Holland*, to which place we are pre-

preparing to go in two days; but *Abaliza*, dearest *Abaliza*, if you encourage my stay, I shall yet find means to retard a Journey which nothing but the fear of your Unkindness made me hasten. Sir, *reply'd I*, you are now to believe me a Person under so grand a Concern for my unspeakable loss, that I am not qualify'd for such Conversation as you ought to be entertain'd with; besides, I know not well what you mean by Encouragement, I fear that Paper in your hand has given you more than I can answer to discretion; but it was writ without thought, and sure you wou'd not have me say I love you at the second or third Interview. No, Madam, *return'd he*, that wou'd be to kill me with too much Joy; say but you hate me not. Hate you, Sir, *reply'd I*, your opinion of yourself is very humble, if you suppose any body can hate you; but I have been taught such a different way of Behaviour to my Fellow-Creatures, that I can without a blush tell you, I do not hate. Not to hate, *said he*, is the first step to Love, I have trod the whole Path since I knew you, and am now at the end of my Journey, tho' my Tongue has not yet play'd half its part, for I have ten thousand things to say, wou'd time lend a helping hand: I know, Madam, where there is much to spare, a great deal of Ceremony is generally expected; but as it is, unless you break thro' your own wise Rules, of being long acquainted before you marry, we shall never be happy together, for my Father will be, I know, for hurrying me away, and then, *Abaliza*, we are parted for ever. You have too many Charms, to want millions of Persuasions to marry, and before I can have an opportunity of coming to you again, some happy Man steps into my place, and robs me of all I ever did, or ever shall hold dear. Not, *said I*, if I promise he shan't.

Ah! my *Abaliza*, *return'd he*, a Woman is naturally weak, and to keep a Promise requires a steady,

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dy, strong Resolution ; when a fine Man, surrounded with Fortune, and other agreeable Qualities, comes to lay himself at your feet, and address with powerful Rhetorick, you'll soon forget you ever promised me, and so I am lost in the midst of my own Security.

I think, Sir, *retorted I*, you are pretty safe for that, because you do not seem to have any Security at all ; your Sex is so very civil to ours, that the only things you allow us perfect in, is Levity, Vanity, Dress, and now and then a little Beauty ; but to let you see how industrious I am to secure you from broken Vows, I will never make you any, and then you will be sure that I at least shall never deceive you ; be assur'd, there are none more cautious of making Promises than I am, but when I have made them, I have a Soul very capable of keeping them. You seem a little ruffled, Madam, *said he*, that I have suspected you cou'd be guilty of a Weakness you can resist ; but I intreat you to consider, it was the dreadful Apprehensions of my own eternal Uneasiness which has been the Cause. Oh ! *Abalixa*, I cannot live without you, and therefore beg you will pardon every wild Expression which the violence of my Passion forces to my Tongue.

The effect of Love, *said I*, is always to be pardon'd, where we are convinc'd it is so ; but I have known some Men of your Age and Gallantry, who have kept one Speech like a standing Dish, to be served up to every Female they converse with. Now, how shall I be sure from so slender an Acquaintance, you are not one of those ? There is one sure way, *return'd he*, to be convinc'd ; which is, to give me leave to provide a Licence and a Minister against tomorrow morning, and then we will put it out of our own power to deceive each other. That, *said I*, is a sure way indeed ; but *Alcippus*, you have a Father to please as well as I, and till he consents, I
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ne'er must call you mine ; I will not say, you have no Attractives to draw a weak Woman's Heart, but that State for Life is what we all wish may be an uninterrupted one, which it cannot be while we have a Father's Frown ; dissipate that Cloud, and perhaps you may meet with no difficulty.

While we were thus employ'd, entertaining one another, the old Gentleman above did not know what might be transacting below, and therefore cut his Visit off in the middle, to come and see what was become of his Son, who he expected wou'd have come up to him. He told my Father, he believ'd Company was rather troublesome than entertaining, and his time in *England* so very short, that he had very little to spare ; so took his leave, and came down sounce upon us, when we had not the least expectance of him : but as it happen'd, I had just taken my hand from *Alcippus*, and left my seat in order to ring for Tea, when the old Gentleman enter'd the room. I thought, Son, *said he*, we shou'd have had your Company above-stairs, but I confess, a fine young Lady is much more entertaining than a couple of old Men. Sir, *reply'd Alcippus*, the Respect we owe the Fair-Sex, makes me join in your Opinion ; but had I been intirely alone, I shou'd rather have chosen to stay here, than have gone up where there is nothing to be heard but Sighs and Complaints. Well, Sir, *said Vanzouch*, are you for going ? and pray order your Servants to get your things ready for your Journey to-morrow. To-morrow, Sir, *said Alcippus*, (with some Astonishment) I thought we had three days to prepare. You thought amiss, *said old Gravity* ; then turn'd to take his leave of me, wishing me Health, Happiness, and a good Husband, which he was just going to take from me. Aye, but *said Lucy*, if you let him go, you quite spoil your Tale. That, *reply'd I*, you will hear more of presently. *Alcippus*, by his Father's Example, came to take his leave

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leave of me too, and whisper'd, I shou'd hear from him soon. When they were gone, I went up to my afflicted Father, who, with much ado, I perswaded to leave his dismal dark Dwelling ; and to divert him a little, gave him an account of all that had pass'd betwixt *Alcipus* and myself. He commended me much for refusing to marry him without his Father's Consent, but seem'd to take the whole Scene for no more than a little Gallantry. I find, Sir, *return'd I*, your Opinion of my Power is still very low ; however, I hope, when 'tis ask'd, you will not deny your Consent. No, *Abaliza*, *reply'd my Father*, if no Consent but mine be wanting, you may be sure I shall not stick out.

Next morning before my Eyes were open, *Faddle* came to my Bed-side with another Letter, which I doubted not came from *Alcipus* ; but when open'd, was subscrib'd by *Adrastus*. Good Heaven ! *said I*, throwing away the hated Paper, is there no end of my Persecution ? and will this slighted Wretch pursue his own Contempt for ever ? Take it down, *said I*, and give it to the Bearer, with only this Answer, that he is too troublesome. Madam, *said Faddle*, you may as well read it now 'tis open'd, for he will suppose you have. So much the better, Fool, *said I*, the slight will be the greater to send it back ; no, if for no reason, but because he has baulked my Expectations, I will not touch it. Nay, *reply'd Faddle*, I believe you thought it came from another hand ; but Madam, if you will not read it yourself, shall I ? The Author, *return'd I*, is so very indifferent to me, that so I can be excused myself, I care not who reads it. She then read, as follows :

HOW cruel is an eternal Separation to a Soul that loves, that doats like mine ? yet it is what I must feel, what I must ever bear ; nor can I blame you, lovely Abaliza, your Eye is too nice, too delicate to be pleased

pleased with my rough Form. Oh! that it had been cast in a finer Mould, that I might have darted Rays like a God, or, with the happy Alcipus, been all Perfection! But in the midst of such despair, I forget I am writing for him: the Misfortune of a Fall, having made him incapable of doing the grateful Work himself. He bids me say, (oh! cruel Command) he dies with impatience to see you; and since I must fall where he rises, I will submit and die in Silence, to let you see, there never was a more generous Lover, or a more generous Rival, than the abandon'd, wretched

A D R A S T U S.

Pray Madam, said Faddle, (when she had done reading this melancholy Billet) is not this Mr. *Adrastus* very silly, to write Love-Letters for other Folks to his own Mistress? No, said I, not at all, he knows his own Hopes are sunk, and it wou'd be the highest ill-nature in the World to refuse serving my Friend, when it cou'd do myself no hurt: but I am really touch'd at the Letter, and must own I feel some pain for the unhappy Author, who certainly deserves my pity, and I wou'd do any thing for him, but take him for Life; which is the only thing can work his Cure. I then sent *Faddle* down to enquire after *Alcippus*, who brought the following Account; That as they went home, the Horses ran away and overturn'd the Coach, which had sprain'd his right Arm a little, but it wou'd be well again in two or three days. Since the Accident was so favourable, I cannot say I was very sorry for it, because it put a stop for some time to the intended Journey of *Vanzouch*. I soon acquainted my Father with all, and shew'd him the Letter I had from *Adrastus*, which I as soon repented of; for his Mind being soften'd by his own great trouble, every trifle impress'd it a-new, and I saw him drop a Tear, which mov'd me exceedingly. *Abalixa*, said he, you have used this poor Gentleman with

with much cruelty and barbarity, how can you do so? Sir, *return'd I*, the first thing Reason teaches us, is Self-preservation; and tho' I have all the pity in the World for the poor Man, I cannot persuade myself to purchase his ease at the expence of my own; there is nothing in Life so impertinent as the offer of a Heart, when one does not care to accept on't. Beside, Sir, you have forgot you gave your Consent to *Alcipus*. Ah! *Abaliza, return'd my Father*, you are young and sanguine, and your Hope gallops when it shou'd only go a foot-pace: *Alcipus* has seen a great deal of the World, has been a general Worshipper at the Shrine of Beauty too long to cast Anchor in your Harbour at last: 'Tis true, you are my only Child, and my whole Estate is yours, which will entitle you to a Gentleman of an easy Fortune, but you are to consider, *Vanzouch* has an Estate which may command most of the greatest Fortunes in *England*, especially if we account for his Son's personal Merit, so that all things consider'd, I wou'd not have you make your self sure, of what in all probability may never fall to your share; beside, you have (which of all things pleases me) most generously refused to marry him without his Father's Consent, and believe me, dear *Abaliza*, he will never give it; I know him too well to expect such a piece of imprudence from him; he does not see you with his Son's Eyes, supposing the latter to be real in his Amour, and doubtless whenever he disposes of him, it will be to a Fortune very superior to yours. This sententious Speech of my Father's, which was grounded upon so much Reason, gave me the Vapours for two whole days, in which time, I heard no other ways from *Alcipus*, than by word of mouth from the Servants, who went to enquire in my Father's Name after his Health. The next Night, as we had just done Supper, I saw one of the Servants lighting some body in, which prov'd to be *Alcipus*. I own I

was glad to see him in a Condition to go abroad, and I believe I told him so, I am sure Papa did. He said he had made an Excursion that Evening, his Father (who thought him in Bed) being engag'd with Company; and ask'd my Father, if he spent an hour with him and his fair Daughter, whether it wou'd not be troublesome. No, Sir, *said Papa*, the Son of *Vanzouch* shall never want a Welcome where I command; but I intreat you will not take it ill, if as a Father, I enquire a little into your Design. I am glad, Sir, *said Alcipus*, you have open'd a way for declaring myself, such an Opportunity is very acceptable, and you shall find I will answer you with Candor and Sincerity; Know then, Sir, I love your Daughter more than Life, and when I cease to do so, I must cease to breathe: She is the very center of my Wishes, and to possess her, would finish all my earthly Desires. I confess, Sir, *said my Father*, you do my Girl an Honour which she cou'd neither expect or deserve, and I think myself obliged to thank you for it, both in my own Name and hers. But, Sir, you have a Father to please, and one who is too much valued by me, to wound him in so tender a part: I therefore entreat you, to break off this unequal Amour, till you have try'd how far he will consent to it. *Alcipus* said, he had hitherto been so happy, as never to have disobliged his Father in his Life, not even in the most trifling action; and, *continu'd he*, so much Goodness has rewarded my Duty, that he never contradicted any thing I desir'd: 'tis true, this one Affair is of greater consequence than all the rest put together; but as I have many Reasons to believe he will always study my Happiness, I can never fear he will do any thing to make me for ever wretched, as his denial now must certainly do. I own, I have never yet urged it to him, because I was not sure of *Abalixa's* Heart; but whenever I do, I shall be in no pain for fear of his refusing to comply.

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While we were thus discoursing, an Accident happen'd, which might have been fatal to me, had not *Alcipus* been present. We had a very fine Setting-Dog which went mad, and being so very good in his kind, we thought it a pity to hang him, till we had endeavour'd for his Cure. My Father, who was, you know, Justice of the Peace, was call'd out to some Fellows who had taken a High-way Man, and he was no sooner gone, than *Setter*, who had gnaw'd his Halter, came into the Parlour and fasten'd on my Cloaths: O! cry'd I, *Setter's* mad, and he will kill me! At which *Alcipus* drew his Sword, and catching hold of the Dog's Neck behind, ran it down his Throat. This over, he again assumed his former Discourse, and entertain'd me with the irresistible Charm of fine Sense, upon a Subject, which I cou'd not help being pleas'd with. But the Evening was now far spent, and a late Hour made him think of returning home; but before we parted, he promis'd to see me again next day. I wonder, said I, how you contrive to keep your Father off his intended Journey, is he not in haste to be gone? No, reply'd *Alcipus*, not while I complain of pain, which I shall do longer than I feel it, because 'tis gone already; but to leave my *Abaliza*, wou'd not only open old Wounds, but make a new incurable one, in that Heart, which she alone commands. No more of this, return'd I, an obsequious Lover seldom fails to make an imperious Husband, and I wou'd not lessen my good Opinion of you; so go home while you are well.

Next day, instead of *Alcipus*, I had an Epistle from him in these Words.

I Fear my dearest Abaliza has not love enough to blame me for my Breach of Promise; but know, my Fair, it is occasion'd by the Illness of a Relation, who has sent for us, and designs Adrastus and I, for his Heirs, Thither

am I forced by my Father, to take possession of what I wish had gone with him to his Grave, rather than rob me one Moment of your dear Company, which I prefer to all the Wealth of Peru. When I may hope for a Sight of my adorable Abaliza again, I know not, our return being so uncertain; but beg you will not deny me a Line by the Bearer, to live upon till that happy time comes; and oh! forget not your faithful

A L C I P U S.

I must own to you, the satisfaction of *Alcippus* was grown so dear to me, that I was not long considering whether I shou'd gratify his Request or no, but went to my Dressing-Room, and writ thus:

I Always took *Alcippus* for a Man of too much Sense, to prefer a Pebble to a Pearl, a Woman's Company to a good Estate; but I know not how you have manag'd it, methinks it is now my Interest to believe all you say, since to be deceived wou'd shew me too credulous, and you too much——but I'll suppose neither; a happy Security gives Peace, while a foolish Suspicion destroys it. Be careful of yourself, for your own sake, if not for that of

A B A L I Z A.

This Letter I dispatch'd away with the Messenger, and waited with some impatience for the return of my *Alcippus*; which was sooner than I expected: for the sixth day after he went, I was in the Garden, where I spent most of my time; and in all probability my thoughts were employ'd about him, because I had his Letter in my Hand, and being alone, and (as I thought) out of every body's hearing, with an unusual Transport, I said,——Dear *Alcippus*, did you but know my impatience to see you, sure you wou'd make more haste. I just then turn'd the corner of the Walk, and before I was aware, found

found myself in the Arms of *Alcippus*, whose present Joy hurried him to greater Liberties than he had ever taken before. Good Heaven! how was I abash'd at such a sudden Surprise; I held down my Head to hide my Blushes, and my Tongue had no more motion than that of a Mute: In short, my Confusion was so great, to be catch'd with his Letter in my Hand, and such Words in my Mouth, that I was only the Representative of a well-made Statue. He saw my Concern, yet cruelly went on thus—And *Abaliza*, dearest *Abaliza*! did you but know how much I have suffer'd for want of thy dear Company, thy pity wou'd take place, and thou wou'dst own my Crime has been my Punishment; and were it not for thee, thou dear Preserver of my Life, I should have sought that Death, which I only shunn'd for thy sake. I consider'd it was now too late to dissemble, since my Tongue had made such an open Confession of my Heart, and I took Courage and look'd up, when I saw *Alcippus* in deep Mourning, and his Face as white as his Linnen. Defend me, said I, what is the matter with you? and for whom do you mourn? I fear, for somebody nearer than the Relation you mention'd in your Letter. Oh! my *Abaliza*, said he, I have such a Story to tell thee, as will make thy tender Heart bleed at thy Eyes; but wrap it up in a Case of Adamant, lest it melt away as I tell my dismal Tale. Support my trembling Limbs, said I, and let us retire to a resting-place, where we may sit, for you have something in your Look foretells a storm of Sighs. When we were late, *Alcippus* thus began. As soon as I had sent away that happy Paper, which I saw just now in your Hand; I waited for the return of the Messenger, half hoping for, half-despairing of an Answer. My poor Father, not suspecting what I staid for, edging me on to make more haste: at last he came, and with him that dear Pledge, which next to thee, I have reser-

ved as my chiefest Good ; I had then what I wish'd for, and was as soon ready as the rest. The Road we had to go was so rocky, it wou'd not admit of a Coach, for which Reason we were forced to mount our Horses ; we set forward in an ominous Minute, and rid hard for some hours, till we came to a Forest within three little Miles of the Town we were going to, at which time we were set upon by ten Rascals on horseback, who demanded our Purfes ; we were not much more than half the number, my unhappy Father, the most unfortunate *Adrastus*, three Servants, and myself. I found our Men look'd with good Resolution, and only expected their Chiefs to show an Example of Courage, which, I confess, pleased me so well, that I began the Onset myself ; but while two of the Villains kept me in play, the rest attack'd poor *Adrastus*, who drop'd from his Horse, shot quite thro' the Body ; he lived to say ——— Without *Abaliza*, Death is welcome, they have finish'd her Cruelty, and dispatch'd a Heart which needed no Wound but what she gave it. This said, he died, and left me in such Trouble, that I had almost forgot where I was ; till looking up, I saw some of the Rogues about my Father, while our Men had slain four of them : this sight gave me new Resentment, and I flew to his Rescue with the utmost speed, where I got him out of their hands, but must have fall'n myself (tho' we had reduc'd their number to our own) had not kind Fortune sent some other Passengers that way, the sight of which made them scower. We had a mind to pursue them, but as I turn'd to hear how my Father approv'd of our Design, I saw him fainting, and ready to fall from his Horse ; we took him off, and found he was wounded in his Thigh, which bled exceedingly ; I sent a Servant full speed to the Town, who return'd with a Surgeon, and Conveniencies to carry him and the dead *Adrastus* to our Relation's House,

House, where we were all going. As soon as we got in, my Father was put to Bed, and his Wound was searched, and found mortal, being in the great Artery: next day he fell into a high Fever, and towards Evening, expir'd. But an hour or two before he died, he call'd me to him, and desiring to be private, he made me kneel down by his Bed-side, and thus he spoke: My beloved *Alcippus*, you have in all things, from your Cradle to Manhood, been a most dutiful Child to me, and I hope you have always found me an indulgent Father to you; and I now enjoin you, with my last Breath, as you will answer it to Duty, and by all the Ties of Filial Affection, to tell me, without reserve, whether you love *Abaliza*? I was strangely alarm'd at that Question, because I sadly fear'd his dying Commands wou'd have been to desist: Nay, continu'd he, do not seem surpriz'd, for I have often thought you look'd upon her with a Lover's Eye, tho' I never charged you with it before. Oh! my dearest Father, said I, (bathing his cold clammy Hand with my Tears) for the sake of those Joys in Heaven you are now going to, do not rob me of all on Earth I am capable of knowing; I do love *Abaliza*, more than Life, or any worldly Good; yet, if you command me to see her no more, I will obey, but never can survive my own Resolution; for I alas! have no choice, but Death or *Abaliza*. *Alcippus*, return'd my poor dying Father, I always study'd your Satisfaction, while I lived, and Heaven forbid I shou'd strive to make you wretched at my Death; 'tis true, her Fortune cannot answer yours; but she is, I own, a Woman of Merit, and may a mutual Love, and Endeavour to please, make you both happy. How shall I tell thee, my *Abaliza*, the transporting Sound those words had in them: just when I expected the killing Command of Separation, to hear the good old Man bless me with a dying Consent,

was such a Regale to my sick Hopes, that I feel the healing Balsam still, and yet such Goodness added a thousand Pangs to my just Concern for so kind a Father; who, some Minutes after, was snatch'd with a powerful force from my Arms for ever. We bury'd him and poor *Adrastus* close together, who in the Struggles of his departing Soul, remember'd *Abaliza*. O *Alcippus*, said I, wound me no more with his Tale, I cannot bear it; for tho' I never lov'd *Adrastus*, you cannot think me so inhuman as to listen to his Tragedy without Concern; especially when I remember, his greatest Fault was too much Love, and such as nothing but Ingratitude and you cou'd have hinder'd a return of. I own I cannot, without playing the Hypocrite, say, but your preservation does greatly alleviate the Trouble I shou'd have had, both for your Father, and the Fate of the most unfortunate of Men, the poor *Adrastus*: yet give me leave to pay a small Tribute of Tears to the Memory of one you loved, and I was oblig'd to. Small let it be then, said *Alcippus*, since his Blood and mine let out in Sluices, cannot be worth one Tear from those dear Eyes. Those Eyes, said I, must ease my swoln Heart, or it will burst with Grief; pray leave me for a moment, and the Conflict will be over. I cannot, will not leave you, reply'd *Alcippus*, but I will turn my back to the Tears I cannot bear to see. By this time my Father, who heard *Alcippus* was come, thought he owed him so much Respect, as to come and bid him Welcome: when I saw him, I began to dry up my Eyes as well as I cou'd; but the sad Catastrophe of poor *Adrastus* lay at my heart a long time. When we were all together, my Father seeing us both in disorder, and *Alcippus* in Mourning, knew not what to make of the Scene, but asked him how *Vanzouch* did; he told him, with some Tears, he was dead, but begg'd he wou'd stay for the Particulars a little longer; for tho' he had

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summon'd his Reason to assist him while he repeated the dismal Tale to me, he said, Nature now took place, and he cou'd not bear a second Repetition. My Father join'd with him in a true Concern for his old Friend, and after a dumb Scene of Sorrow for some Minutes, they wiped their Eyes, and diverted the Subject. Pray, *Alcippus*, (said I, some hours after) what became of your sick Relation that sent for you when all this Mischief happen'd? He was, said *Alcippus*, extremely kind to me, and the day after my Father died, he made his Will and left me his whole Estate; but the day after that, he began to mend, and then recover'd his Health. So then, return'd I, all you got by your Journey was to lose a tender Parent, a beloved Friend, and run the hazard of your own Life into the bargain. My Father, whether he had Business, or did it by Design, I know not; but 'tis likely, he thought we had rather be alone, so left us to ourselves, and when he was gone, *Alcippus* thus began: You have, my dearest *Abaliza*, to save my Life, given me some small hopes to believe I am not wholly indifferent to you, and I now beg you will remember your own great Objection is removed, I mean my Father's Consent; what hinders now, but I go this minute to ask yours, and make ourselves one, without any farther delay?

Oh! *Alcippus*, said I, I am but too sensible of my Indiscretion, in giving you such early Demonstrations of my Love, but had you not surpriz'd me in my Retirement, and catch'd a Confession as it slip'd from my unwary Tongue, you had not so soon been master of that Secret, which none but my own Heart was privy to; but it is now too late to play the Indifferent, I confess your Person has Merit enough to command the Esteem of one more worthy than I am, your Estate is above my Wishes; your good Sense and Temper have their Charms, which
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added to your Love and honourable Designs, leave me no room for so much as an affected Blush, when I say you have made an Impression on my Heart : As for my Father's Consent, 'tis what you ought to ask, and what I am sure he will give ; but yours is so lately dead, that Decency calls for a little Delay.

Of all the troublesome things in Life, *said* Alcipus, I take Ceremony to be the most impertinent, cou'd I recall my Farther's Ghost by going to the Desarts of *Arabia*, I wou'd go with pleasure to fetch him back ; but if he be irrecoverably gone, to what end should I rob myself of a Month's pleasure, which can be of no manner of service to him ? Beside, the greater a Man's trouble is, the more need he has of a Friend to share it with him. Thank you kindly, *said I laughing*, you're in haste to be married then, that I may help you to cry sometimes. No indeed *Alcipus*, when you have a mind to be merry, I'll take my part, but I bar all Chagrin as an utter Enemy to my own Temper. But I little thought how near I was to what I was declaring against ; for a sudden Accident happen'd, which, had well nigh parted my *Alcipus* and I for ever. My last Words to him were not well out of my mouth, before we heard a confused noise in the Hall, to which place we both ran, and found my Father knock'd down by one of his own Servants, who for some Fault he had corrected : *Alcipus* was so transported with Rage, at the Insolence of the Fellow, that he drew his Sword and ran him into the Body. I was so frightened on all sides, that I fell into a Swoon amongst them, and lay for a considerable Time, without Life or Motion ; at last by the care of *Alcipus* and *Faddle*, I came to myself, and found my Father upon his Legs again, who was only stunn'd with the Blow. The Villain who struck him, lay wallowing in his Blood, confess'd he deserv'd his Fate, but begg'd aloud for help,

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help, which I was willing he shou'd have; since I knew the Life of my *Alcipus* depended on his, or at best, must stand a troublesome Trial. I therefore got his Wound bound up, and sent with speed for Surgeons, who, when they had examin'd it, gave us but little hope of his Life. Oh! with what horror did these Words fill my Soul! I ran to *Alcipus*, and begg'd of him, as he lov'd his own Life and mine, to abscond for some time, till we saw the Event; that if the worst shou'd happen, we might have time to make Friends for his Pardon.

He blamed my Womanish Fears, and was greatly averse to my Proposal, which he wou'd by no means hearken to, till moved by my repeated Prayers and Tears, he at last consented; but on condition, he might hear from me every day, and then he wou'd go to a Place hard by, where he cou'd be as private as he pleas'd; but told me, he went to cure my Fears, not his own: for tho', *said he*, I wou'd not take a Man's Life, (and I hope for his own sake, his may still be safe) yet such an impudent Insult as his was, will in a great measure, justify what I in the height of Resentment did. But his plausible pretences to stay, had no force with me, I thought I had better want him a while, than lose him for ever, and therefore persisted in his going off; which I sweeten'd with ten thousand Promises of writing to him every day, and that nothing shou'd be wanting on my side, that cou'd any way make him easy. And must we part again? *said he*; Oh! my *Abaliza*, how can I, how shall I bear it?

No more, *said I*, but go this minute, e'er I show a Weakness which may retard your Flight. He took his own Servants, and I sent *Faddle*, that she might know the way again, for I durst trust none but her with the Secret of his Abode; and thus, to the unspeakable Torment of us both, we were once more separated. My loved *Alcipus* was no sooner gone, than I went to the Surgeons to beg their Care of the
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Man, and promised them Mountains if they cou'd but perfect his Cure.

They said, their own Fame was inducement enough to make them endeavour for his Safety, tho' at present they saw very little hope of his Life, but the next dressing wou'd be the time to guess, and begg'd me to be easy till then. But Ease alas! was fled from my distracted Breast, and I spent a sleepless Night in the utmost impatience for morning, when this fatal Wound was to be open'd again. The appearance of day raised me from my Bed, and I ran for fresh Intelligence, but met with none that gave me any comfort; the Man was now grown feaverish, and consequently less hopes of his Life than ever. This killing News I sent *Alcippus* by *Faddle*, and laid the strictest Injunctions on him, as he valued my quiet, to keep close, and that I wou'd see him very soon, but durst not yet, for fear some prying eye shou'd watch my steps, and by them find out where he lay conceal'd. The fellow continu'd still so bad, that Death only was expected, and I distracted with Despair and Grief. To what, *said I*, has Fate reserved me? and why does it trifle with, and baffle all my Expectations? for I no sooner have a view of Pleasure, than it is snatch'd from my Eyes, and the only Joy I ever wish'd for, is gone before I had it. Why are we fond of Life, unless to be acquainted with all those sad Vexations which constantly attend it? Oh! *Alcippus*, what has thy Resentment done? has it not ruin'd thee and me? This Soliloquy was ended with a shower of Tears; in the midst of which, one of the Maids came to tell me, *Faddle* was fall'n very ill. This was a new addition of Concern to me, because now I had no body to send to *Alcippus*, or show me the way to him, if I had never so great a mind to go. Two whole days past without the least intelligence from each other, while I made frequent Complaints of my cruel
Destiny,

Destiny, and blam'd my Stars for what they were just going to remove; for after another restless Night, a glimpse of Joy began to dart its Rays, and we had some hopes of the fellow's amendment; his Fever was gone off, and after a very good Night his Wound look'd much better. I forgot to tell you, some days before my Father had a Brother come from *Holland*, purely to see him; he was a handsome Man, and much younger than Papa; his sweet temper was his best quality, tho' he had not one bad one to give the least disgust to any. I had not seen him for many Years, and was always a very great Favourite of his, and he always used me like his own. I was in my Chamber contriving how to get my *Alcipus*, and bring him home again; when my Uncle came to me, it was then just night, and sitting down with his wonted freedom, he set me on his Knee, and said; *Abaliza*, I have observed ever since I came, that you seem to have a more than a common Concern for this Fellow who is sick in the House; I was going to ask your Father some questions about him last night, but was interrupted. I have likewise taken notice, that all this day, since the Surgeons gave you hopes of his Life, you have assumed your wonted Gaiety, are all pleasant, all chearful: I confess I am under some apprehensions for you, tho' I can hardly think so low of your Conduct, as to believe you can have any Tendernefs for such a Slave; or is it all a Riddle? if so, prithee unfold it, and make your Uncle easy. At this I smiled, and being in a merry humour, I had a mind to carry on the Jest a little farther, in order to which, I made him this Answer: I am very sensible of the Misfortune and Disgrace, which Women often bring upon their Families by Under-matches; and it is so common to see our Sex throwing away an unguarded Heart to those below 'em, that I dare say, Sir, you will not be much surpriz'd when I tell you, my Life hangs by

by the same Thread this Man's does; if he dies, I am perfectly wretched; if he lives, I am the happiest Woman upon Earth.

And, why, Neice, *said my Uncle, very gravely,* do you suppose I shou'd not be surpriz'd at this Declaration? pray, does your Father know any thing of this worthy Amour? Yes, Sir, *reply'd I,* he knows the very Secrets of my Heart, and has Goodness enough to approve my Actions. Then, *return'd he,* as I said before, you are a Riddle, or your Father and you are both mad. I cou'd not forbear laughing to see my Uncle's Concern, of which to ease him, I told him the whole Affair; as likewise that *Faddle* was fall'n sick, but if he wou'd please to go with me to fetch *Alcippus* back, I wou'd go to her and get directions how to find him out. By this time, *continu'd I,* he thinks himself quite forgotten, but when you see him, you will think your labour well bestow'd; for *Alcippus* is worthy both of your Acquaintance and Alliance; it pleases me, to think how merry we shall be, when we meet, at your mistake: I'll go to *Faddle*, and return in a minute. Just as I spoke those words, and left my Uncle's Knee, poor *Alcippus*, whose Patience was spun to the last Thread, came from his hiding-place to see if I were alive, and to find out the cause of my cruel Silence. When he saw me seated, and merry on the Knee of a strange Man, I no sooner perceiv'd him, than I ran to meet him, and had a thousand things on my Tongue to tell him: when instead of coming towards me, he turn'd away, and with the greatest precipitation ran down stairs. I follow'd him as fast as I cou'd, and call'd upon him to return, tho' he was deaf to all, and only said, when he got to the door, he was sorry he had interrupted the Joys of my new Lover, for which he begg'd both our pardons; and without staying for an Answer to his fatal Mistake, he flew from my Eyes in an instant. I

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knew not what to do, I ran back again to my Uncle, told him what he had said, and begg'd he wou'd go with me to undeceive him ; but my Uncle knew not what I meant, for *Alcippus* made such haste away, that he neither saw him, or heard him, and was at a loss to know where I ran in such haste. I told him the whole Matter, and his Good-nature readily comply'd to go along with me ; I said nothing to my Father, but with *Faddle's* direction, we posted away to look for that which we were not to find ; for after I had tired myself to death with a crabbed walk, which, without going some Miles about, admitted of neither Horse or Coach ; and which, by reason of my slow walking, took us till almost midnight to get there ; we were at last forced to return as we went. We knock'd at the door till we made it crack again, before we cou'd make any body hear us ; at last a surly old Man came to the Window, and asked us, what the Devil we wanted ? which when we had told him, he said, he suppos'd the Man was dead whom the Gentleman had wounded, and we were come to take him, but we might go look for him where we cou'd find him, for he had been gone from thence above two hours ; and without doubt, *continu'd the Fellow*, he knew it himself, for he came in very angry, bid his Men saddle his Horses with all speed, and away he went, without so much as telling my Master where he was going ; so that's all I know of him, and a good Night to you. Upon which he shut the Window, and left us to guess, at what he cou'd not tell us. This Fellow, *said my Uncle*, is a very great Philosopher, for all he knows, is, that he knows nothing.

How can you, Sir, *said I*, be so cruel to provoke me with a Jest, when you see my Distress ? I cannot bear my Fate. Oh ! lead me back, that I may lie down and die in peace. As we return'd, my Uncle,

to

to comfort me, wou'd fain have persuaded me, they only denied *Alcippus*, because they thought the Man was dead ; but that wou'd not do with me, I was but too sure he was gone. With much fatigue, by the assistance of my Uncle, and a full Moon, I at last got back again, and went directly to bed ; where I was no sooner laid, and alone, than I began anew to bewail my cruel Destiny. I now saw myself plunged in deeper Misery than ever ; And is this thy Love, unkind *Alcippus*, said I, to leave me in so much Uncertainty of thy own State ? well might you have stay'd to hear me justify myself, e'er you had flown from my sight for ever.

Poor wretched *Abaliza*, continu'd I, how miserable has thy own Folly made thee, and what hast thou lost by giving away a Heart too soon ? Had'st thou used this Destroyer of thy Peace, with fewer marks of thy Love, and instead thereof entertain'd him with a Coldness answerable to his Perfidiousness, thou might'st have secur'd him thine ; but thou had'st given thyself away to one who is weary of thee before he has thee, and despises thee for loving him too much ? How wou'd it have mended thy Fortune, had'st thou kept to thy first Resolution of living without Love, and how happy wou'd'st thou have been, had the first Day of thy foolish Love, been the last of thy wretched Life ? For shame, *Abaliza*, continu'd I, assume that Freedom which is thy due ; call back that Heart which thou hast parted with upon too easy Terms, and let not that Ingrate retain the least part of what he so little deserves. I said a thousand other things which my Despair and killing Grief suggested to me, and my whole time was spent in deep Complaints. At last, *Faddle* came into my Chamber, and desir'd leave to introduce an old Woman, who had a Message to deliver to myself. Tho' my Trouble was so great, it hated Interruption ; my Curiosity got the better for

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a few Moments, and I bid her bring her in, but it was with hopes of hearing from my *Alcippus*, or I shou'd not have been so ready neither. *Faddle* return'd, and with her so frightful a Hag, that I was afraid to be left alone with her, tho' she said, her Order was to be very private. I sent *Faddle* into my Dressing-room, and then she gave me a Letter, which I was very sure came from *Alcippus*, and fully determin'd to send him an Answer; but before I open'd it, I ask'd the Bearer where she brought it from, and where the Person was that writ it. She said she was a poor Woman that belong'd to an Inn, twelve Miles off; that her chief Business was to go on Errands, that a Gentleman came in, and just stay'd the writing of that Letter, then mounted his Horse and rid away; saying, it requir'd no Answer. I ask'd her, if he had any Company? She said, none but two Servants, and a Black Boy. This Account was no way satisfactory to me, but I hoped for better Intelligence from my Letter, so gave the Woman half a Crown, and dismiss'd her. I then open'd, and read my Letter, in which I found these killing words:

M A D A M,

I Shou'd have acted very contrary to that violent Passion I always declar'd I had for you, shou'd I have stay'd to interrupt your Joys in the Arms of my happy Rival, where I saw you so merry, and so contentedly placed; I came full of Wonder, and surpriz'd at your Silence, laying the fault on every thing but the true Cause; nor could my Ill-usage force me to a Thought that tended to your Disadvantage; and had any thing but my own Eyes been my Informers, I shou'd have believ'd it a Lye, and thrust it with my Sword down the base Throat it came out of: but no Argument is good against Demonstration. I have seen that cruel fight which rends my Brain, and tears my

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Heart-

Heart-strings, and I now go to end my wretched Days in some remote part of the World, from whence you, nor your Favourite, may never have the pleasure of hearing how miserable you have made the too credulous

ALCIPUS.

This Letter, from which I expected some Consolation, gave me, on the contrary, all the Despair imaginable, and I gave way to nothing but Sighs and Tears ; I refused all manner of Company, and none were more my Enemy's than those who endeavour'd to comfort me. In short, my Melancholy increased so fast, that my Father and Uncle were almost at their Wit's-end for me, and expected nothing to ensue but Madness or Death. Thou wer't a loving Tit, *said* Lucy, that's true ; but of all things, I admire your Memory : were I to go through this Story after you, what Stumbles and Blunders shou'd I make by the way ? But prithee go on, for I long to see you happy again. Had my Tale been your own, *return'd* I, it wou'd, no doubt, have made as lasting an Impression on your Memory, as it has done on mine ; but what we do not feel, we seldom think worth our notice.

As the Fellow whom my *Alcippus* had wounded, grew better, I grew worse ; and oh ! how often did I wish that Sword had been pointed at my Breast, that I might have died at once by his dear Hand, rather than languish out an Age by his Cruelty. Oh ! fatal Mistake, *said* I, and how hast thou ruin'd both thyself and me by thy Impatience ? No, *Alcippus*, thou shalt never die in ignorance, I'll hunt out thy Abode, I'll seek thee till I find thee out ; I'll undeceive thee first, then never see thee more ?

Full of this Resolution, which I made a Secret of to every body, I got up, and went to my Uncle's Chamber-

The Lady's TALE. 179

Chamber, who was to go to *Holland* in two days, and where I was sure *Alcippus* was gone already, because he had a Mother there, and to which place I was resolv'd to follow, let what wou'd be the Event: In order to it, I threw myself at his feet, and with swoln Eyes, and a Heart o'er-charg'd with Grief, I begg'd of him to remember, it was his ill-tim'd Fondness which had brought me to such a State of Wretchedness, and I hoped he thought himself oblig'd to restore me to my former Tranquillity, if I cou'd convince him it was in his power; which, *said I*, it certainly is, and may be accomplish'd, if you will prevail with my Father, to let me go for a while with you to *Holland*; variety of Objects will divert my Chagrin, and wear off this Trouble which hangs so heavy on me. He, poor Gentleman, who never once suspected my Design, (for that, and the last Letter I had from *Alcippus*, I kept to myself) told me, nothing cou'd give him higher Pleasure than to see me easy again; and did assure me he wou'd use his utmost Application to my Father for his Consent; but did believe it wou'd be a Work of very great Difficulty. I own I was very much of his mind, but intreated him to try; he went that minute, and I follow'd at his heels, and stood Eaves dropping at the Door, where I heard one importune, and t'other deny as fast. I now consider'd, I had but little time to prepare, and none to lose; and therefore resolv'd to put up my own Petition, while t'other was warm in his Ear. I went in with a dejected Look, and found my Father sadly out of humour at what my Uncle had said. Is it true, *Abaliza*, *said he*, with some warmth, that you have a mind to leave me, and go a rambling into another Nation, at a time too when you are in such high disorder yourself? Sir, *return'd I*, (trembling for fear of an absolute Denial) it is that Disorder you speak of, which makes me so desirous to go; a

Distemper in the Body may be cured by Medicinal Applications; but those of the Mind are best remov'd by new Objects; and I am very sure, Sir, if you will but indulge my Wishes this once, and permit me to go for a Month, I shall in that time bring you a Daughter back, perfectly easy. At these words, my Father look'd earnestly at me, and whether they made him suspect my Design or no, I knew not; but after a Pause, he said, if he thought so, he wou'd not oppose my Voyage. I told him, I durst promise it, and begg'd him again, he wou'd let me go. He drop'd a Tear, and said, I was all the Comfort he had left, and now I was going to rob him of that too; but since he saw I was set upon it, he was resolv'd not to deny me any longer. I confess this Answer moved me exceedingly, and had any thing but seeing *Alcippus* been my view, I wou'd have died rather than have left him. I intreated him to be easy, or yet I wou'd not go, whatever I suffer'd by staying at home. He promis'd me, he wou'd; and then I went to prepare for a Voyage. In the mean time my Uncle had a long charge given him of me, and *Faddle*, and one Footman, was appointed for my Attendants. We were all ready, and the Day come for our Departure, my poor Papa wept much, and said, he was afraid he shou'd never see me more; but I begg'd of him to hope for better things, and told him, I was sure we shou'd meet with more Joy than we parted now with Grief.

It wou'd be superfluous, to give you an account of our Voyage, since nothing worth repeating happen'd to us; for we were neither taken by Pirates, nor swallow'd by Waves; we escaped both Storms, and the *Grand Signior's Seraglio*, and with full sails of a fair Wind we reached our wish'd for Harbour. My dear Niece, said my Uncle, you are welcome to that Nation you so much desir'd to see,

and

and now you are here, I shall very strenuously insist upon a Performance of your Promise of being easy. Sir, *said I*, if I promis'd to be easy, it was with a mental Proviso, that I cou'd find out *Alcippus*, to whom I must clear myself of the Imputation he charges me with, or I shall never know what Ease is; I must now own that Truth to you, which I conceal'd from you, and all the World, till I got hither; That *Alcippus* was once, and I fear is still very dear to me, I cannot deny; but I can with the greatest Justice say, it wou'd be more pleasure to me to wash off in his sight that Levity which he lays at my door, than it wou'd to possess, or be possess'd by him. Here, Sir, read that Letter, *contin'd I*, then gave him that which the Woman brought from the Inn: He read it, and seem'd greatly concern'd for us both, but said, he did not think *Alcippus* so very culpable as I wou'd make him, because he took a false appearance for a true one.

How, Sir, *said I*, can you justify his Conduct when he flew from me while I pursued his Steps when I call'd so often after him, and only begg'd he'd hear what I had yet to say. Methinks, if Love cou'd not prevail on such an occasion, good Manners might, it wou'd have been time enough to fly, when he found I cou'd make no defence; but——Hold *Abaliza*, interrupted my Uncle, and consider, when once Jealousy gets into the Heart of Man, it banishes Reason from the Head, and every thing else, but the Torment of him that has it. I own, I never did love to such a pitch as *Alcippus* has done; but I have so true a Notion of that Passion, as to believe it creates Pain equal to its Pleasure, when there is a prospect of losing the beloved Object; but we are now to go ashore, and when you are at my Lodgings, (which I will take care shall be commodious for you) we will talk farther on this Affair. When we were landed, if I may call it so, (for the whole

Nation almost looks like part of the Deluge which had never recover'd the Flood) we got a little Refreshment, and then my Uncle persuaded me to go and lie down a while, till he did a little business of his own. I seemingly consented, but he was no sooner gone, than I began to think what Method was best to be taken, in order to find out my Fugitive *Alcipus*; I doubted not, but I shou'd find him in that Town; because he told me, his Mother liv'd in't. I call'd for the Mistress of the House, to be inform'd by her, not supposing it a hard matter to find out the Widow of *Vanzouch*, who was so very remarkable, both for his great Estate, and the Particularity of his Person: but when the Woman came, she cou'd speak no *English*, and I no *Dutch*; so that after we had gaped and baul'd at one another to no manner of purpose, she e'en civilly laugh'd at me, and went down-stairs again; which put me in mind, there were other parts of *Europe*, besides *England*, that knew how to be rude to Strangers. But for all, I was so full of Reflection on the poor Woman's Behaviour, she was civiler than I expected, and, in strictness, than I deserv'd; for in less than half an hour she return'd, and brought with her a Woman, who cou'd speak as good *English* as myself. Of her I enquir'd after the Mother of *Alcipus*; she said, she had reason to know her very well, having lived some Years with her; but said she was not now in the Town. She told me, when her Husband died, who was kill'd by the *English* Banditti, she left it for a more melancholy Retirement, where she lives so very private, that she sees no body but her own Servants, and a Son she has, who is but lately come to her, and is now going to travel.

If you lived with his Mother, *said I*, you have, doubtless, seen him; pray, what manner of Man is he? See him! *said the Woman*, yes, I have often seen him,

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him, and can tell you, he was once reckon'd one of the finest Men in a hundred Miles, but is now grown pale and lean, and one of the most melancholy Creatures I ever saw. This Account pierced my very Soul : but, pray, *said I*, what is the cause of his Disorder ? That, *return'd my Informer*, is what he makes a Secret, but most People think he is in love with some *English* Beauty ; burst her hard Heart for using such a Man with Cruelty, he might have gone to the top of this whole Nation, and been receiv'd with thanks ; but the *English-men* make such Idols of their Women, that they make Fools of 'em too, and they don't know what they wou'd be at. This made me both blush and smile, which the Woman took notice of, and asked me if I knew him ; I said I had heard of him, and had a Friend who was very well acquainted with him. Why, then, *reply'd she*, if your Friend or you have a mind to see him, I believe it will be no hard matter, for I hear he is come to Town, in order to take Shipping for *Italy*. I ask'd her where he lodg'd, but that she cou'd not tell, tho' she kindly offer'd her Service to enquire. I told her, she cou'd not do a more obliging thing ; and the more expeditious she was, the more she wou'd merit my Thanks. She told me, she took a delight in serving Strangers, and I shou'd see her again in a few minutes. But before she return'd, my Uncle came in, to whom I communicated the Hopes I had of seeing *Alcipus* again. I thought, *said he*, by your Eyes, there was more than a usual Content in your Breast ; I hope it will not lessen your Joy, if I share in't. But, pray, my Dear, what sort of a Man is this beloved *Alcipus* of yours ? I can't forbear fancying I have seen him ; for I met a Gentleman a little while ago, who came up pretty close to me, and when he had look'd full in my Face, he turn'd about, and sent off a brace of Footmen he had behind him, but did me the honour of being

mine himself, for he has dogg'd and follow'd me ever since. 'Tis pity, *return'd I*, you did not speak to him, and ask him whether he had any Business with you; he is, I hear, so much alter'd, that to describe him as he was, is doing nothing, because he is now it seems so very unlike himself. While we were talking, my Scout came in, and said, she had found out his Lodgings, but he was not now at home; the Morning would be the best time to find him, for at ten a-clock he went on ship-board. I told her she wou'd still oblige me more, if she wou'd come at Night and conduct me to his Lodgings, since her best Directions would be useless, we were so much Strangers here. The good-natur'd Woman again comply'd, and promis'd to come at my hour and guide us there. My Uncle again left us, having some urgent Business which call'd him from me; and at the appointed time my new Friend came to me: while I was getting ready to go with her, I asked her if she was well acquainted with *Alcippus*? She said, she was not; for tho' she had liv'd some Years with his Mother, and was married from her, she had never seen him above five or six times in her Life, for he was always at School or some Friend's House, during the whole time she liv'd in the Family: he was, from his Childhood, lov'd and admir'd by every body, and I dare say, when he goes to-morrow Morning, there will not be a dry Eye left behind him. O, *said I*, as near as he thinks himself to the beginning of his Travels, there may be a way found out to prevent his Journey, and save the People's Tears; Fortune and our Designs do not always go hand in hand. I soon found these Words confounded the Woman very much, and she stood staring at me as if she expected an Explanation, which I, however, was not disposed to give her at that time, but told her I was ready, and away we went. After she had conducted us thro' many Streets, we came at last to a nar-

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row Passage, where we heard the clashing of Swords, which frightened me so, that maugre the haste I was in to see my Lover, I ran back as fast as ever I got there: it was very dark, which added to my dread; yet I sent my Man to see what was doing, and bid him prevent Mischief if he cou'd: we staid for him at a Shop-door, and he soon return'd with my Uncle all bloody; I shriek'd out, and thought he had been kill'd, but he begg'd me to be satisfy'd, and said, the Blood I saw came from a Wound so very trifling, that it was not worth dressing. However, *Alcippus* lost his Visit for that Night, and we all return'd to our Lodgings; I rewarded the Woman for her trouble, and desir'd she wou'd come again in the Morning, which she promis'd to do, for her own Curiosity was now grown my Security, and she was in a longing Condition to see the Event. As soon as she was gone, I asked my Uncle how he came engaged, and whether it was customary to assassinate People in the Streets? He said, no; but by what little light he had, he thought it was the same Man who had follow'd him all day. Oh! then, *said I*, 'twas *Alcippus*, have you hurt him, or is he safe? I believe the latter, *reply'd my Uncle*, because we had not made above a Pass or two, when your Man came so opportunely to part us. He was very concise, bid me draw, said for some Reasons we cou'd not both live, and this was the Minute to try our Fate. Sir, *said I*, it will be but a common piece of Civility, to let me know your quarrel with me; I fancy you lie under some grand Mistake, let me first try to convince you of——Sir, *said he, interrupting me*, I never expostulate with my Sword in hand, defend yourself; and at that Word, he made a Pass, and gave me this slight Wound; but he was so very resolute, that one of us must have dropp'd, had not *Tom* come as he did. Heaven be praised, *said I*, that you are both safe, and *Tom* shall reap the fruits of his

his Courage, in venturing to part you : but pray, *continu'd I*, as flight as your Wound is, let it be dress'd, which he consented to, and then went to Bed. I no sooner saw Day-light in the Morning, than I began to prepare for my Walk to *Alcippus*, and as I was dressing, I heard some body knock at the Street-door : I believe, *said I* to Faddle, the poor diligent Woman is come already, go down and let her in, for no body is up in the House but us : she went down, and open'd the Door to a Boy who had a Paper in his Hand, which was for some in the House, but he had not *English* enough to be understood for who : at last I went down, and cou'd just understand, 'twas for the *English Man*. I knew there was none such in that House but my Uncle, so carry'd it up to him, without Directions as it was. He open'd it, and then said, laughing, *Abaliza*, this is your quarrel, so you may e'en go and fight it out yourself ; for I assure you, I will neither kill nor be kill'd for nothing. I took the Paper from him, and soon knew the hand, it was a Challenge from *Alcippus* in these Words.

TH O' you escaped my revenging Hand last Night, you are not to think yourself secure while I live : if you have courage enough to attempt it, and Fortune on your side, you may perhaps, rid yourself of one, who professes to be your most implacable Enemy ; until which time, you must never hope for a quiet possession of *Abaliza*. I expect you impatiently with your Sword in Hand, by the *Wast-House*.

A L C I P U S.

I'll swear, Sir, *said I*, you are a topping Hero, to send a Woman to answer your Challenges ; but I hope, tho' you won't be Principal, you will be my Second, or at least follow at a little distance to see I have fair play for my Life. Yes, *said my Uncle*, I'll

go with you and shew you the way, you shall never say I parted you, without putting you together again. He then got up, and by his Assistance, I soon came where my enraged *Alcippus* was; I clapp'd on my Mask, and then went towards him; the noise I made roused him from a profound Study which he seem'd to be in: but when he cast his Eyes sparkling with Fire and Revenge upon me, when he expected a Man, on whom he hoped to reek his Spleen, he grew utterly impatient. What have I here, said he, a hated Woman! has my Coward Rival sent a Petticoat to make his Peace? Go, tell him for the sake of her he adores, I hate the whole Sex. Begone, fly, provoke me not to treat you rudely, but send the Dastard with his own Sword to face mine.

—Poor *Alcippus* how he look'd—! And yet in the very midst of his Despair and Wrath, he still retain'd that captivating Form which first subdued my Heart. No *Alcippus*, said I, pulling off my false Face, I come not here with a design so kind, as to make Peace for your supposed Rival or myself: my business is first to reproach, and then abjure you for ever. Have you not used me ill, nay, basely? Say, did you not give me a Heart, which I too kindly accepted of, and too readily return'd another in its place? You then snatch'd back your own, and sent me mine again: this *Alcippus* you have done, and for no cause, but seeing me innocently sit on the Knee of a Father's Brother. A Woman's Honour, like a tender Plant, must be manag'd with care, or 'tis blasted for ever. Believe me, Sir, mine has always been as dear to me, as that Life I have ventur'd in its Vindication; and as this is the last time I am ever to see you, I will not scruple to tell you; you never had a Rival in my Heart, it was always but too much yours, considering how you have used it. However, it is once again my own, I have it safe, and it has promised, with Mr. Cowley's, never to leave me more.

This,

This, Sir, *continu'd I*, is what I have to say, only I will add a very great Truth to all the rest, which is, That I still wish you more Happiness, than it was ever in my power to give you ; and since I never cou'd deserve you myself, may you fall into the Arms of one that does. Poor *Alcippus* stood all this while like a Picture, without Words or Motion, not only amazed to see me there, but stabb'd to the Heart with every Word I spoke. My Uncle, who at a little distance stood and heard all, came to us, and as I was turning to go away, he stopp'd me ; and addressing himself to *Alcippus*, said, he was sorry for his own sake he had liv'd so long in such an uneasy Mistake : I assure you, Sir, *continu'd he*, I am not qualify'd to be your Rival, nor did I ever take any liberty with *Abaliza*, but what the nearness of our Blood might very well countenance. I hope you are now satisfy'd as to your own Mistake, if not, I am here ready to give you any other Satisfaction you demand : I wear a Sword and fear no Threats, but had much rather mollify, than exasperate either of you. Oh ! my too lovely *Abaliza*, said *Alcippus*, fly from this poor abandon'd Wretch, who has by a rash inconsiderate Folly given such Trouble, such Fatigue to the dear Possessor of his Soul : but first remember how great my Sufferings are, and how miserably I must end my days ; remember too before we part for ever, my greatest Crime was caused by my Excess of Love : I do not sue for Pardon, for that I know you cannot grant, with all your stock of Goodness round you ; but I can die to expiate my Fault, and that I'll do in pity to my own Sufferings : hated Life must go, because my tortur'd Soul can now no longer bear it. No *Alcippus*, said I, as you have liv'd to see your Error, live to repent on't too ; you cannot be completely revenged on yourself, unless you live a long and miserable Life ; Death is a Blessing to the Wretched, and to die voluntarily in the midst of

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Woe, is an Argument of too much Self-love. Cruel *Abaliza*, said he, is it generous to insult a Slave, or reproach an Enemy with a Fault he confesses. Tho' I am a Criminal, I am a repenting one; and if you can't forgive, methinks you might pity a Wretch for whom you once confess'd some Favour; but I am now become your Jest, and you look with Mirth and Pleasure at my Torture.

Heaven knows, said I, you wrong me, it never was a Jest to me to see a Fellow-Creature in distress; but *Alcipus*, if you reflect how you have used me, you cannot expect that I shou'd bear a share in your Sufferings. To see you share my Sufferings, said he, wou'd, if possible, increase them; I have no wish but *Abaliza's* Happiness, tho' that Heart of her's is surely made of Adamant. Tho' that Heart he so accused, was ready to burst with secret Grief for him, yet I was resolv'd to punish him a little more, for all the uneasy hours he had given me; and turning to my Uncle, who stood with Tears in his Eyes, Come, Sir, said I, are you for walking homewards? *Alcipus* farewell; if you have any commands where I am going, I shall carefully deliver 'em: the first fair Wind carries me to my native Shore, where, since I am never to see you again, I shall however be glad to hear from you sometimes; for tho' my Love is no more, I shall always have the wishes of a Friend for you. I stood expecting his Answer, and looking at him, when I saw his Lips grow pale, his Eyes fix'd, and he began to stagger; we both ran to him and supported him, otherways he had fallen to the Ground. I now thought I had tyranniz'd long enough, and wonder'd at myself, how I cou'd stand so long a Spectator of his Misery, who above my Life I lov'd. I took his Hand, and said, Come *Alcipus*, 'tis now breakfast time, you shall be my Guest, we'll go and drink a dish of reconciling Tea; but don't give yourself Airs now, for I won't ask twice.

No

No my dearest *Abaliza*, said he, almost transported beyond himself, you know your own power too well over your penitent *Alcipus*, to think he shou'd wait for a second Command: and oh! cou'd you but forgive this one Fault, how God-like then wou'd you appear? I'll give you an answer at my Lodgings, return'd I; to which place we got in a few Minutes. But who is able to tell the Alteration of his Face and both our Hearts? all was so much mended, that it contributed greatly to our advantages. My Uncle, who had been long silent, thus apply'd himself to us: How great a Share I have in that Satisfaction which I see in both your Looks, is I hope very visible in mine; for as I was the innocent Cause of all your Trouble, nothing but seeing you both united, cou'd ever have given me rest; and tho' I disguised it from my Niece, had as much Uneasiness as either of you: but thanks to Fate, which has brought you together again, and may it ever increase your Joy.

Alcipus wou'd no doubt have made some notable Reply, to this set Speech of my Uncle's, had not *Faddie* just then brought in our Tea, and by a general Consent we all went to breakfast; tho' I believe, while I was pouring out, there was some Apology about the light Wound my Uncle had, and pardon ask'd and granted on either side: but when we had done our Tea, every body left us, supposing, we had rather be alone a while, than have Witnesses to our Reconciliation. As soon as my poor *Alcipus* saw the coast clear, he threw himself at my Feet, tho' his Eyes were all that spake his Heart, for his Tongue was perfectly silent; which made me think of three or four Lines I had somewhere met with.

*Silence in love, betrays more Woe,
Than Words tho' ne'er so witty,
The Beggar who is dumb you know,
Deserves a double Pity.*

And

The Lady's TALE. 192

And I must own, his silent Rhetorick made a much deeper impression on my Heart, than any thing he cou'd have said wou'd have done. I saw the Struggles in his Soul betwixt Hope and Fear, Despair and Love: the last of those Passions had got such footing in my Breast, that I cou'd no longer bear to see his anxiety; but taking his out-stretched Hand, which was pleading for pity, Rise my *Alcipus*, said I, my Quarrel to you is now at an end. At these Words he cry'd out, Oh! *Abaliza*, oh! intolerable Joy! and then fainted away. Tho' I was frightened as well as troubled at this Accident, I was resolv'd to make no noise, but got up to fetch some Cushions to lay under his Head; but before I cou'd finish my Work, he came to himself, and with what little help I cou'd give him, got up and sat down by me: How, or where, my dearest *Abaliza*, said he, shall I find Words to thank thee for all thy Goodness to an undeserving Wretch? Can the remaining part of my Life, spent in Love and Adoration, atone for my past Fault? Oh! fill my Ears once more with that harmonious Sound, and say—I love, and I forgive. No, I thank you, said I laughing, I'll give you no more good Words, I'll warrant you; for if I do, perhaps, I shall have you to gather up off the Ground again. I have often heard, said *Alcipus*, that violent Joy destroys us more than violent Grief, but I never experienced it before. But I fancy, reply'd I, there's more pleasure in one than t'other, and Joy comes so seldom in comparison of the other, that we need not fear frequent Surfeits of it; but let us have no more puling with you, we are now Friends again, and that's enough: but if you will entertain me as I desire, let me have a short Account of your Transactions since we parted; for now I see you easy again, methinks it will please me to hear you were in pain. Ah! my *Abaliza*, said he, if you had half my Love, you wou'd suppose what I suffer'd, with-

out

out desiring to hear it ; but your whole Sex are Tyrants, and you are resolved to keep up the Character. Well, since you desire it, I will give you a very faithful Account. When I had waited two whole days, which were two whole Ages to my impatient Heart, and cou'd hear nothing from you, I was then resolved to go in Person, (tho' I really did believe the Man was dead) to see what cou'd be the Cause of your cruel Silence : I came so full of Joy, first to bless my Eyes with the only Object I cou'd wish to see ; and then to chide you for robbing me of the only Blessing I wish'd for : but oh ! how were they blasted, when they beheld you seated and satisfied on the Knee of another Man ; what Pangs of inexpressible Torment did that killing Sight give me ? I look'd on him, and saw he was in all outward Appearance every way agreeable ; and having never heard you speak of so near a Relation, I concluded from that, and your neglect of me, that you had abandon'd me wholly, for that new happy Upstart. So far, *said I*, your excuse is tolerable, and I grant there was an Appearance of what you fear'd ; but how will you answer your Rudeness in refusing to hear me, or return to know what I had to say ? Who but *Alcippus*, the impatient *Alcippus*, wou'd have left a Kingdom in such uncertainty. I was but too sure of my Fate, *said he*, nor did any thing but racking Despair and Jealousy find room in my Breast ; which hurry'd me down stairs, and bid me stop my Ears to the Voice of my lovely *Syren*, that call'd so often after me. I flew to my place of Confinement, call'd my Servants, bid 'em saddle my Horses that Minute : they were in as much haste as I, supposing the Man was dead whom I had hurt, and we all mounted, and rid, I neither knew or cared where. About break of day we came to a Town, from whence I writ to you, then posted away to the next Sea-port, tho' I was very unfit for salt Water, for I had been three whole days

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days, in which I never tasted any manner of Food or Drink, save once a draught of Water; but a Ship was just going luckily off for *Holland*, in which I embark'd with my small Retinue, and had it not been for the sake of those on board with me, I shou'd have wish'd the Winds and Waves wou'd finish what you had so cruelly began: nor was there many Steps betwixt me and Death, for my Stomach being quite empty, and nothing for the Sea to work upon, I was in great hopes every Strain wou'd have been my last. My Servants were no less concern'd than surpriz'd at my Behaviour, for none knew the Secrets of my wounded Heart, but the poor Sufferer itself. Among the Passengers in the Ship, we had three or four Women, one of which, seem'd to be of some note, because she had a handsome Attendance: she, out of a Sense of Pity and Charity, came often to see me, and importun'd me so very much to taste of her Provisions, that at last, being ashamed of continual Denials, and with a design to get rid of her, I comply'd with her Importunity, and took a morsel or two of a cold Chicken. She seem'd transported at her Success, and said, she was sure it wou'd do me good. I told her, I fear'd it wou'd. How, Sir, *said she, with some Amazement*, do you fear it, have you a mind to be sick? *Madam, said I*, I have left off to desire, because I am never gratified; but I am now a little inclin'd to sleep. She then left me, and being a little curious to know who I was, she went to my Servants to pump them a little; but from the Charge I had given them to conceal my Name, and their own ignorance of the cause of my Disorder, she made no manner of Discovery; but as soon as she heard I was awake, she came to me again, to persecute me with her profound Civility, which cou'd never have been bestow'd on a more thankless Person: for tho' it interrupted my distracted Thoughts, it still gave me more Uneasiness; and

at last, I cou'd hardly command my Temper enough to be commonly civil to her : I own she was diverting and young, and had I been in a Condition to like any thing but *Abaliza*, her Company wou'd have pleased me ; but I cou'd relish nothing I had, for thinking of what I had not. When she found nothing cou'd raise my Spirits, she told me, she fear'd I had something more than a Sea-sickness to disturb me, and wish'd she were worthy to know. Madam, said I, I am no Knight-Errant, who go about the World to entertain all they meet with their Adventures ; and shou'd I make you acquainted with my Troubles, I shou'd make you a Sharer of them too, since I see you have good-nature enough to sympathize with any body in Affliction. Sir, return'd she, if you cou'd from so short an Acquaintance believe me your Friend, it wou'd then be no hard matter perhaps to persuade you ; I wou'd not only share your Trouble, but take it entirely off your hands. So, so, *Alcippus*, said I, after all the Fufs and Bustle you have made about a Rival, I do not see but I was in more danger of one at Sea, than you were at Land. No, my *Abaliza*, return'd he, you had grasped too hard, to leave my Heart free for a second Choice ; and of all Disagreeables, nothing is more so, than offer'd Love to a Breast engaged. I own I was never so set for an Answer to any thing in my Life, as I was to what she said : I saw something in it particularly kind, and that made it more nauseous to my loathing Stomach ; yet, what I felt myself from Love, created something in me like pity for her, and I said with some Confusion, I am sorry, Madam, your Charity and Goodness are so misapplied, since you have offer'd 'em to one who can hardly thank you for 'em ; but at most, that is all. The poor Lady sigh'd and blush'd, and wanting Courage for a new Reply, she went away, and only said at parting——Farewel ungrateful Man,
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farewel for ever. After which time, I saw her no more till we landed, and then she came to me, and thank'd me for the Receipt I had given her to cure the Folly of Love. I told her I wish'd she cou'd do as much for me, or that it was in my own power to follow my own Prescriptions; I farther told her, I was out of countenance at what I had said to her, being very sensible it was too rough for a Lady's Ear, but I thought it much more generous to stop a growing Evil while 'twas young, than sooth it till it grew too strong, and after, only laugh to see the murder'd Fair expire! And are there, Sir, *said she*, such Monsters in the World? Madam, *return'd I*, 'tis hard to answer for the whole Sex; may Experience never convince you, and may you always meet with what you merit. Which I fear, *reply'd she*, will be but very little, if one may guess at what's to come, by what's already pass'd; but that I may not be behind-hand with your good Wishes, may you be always happy in the Arms of her you wish for, and may a mutual Esteem for each other bless your latest hours. I sent a mental *Amen* after her Prayers, tho' I durst not hope that either wou'd be heard, and then we parted for ever indeed; she with a Tear in each Eye, to her Abode, and I with a Badge of your Cruelty, a broken Heart, to my poor Mother! who wanted not the Addition of my Sorrows to her own, being still under the utmost Affliction for the untimely Death of my Father. When I came to her, she knew me not, and it was with some difficulty that I convinced her I was her Son; which when I had done, instead of rejoicing to see me, she fell into the greatest Passion of Grief imaginable, and said, Now all is gone, for my *Alcippus* cannot live a Month. I must own, I cou'd not play the Hypocrite so well, as to dissemble my inward Disturbance; and at last, by her frequent Importunity, I told her all my Disappointments, for which, she now lies under the

greatest Trouble. I told her I had a mind to travel, and try if that wou'd give me any respite from my daily Torments; but that she oppos'd with all her Authority, till two days ago, seeing me continue the most miserable Wretch alive, she consented to my going, and I took a sad Farewel of her, and came here in order to be gone, even from myself, had I known how. But yesterday I accidentally met your Uncle in the Street, whose Idea was always dancing in my Fancy, and on whom I look'd, as the chief Disturber of all my Blifs. I was resolv'd however, he shou'd not enjoy my *Abaliza* without interruption; tho' I may say, never Enemy gave a Challenge with more generous Designs than I did; for as I thought you irretrievably lost, I from my very Heart wish'd, that I myself might fall, and with poor *Adrastus* said—Without my *Abaliza*, Death is welcome! I watch'd him all day, but wou'd not speak to him till Night, which I thought the best time to fight without being disturb'd; and to my wish, when it was but just light enough to see the point of our Swords, he came out of a Coffee-House, and went thro' a bye Place fit for my Purpose: there I accosted the worthy Innocent, who wou'd fain have let me into the secret of my own Error; but—Oh! Force of dire Despair, I refused to hear his Tale; and of what sad Consequence that might have proved, I am now too sensible: but kind Heaven sent a timely Agent to prevent our Fate, whom I then wish'd had been sent on another Errand. But oh! short-sighted Man, who can neither see his own Danger or Safety! No, *said I*, especially in the dark; had it been light, you wou'd have known your Separator, and he you, for 'twas honest *Tom Trot*, my Man. Just here, we were summon'd to Dinner, and when it was over, I desir'd my Uncle to call for a Pen and Ink, and give my Father and Account of our Affairs, as they stood at present, which I thought

might

might do better from his hand than mine. And when that is over, *said* Alcipus, I have a Request to make to you both; which is, to let me wait upon you to see my poor Mother, who will, I am sure, receive us all with open Arms. We promis'd him we wou'd, and while my Uncle was writing, *Alcippus*, whose Heart was now at ease, began to enquire after the Man he had wounded, and asked me, if he were dead or alive? He is alive, *return'd I*, for any thing I know; he went from us in a very fair way of recovery, for as soon as he was able to be remov'd, I prevail'd with my Father to send him away, which he did. I am glad of it, *said* Alcippus, for now I have time to reflect; I can find no Jest in having a Man's Blood lie at our door: Oh! *Abaliza*, how many tormenting hours did that Wound give me? We might have liv'd an Age in Love by this time, had that Rascal never been. But every thing gives us Exercise for our Philosophy, and we can tell ourselves, it compleats our Pleasure, to find some difficulty in obtaining it; but mine has cost me very dear, and——Yes indeed, *interrupted I*, you have much cause to brag of your Philosophy, when the bare Apprehension of losing an impertinent Woman, cou'd shock it so. Madam, *reply'd he*, you may make as free with yourself as you please, but had I not set an higher price on what you speak of with so much Contempt, it shou'd never have cost me so many restless Days and Nights: we value every thing as we like it; and tho' my Gem be inestimable, many a Man prizes his Pebble as high. But now, my dearest *Abaliza*, if you think I have suffer'd enough, leave it not in the power of Fate, to disappoint me again; give me what is now become my due, both from my Sufferings and your own kind Promise. *Alcippus, reply'd I*, it is very true that I have promised to make you as happy as my power will admit of; and I do own, there is enough

owing to your Suffering, to hasten your Reward : but I beg you will remember, that while you waked upon Flint, I slept not on a Feather Bed ; I doubtless had my uneasy hours, as well as you, and all I desire to recompence 'em, is, that you will consider I have left my poor Father in a very melancholy Condition, and know, it will be the greatest pleasure to him, if I give my self away in his Presence : I therefore intreat you not to urge our Marriage till we return to *England*, with which Request, if you comply now, I will promise (tho' a little before my time) to oblige you in every thing for ever after. 'Tis impossible, *said he*, that *Abaliza* shou'd ask in vain ; I must comply, tho' to the detriment of my own greatest Satisfaction. But come, the Letter is I see finish'd, let us send it away, and then go to my Mother, who is not far off ; and there we will stay, till a Ship and a fair Wind present themselves to carry us back to *England*. We then discharg'd our Lodgings, and went to see the old Lady, whom we found in Tears, and she was at a loss to know her Son again, so much had Quiet of Mind alter'd the form of his Countenance. He took me by the Hand, and presented me to her, saying, Here, Madam, is the cause of all my Grief ; but then she is the cause of all my Joy too. The good Lady, (beauteous even in old age) knew not what to hope, nor what to believe, till her Son made her acquainted with the whole remaining part of the Tale ; which fill'd her with so much Joy, so much Content, she had much ado to bear it : nothing was ever so transported as she was, she took me to her Arms a thousand times, begg'd me to look upon her with the tender Eyes of a Child, for I shou'd always find her a most indulgent Mother, and nothing but my loved *Alcipus*, *continu'd she*, shall ever share my Affections with you. I thanked her for her promis'd Favours, and told her nothing less than so much Goodness was to be expected

pected from one of her fine Character, and hoped, I shou'd live to return her Fondness with an equal share of Love and Duty : And I hope, Madam, *contin'd I*, you will give me an opportunity of keeping my word, by bearing us company to *England*, where you shall always find that Respect which is due to the Mother of *Alcipus*, and your own Merit. She soon agreed to my Proposal, and said, now her Spouse was dead, and her only Child going from her, she had no inducement to stay where she was ; and how kindly she took my Invitation, Time and her ready Compliance wou'd show. *Alcipus* was extremely pleased with what I had said, and told me, when we were alone, I found out new Methods every day to engage his Heart more firmly to me.

I am not, *said I*, a Woman of much Observation, but from the little I have made, have taken notice, that Hearts are sooner catch'd than kept ; for which reason, I think it but common Prudence in a Wife to oblige a Husband in what she can, that she may secure it when she has it ; and I do not blush to say, whenever I change my State of Life, I shall set so true a value on my Spouse's Heart, as to endeavour by a good usage of him and his, to keep it wholly to myself. My lovely Charmer, *said the Rapturous Alcipus*, not all the Merit of thy whole Sex heap'd together, separate from thy own, shall ever have power to draw the Heart of thy adoring *Alcipus*, one single hair's-breadth from thy beloved Bosom. No, my *Abaliza*, there 'tis fix'd, and there shall rest for ever. Well, now, *said I*, a Truce with Love a while, and let us go to the old Lady, and my Uncle ; for ought we know, he may be as busy as we have been, and upon the same occasion ; for I must tell you, I have not seen fresher Charms in many young Women, than your Mother has to boast at Forty. But what shou'd I trouble you any longer for ; in short, *Alcipus* was in haste to be marry'd,

and for that reason, spurr'd his Mother on to settle her Affairs, that we might be gone ; which she, with the greatest satisfaction did, and a few days compleated the Work. She made me many very valuable Presents, and behaved herself with so much sweetness of Temper to me, that it was impossible I cou'd miss my own Mother, while I had so good a one raised out of her Ashes.

We all took Shipping together, and with as fair a Wind, as brought us to *Holland*, we return'd again to *England*. I need not tell you, how joyful my dear Papa was to see us all, nor what pains he took to make us all welcome. Two days after we arriv'd, at the earnest Sollicitations of *Alcipus*, we were made one, and it is almost four whole Years since ; during which time, I cannot say, that ever one uneasy word has happen'd betwixt us, but we are now as much a Bride and Bridegroom, as we were the first Week we were marry'd. And now, my *Lucy*, as you are my Friend, and none a better judge in such Cases, I beg you will tell me, wherein I have transgress'd thro' the whole Oeconomy of this Amour.

First, *said Lucy*, I wou'd have you and your Spouse go to *Dunmow* for the Flitch of Bacon ; for, according to your own account, no Couple ever had a better title to it : but for your Faults, I desire to be excus'd ; they are what no body loves to hear of, and I beg you will not put me upon a task so ungrateful. I insist upon it, *said I*, and if you refuse to comply, you are not the Friend I took you for ; consider, my Dear, of what service it may be to me : for since you are resolv'd my Tale shall be made publick, I desire my Faults may be so too, if for no reason, but to prevent the criticising World from making their Remarks. Why then, *said Lucy*, if I must be a Plain-dealer, take my Opinion, as follows : First, I think the beginning of your Love was a little whimsical, for you seem'd to be very uneasy, for you
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knew not who; next, your Arguments with your Father about *Adrastus*, were not only too pert for a Daughter, but some part of them were very weak. Then I must blame your Conduct for going after your Lover, because you had a trusty Relation going where he was, and a Letter to him wou'd have been as convincing as your Person was; in fine, your whole Behaviour was a little too forward, which you know as well as I, is a fault in our Sex. How proud am I to find myself grown to such a height, of what the Men call Philosophy, *said I*, to hear all this, without being moved? And now I will try to answer all your Objections: As to my being whimsically in Love, it was not so much that, as Pride; my Father told me I cou'd never hope to gain a Conquest over *Alcippus*, and I was only sick with desire to convince him I cou'd. Then as to my Arguments about *Adrastus*——But here's my *Alcippus* coming, with his dear little Boy in his Hand! Come, let us go and meet him.



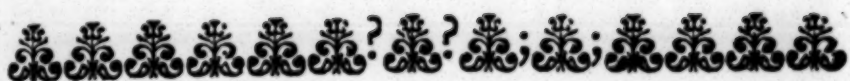
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T H E C O U S I N S.



WITHIN the Kingdom of *Spain*, there dwelt a Gentleman call'd *Gonsalvo*, of a large Estate, and a very fair Character, who married the Daughter of a wealthy Neighbour ; a Woman of incomparable Virtue, and the most remarkable for Wit and Beauty, of any in or about the Place she liv'd in : her Fortune was answerable to the rest of her Qualifications, and there was not a Blessing left for her Husband to wish, which did not center in her, except that of Children : the want of which, put a stop to all their Comforts, and gave them both a disrelish of what they otherwise enjoy'd. *Gonsalvo*, tho' he lov'd his Wife more than any transitory Good, yet his Disappointments got above his Joys, and he grew extremely melancholy for want of an Heir. His Wife *Elvira* took it no less to heart than he, tho' she made not so great a shew of her
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Discontent ; but being a Woman of much Prudence, seem'd to carry it with Patience and Submission ; and told her Husband, she hoped he wou'd not love her less, for what was so much out of her power to prevent. He told her, No, she shou'd always find he had it in his Will and Inclination to use her well ; and nothing, *said he*, shall ever have force enough, to make me have so much as a thought of you, which is not all Love. Thus they liv'd for some Years, without what they so much wish'd for : at last, when they had given over all thought and expectation of a Child, *Elvira* conceived, to the great Satisfaction of this wishing Couple : she was in due time delivered of a Daughter, which wou'd have given the Father a Content equal to his former Wishes, had not the Death of his beloved Wife prevented it ; who liv'd not above three days after her birth. *Gonsalvo* was under the greatest Concern for her, and often wish'd, he had never desir'd that little Blessing which was left him, or that he had it in his power, to exchange what he possess'd, for what he had lost ; which only serv'd to shew him and the World, the instability of human Nature, which is never at a stay, nor content with what it has, but is still greedily wishing for those things, the grant of which, proves very often its greatest Disquiet.

When *Gonsalvo* had paid a due tribute of Tears to the Memory of *Elvira*, he began to think of giving his Daughter a Name, and was not long resolving on that of her Mother's : *Elvira*, therefore, was she call'd ; and as she had her Name, so had she all the signs of being in time Mistress of her Merits too : which gave the disconsolate *Gonsalvo* a great deal of Joy, and he desir'd no other Diversion, than the innocent prattle of his little Favourite, on whom he bestowed all that love which her dead Mother had left behind her ; and because he was resolv'd to spend the remaining part of his days in solitude, he made choice

of

of a Country Retirement, where he hoped to live free from the many Impertinencies which daily tormented him where he was. To this Place he carries the young and beautiful *Elvira*, with a design to confine her to a Country Life, no longer than till her riper Years and Inclinations desir'd a Remove. And thus he spent a considerable part of his time without any Interruption, neither giving nor receiving Visits to or from any body, except one Gentleman, with whom he had, when very young, contracted a firm and lasting Friendship. This Man (whose Name was *Alvaro*) *Gonsalvo* saved from Death; for being one day from home, and riding by a River-side, he saw a Man in the Water struggling for Life, to whose help he went, and fancy'd him to have been an unskilful Swimmer; but afterwards finding him in his Clothes, he immediately concludes, that either his own Despair or the Malice of some other Person had thrown him in. When he had, by his careful Endeavours, brought him back to Life and his Senses; he began to enquire how he came there, but found the Man so much displeased at his Deliverance, that he wou'd give him no other answer than what serv'd to express his Resentment and Ingratitude for the kindness he had done him: which confirm'd *Gonsalvo* in his Opinion, that he had thrown himself in, with a design to come out no more. However, he still persisted in his care of him, and made him an offer of his Horse to carry him to the next Town, where he might have Conveniences for drying his Clothes, and getting some inward Refreshment. When the other saw *Gonsalvo* wou'd not leave him, he began to come a little to himself, and ask'd his pardon for the rude Return he had made to all his trouble, and with much seeming unwillingness accepted of the Proposals he had made. They accordingly went to the next Town, where *Gonsalvo* again importunes his Companion to let him know the cause of his being in the Water.

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At last he briefly tells him, That he has a younger Brother, who has always met with greater Encouragement from both Father and Mother than he has done ; and he being sensible that the Estate must not be his, has made it his whole study to procure by Falshood and Lyes, what my birth-right, *said he*, has deny'd him ; and having made several ill Stories of me to my Father, and finding none of them had the Effect he wish'd for, he advis'd with an evil Counsellor he had, and they betwixt 'em, made up the following Lye, which they deliver'd to my Father, and which he too readily believ'd. They had been a long time preparing him for the present Business, and one day, when they found him melancholy, they thought his Mind was fittest to receive what they had been so long preparing for him, and then told him how opportunely Heaven had sent 'em to find out my Villany ; for, *said my wicked Brother*, I have long suspected him of some ill design against you, and seeing him out with two Fellows, whose Looks I liked not, I called upon my Friend here, who went along with me, and we follow'd 'em to a Place fit only for the Contrivance of such an Undertaking, where we over-heard all their wicked Intentions ; which were no less, than to take away your Life, to make room for my Brother ; and this is to be done without delay, if not as speedily prevented.

This Story my Father hearken'd to, and believed it ; he sent for me, and reproach'd me with a Crime I knew nothing of : all I could say in my own defence, was of no weight with him ; he immediately commanded me from his house, and sight, never to come within either more, upon pain of the severest Chastisements. I soon found my younger Brother's Projects had taken effect against me, and I knew him too well, to believe he would lose one inch of that Ground he had gain'd : I therefore ran to the place where you found me, having no hopes of recovering

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vering my Father's Favour ; and had not you prevented me, I had stifled all my Wrongs, and laid myself down in a quiet Repose. *Gonsalvo*, when he had heard the Gentleman's Story out, took him home to his own House, and kept him till he heard of that Justice, which in a little time overtook his Brother ; who going a hunting, fell from his Horse and dash'd his brains out against the side of a Rock. When he was gone, the Father thought he had been Childless, for he knew not where his Son *Alvaro* was, till *Gonsalvo* went to him, and first undeceiv'd him, and then made his Son's peace, and brought him to his Father.

When *Alvaro* saw himself re-establish'd in his Father's Favour, and no farther fear of losing it, he began in earnest to thank *Gonsalvo*, for the care he had taken of his Preservation, and from that time vow'd an everlasting Friendship.

This was the Man whom *Gonsalvo* was pleased to see at all times, he alone was welcome to him in his Retirements, and to him he imparted all the Secrets of his Soul. Mean while *Elvira* grew apace, and as her Years increased, so did her Beauty too. Her Wit was great, and her Humour good, which gain'd her the Love and Admiration of all that saw and conversed with her ; and tho' very few were admitted to visit her, her Qualifications were so great, that she was (tho' not twelve Years of Age) the discourse of all the Country.

Her Mother had left one Sister behind her, whose name was *Emilia*, and who had only one Son, and he abroad. This Lady had the greatest desire in the World to have her Niece with her, well knowing she could not make any Improvements where she was ; and she had often written to her Father for his Consent, but found his Answers still against her Wishes. However, at last *Gonsalvo* began to consider, that it would be very much for her advantage

to be with one, whose Care he knew would equal his, and whose Example and Advice in Matters of Behaviour, must needs exceed any thing she could learn where she was ; he therefore resolves in a Year or two more to let her go : for it was a matter of such Consequence to him, who loved his Child so well, that he could not think of parting with her of a sudden. Some Months after, he had urgent occasions to go from home, which was very contrary to his Inclinations ; and because he thought every thing safe that was under *Alvaro's* Protection, he left his House and Daughter to his Care till his return : But as soon as one began his Journey, the other began his Wickedness ; and pulling off the Mask, he appear'd bare-fac'd to the innocent *Elvira*, who had never defiled her Thoughts with any thing so base as his Designs. He began by degrees to insinuate himself into her Favour, and first by one Stratagem, and then another, strove to work her into a liking of him. He was at best very ugly, and was some Years older than her Father, which made him, no doubt, very disagreeable : She was wholly unskill'd in the Art of Dissembling herself, and that made it the harder for her to find out an old Practitioner. The worst she thought of all he said, was, that he would have her marry him without her Father's knowledge, and that she thought made a very wide Breach in that Friendship he had always pretended to ; but when she came to understand him right, her just Resentments took place of every thing ; and she made him such an Answer as would have left him very little hopes, had not he had a greater share of Impudence than Reason : but the former was so powerful, that it made him persist in his devilish Attempt, which aim'd at nothing less than the ruin of the most beautiful Creature upon Earth. However, her own Vertues, as well as his want of Merit, secur'd her ; and she took all manner

ner of care to keep from his sight and company : But he, who knew her Father would not be much longer away, and that she would certainly tell him all at his return, was resolv'd to lose his Friend for something ; and therefore one day he watch'd her going into the Garden, and unseen of any body, follows her to an Arbour, where she had shaded herself from the Sun. In the mean time her Father returns, and calls for his Daughter and his Friend. *Elvira* he hears is in the Garden, but none could give any account of *Alvaro* ; his impatience to see her, makes him the Messenger to bring her in ; but when he came near to the place where they were, he hears his undaunted *Elvira* say,

No, base *Alvaro*, tho' my tender Years has given you encouragement to make your lascivious Attempts upon me, yet know, Villain, as thou art, I would submit with pleasure to ten thousand Deaths, rather than yield to thy damnable Proposals ; and if I must never see my Father more without the forfeit of my Honour, assure yourself, I will sooner chuse to give up my Life and him, than once encourage the least thought that should injure either him or myself ; and do not depend upon my Age for Success, for young as I am, I know how to value myself, and scorn the baseness of thy Offers. Oh ! where are my Father's Eyes, that he has not read thy Guilt in thy false Looks ? Did he but know what a Friend thou art, he wou'd send thee to Hell to seek thy own Likeness ; for on Earth nothing is of so black a dye. Go Monster, leave thy Hellish Designs, and rid me of a Face which bodes nothing but Damnation to all that comes near it.

Here she got from her Seat, and would have gone ; but the wicked *Alvaro* held her, saying, Stay *Elvira*, for you shall hear me tell you the Cause why I have thus accosted you. I well knew, if I had

asked you of your Father, he would have denied me ; and I found it was impossible to see you and not to love : if therefore you will consent to be mine upon honourable Terms, I will press you no farther to what I find you have an Aversion ; if not, you must expect nothing but Force to ensue : If you will comply, you know I have it in my power to make you all you can wish to be ; if not, remember, I have an equal Power to chastise your Pride : You have very few Minutes to determine, therefore pronounce your own Doom, whether you will be always Happy, or always Miserable.

Villain, said she, thou canst not make me either happy or miserable, thy Promises and Threats make the same Impression upon me, and I fear one, as little as I value the other ; therefore, once more, Satyr, leave me, and go and do thy worst.

No, said he, *I must stay to do my worst ; and since fair means will not do, I will try what force can ; therefore no resistance, for all opposition is vain.* And taking her roughly by the Arm, he pull'd her to the ground, where, notwithstanding her Cries, he must have gain'd his End, had not her Father been near enough to come to her Rescue ; which he did with a Resentment and Fury, answerable to the desert of the base Ravisher. *Hold, Villain, said he, and turn to an Enemy that is able to withstand thee.* Alvaro, who at best had very little Courage, was so surpriz'd, to see Gonsalvo a Witness to his Fault, that he lost even his Impudence, and durst not so much as look up ; he knew his Cause was very bad, and therefore falling on his Knees, he poorly begg'd his Life, without once drawing his Sword in defence of it. *Go, said Gonsalvo, thou basest part of the Creation, thou false Friend ; go, and live to be thy own Tormentor ; but go quickly, lest the sight of my abused Daughter stir me up to new Revenge.* I scorn to reproach thee with the good I have done thee, or take that Life I gave thee once already ;

only

only I desire thee, as the best return thou canst make me, never to see me more. *Alvaro* knew his Fault too great to hope for Pardon, and therefore staid not to ask it; but thought it his wisest, as well as safest way to retire: which he did with the greatest Disorder.

The poor frightened *Elvira* stood almost motionless, when a Servant came and told *Gonsalvo*, his Sister *Emilia* was just alighted. This News gave her new Life, and she prepared to meet her Aunt with the greatest Transports of Joy. *Emilia* told her Brother, she had often sent to him by Letter for his consent to let her have her Niece; but finding no suitable return, she was now come herself with a Resolution to take no Denial, nor to stir till she went with her. To which *Gonsalvo*, with some unwillingness, consented, tho he kept them some Months in suspense. At last *Emilia* set forward with the lovely *Elvira*, and got safe home. And now, my dear *Elvira*, said her fond Aunt, I hope you will be easy with your change; for tho' you have left a most indulgent Father, you are with one whose love for you is nothing less than that of the tendereſt Mother; and I know not who stands fairest for my Love, you or my only Son *Lorenzo*. This, I hope, Time will convince you is true. Madam, said *Elvira*, Time cannot convince me, it can only confirm me in the great Opinion I have already of your Goodness. And I hope I shall never forfeit that Love you have promised me, by an Action to your Dislike. *Elvira* continued with her Aunt three whole Years, during which time, her Cousin *Lorenzo* was in France, he was six Years older than she; and she was now almost Sixteen, and had sent away as many sighing Lovers. Among the crowd of her Adorers was one *Sebastian*, a Portuguese, who was a Man of a considerable Figure, and served the King in an honourable Post: This Man laid closer Siege to *Elvira* than he had ever done to a Town, and with as lit-

tle Success ; for tho' he address'd himself to her with all the soft'ning Arguments of Love, and took hold of all opportunities to please her, yet all he said and did was received with the coldness of a North-wind, which blasted all his Hopes. He saw himself heartily despised, and met with nothing but disdain in *Elvira's* Looks ; yet, like a besotted Lover, did he daily persist in his fruitless Attempts, as if he were fond of being ill used and scorn'd.

She, who was almost worried with his troublesome Love, had, (for a little breathing-time) withdrawn herself to a Friend's House for a few days ; and while she was there, her Cousin *Lorenzo* return'd from Travel, and brought, in himself, a most compleat Gentleman to the Arms of a transported Mother. *Emilia*, whose extreme Love for *Elvira*, made her disrelish all Pleasure, of which she had not a share, sent immediately away for her, to make her a Partner in her Joy. And *Lorenzo*, who had often heard of this Miracle of Beauty, mightily wished to see her. At last she came, and presented *Lorenzo* with such a sight as he himself did own, he had never seen abroad. He was not a Man of an amorous fond Temper, but had always been very indifferent to Women in general ; but when he saw his lovely Cousin, he began to think again, and own'd he was proud of such a Relation. While they were entertaining one another, the impatient *Sebastian*, who had heard of *Elvira's* return, came to receive another Repulse ; and, like a timorous Lover, sees and fears *Lorenzo* ; he looks upon him already as a most dangerous Enemy, and no longer doubts but he shall find him a powerful Rival.

However, he made his Addresses, as before, and kept a continual watch over all their Words and Actions : And thus, for several days every thing went on as it used to do, till at last *Lorenzo*, in spite of his Indifference for the Fair Sex, began to have

have a little uneasiness at the frequent Visits of *Sebastian*, and asked his Mother one day, whether his Cousin had any favour for him. She said, she could never perceive that she had ; for which, *said she*, I am very sorry, his Circumstances being very considerable : And, pray, *continu'd she*, try what your Interest and Persuasions can do with her, you seem to have an Aversion to Marriage yourself, and therefore you need make no scruple of advising her to another. That Argument, *said he*, is not good, for the greater my own Aversion is to a thing, the harder it is for me to persuade a Person I love to it. But to let you see I have brought you home the same Duty which I took abroad with me, I will this day do all I can towards making *Elvira* a Wife. And in order to a Performance of that Promise, as soon as they had din'd, he took his Cousin by the Hand, and led her into the *Terras-Walks*, and told her he was desirous to know what encouragement she had given *Sebastian*. She said, she had never given him any, but on the contrary, all the Slights and Ill-usage in the World. But, pray, *said she*, what have you seen in my Carriage towards him, that gives you cause to suspect I have encourag'd him ? You have never done any thing, *said he*, that has given me the least suspicion to your disadvantage, but my Mother's desire is, that you may love *Sebastian* ; and she has laid her Commands upon me to persuade you to it. What then, *said the half-angry Elvira*, it is your desire, I find, as much as my Aunt's ?

No, *said Lorenzo*, it is my desire that you may never love him ; and tho' I promis'd my Mother, I would use all the prevailing Arguments I was master of, to persuade you to a marry'd Life (and she, without doubt, understood, that all my Endeavours were to be upon *Sebastian's* score) yet I had a reserve for myself ; and it is on my own behalf that I sue for

a promise of that Happiness, which none but you can grant me. In short, *Elvira*, you have gain'd a Conquest, which, were you less fair, I should be asham'd of, but that Face and Humour has purchas'd me my own Pardon ; and I am proud, and pleas'd to say, I love : therefore, till you can with pleasure see me die, you must resolve to love none but me.

Elvira, who found her Charms had done what she most wish'd for, was resolv'd to tyrannize a little over a poor Creature, whom above her Life she loved : and with the greatest force upon her Inclinations, she made him this Answer :

Cousin, *said she*, you have very much surpriz'd me with what you have said, I thought I shou'd have been very secure from the Importunities of Love, while I was with you, since you have always express'd the greatest dislike to it ; but I flatter myself, that all you have said, has been only to try how easily you could gain a Heart, which has made so many victorious Defences against all Assaults of that kind. This, I hope, for your own sake, is all you design, since, should you really love me, your Case would be very desperate ; for I have it not in my power to make you the least Return. I shall always love you, as the Son of her that has been a Mother to me ; and shall upon all occasions catch at every opportunity of shewing you the Affections of a Sister, and that, I hope, is all you desire from me.

No, *said the almost distracted Lorenzo*, it is not all I desire ; and without you give me more, you do not give me that : a Sister will do all that is in her power to make a Brother happy, and if you have it in your power to make me so, and refuse to do it, you eat your own words, and break that Promise you have made : But I see you aim at nothing less than my Ruin ; and therefore I will leave this place,

place, that you may not have the pleasure of a Triumph over a Wretch that might have been happy, had he never seen you.

Cousin, *said Elvira*, nothing is farther from my Wishes than your Ruin; and if I wanted natural Affection for so near a Relation, I have receiv'd too many Obligations from your Mother to wish your Destruction; and if nothing but my Love can satisfy you, have a little patience, and I will try to force my Inclinations to comply with your Wishes. No, *said Lorenzo*, that Force you speak of, is as bad as your Disdain; and if you cannot love me without forcing yourself to it, I see so little prospect of my Happiness, that I must, in my own defence, fly from the Person that would, it seems, love me if she could.

You shall not fly, *Lorenzo*, *said Elvira*, (whose Heart began to melt) you shall stay and be as happy as I can make you; *Elvira* shall keep her Promise, and do all you desire, as far as she has power; therefore call back all those wandring Thoughts, and fix them in my Breast for ever. This gave *Lorenzo* new Life, and his Looks express'd the satisfaction her words had given him. But they were both so pleas'd with the Progress they had made in each other's Love, that they minded not *Emilia* and *Sebastian*, who were almost within hearing of them. At last *Elvira* espied them, and said, Here comes my Aunt, and with her my Aversion; she thinks by this time you have said so much for him, that I have not one Argument left to defend myself against him, but what you have answer'd.

By this time they met, and as all Lovers are quick-sighted, so *Sebastian* soon found what was determin'd for him; his Jealousy began to grow, tho' *Elvira*, on purpose to prevent suspicion, behaved herself with more affability towards him than ever she had done before; which served not to deceive the

the subtle *Sebastian*, who read their Design in their Looks; and from that moment secretly vow'd their Ruins: He was no longer able to sit a Spectator of their Happiness, and therefore took his leave with a Look which promised nothing but Destruction to all around him; and wished for nothing more than the Eyes of a *Basilisk*, that he might have darted his Venom, and looked them dead before he left them; and thus, brim full of damnable Malice, he went to put his diabolical Designs in execution. They all took notice of some very great disorder in him, tho' none of them had the least thought of his Hellish Intentions, but supposed it to be the Effects of his Passion for *Elvira*.

As soon as he got home, he, with the help of the Devil, began to contrive the Downfal of those two innocent Persons, who, in the mean time, had what they both wish'd for, the full enjoyment of one another's Company; and *Lorenzo* fail'd not to give *Elvira* new Protestations of his Love, while she, who had never lov'd before, made no great difficulty of receiving his Addresses with the greatest marks of Content.

One day as they sat at dinner, a Footman came and enquired for *Lorenzo*, and told him, a Gentleman with whom he had been acquainted in *France*, was within two Miles of him, and very much desir'd to see him: he has, *said he*, a mind to surprize you, and therefore has not sent his Name. *Lorenzo* order'd him to stay below, and he wou'd get him ready to go with him, which he did, attended only by one Footman of his own, and the Messenger; who carried him to a Place which look'd a little suspiciously, and calling to the Guide, told him he wou'd go no farther. *Well, Sir*, said he, *stay here but two Minutes, and I'll bring him to you.* The Fellow clapp'd Spurs to his Horse, and return'd with four *Bravo's*, who set upon *Lorenzo*, and told him he must die. He was

a little surpriz'd at the Arrest, but being a Man of good Resolution, back'd with Judgment, he made an incredible Defence; and having laid two of his Enemies at his feet, he engag'd the Villain that had decoy'd him out; the other two fled, and left him in the hands of *Lorenzo* and his Man, who had it not in their power to shew him mercy, for he had already received his Death's Wound. *Lorenzo* ask'd him, by whose Instigation he had committed this barbarous Outrage, and what he had done to deserve it? But the Fellow, who was past Confession, died immediately, and left *Lorenzo* in ignorance of his new Enemies. He thought it not safe to stay long there, and therefore made the best of his way back. He came home to his Mother and *Elvira*, and told 'em of the Adventure he had met with, and how narrowly he had escap'd with Life, and was much surpriz'd to think he shou'd have behav'd himself, so as to deserve Enemies in so short a time. They both express'd their Joy for his Deliverance, but neither guess'd the cause of his danger. Some time pass'd in Love betwixt *Lorenzo* and *Elvira*, before *Emelia* took notice of it; and when she found their design, which at first she only suspected, she desir'd to know from *Lorenzo's* own Mouth, whether she had good grounds for her Belief. He told her he did love his Cousin above the World, and hoped she would not oppose, what was very much desired by them both. No, said *Emilia*, I have often wish'd your Inclinations might lie towards one another, and am very well pleas'd with what you have said; and if *Elvira* and you be agreed, I have too great a love for you both, to desire to make you unhappy, by disappointing your Wishes: but *Elvira* has a Father, whose Consent must be sought for as well as mine; she has not seen him a great while, and if you have a mind to go together, and try to procure it, I shall not be against it.

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To this they readily agreed, and after a day's Preparation for their Journey, they set forward ; but an Accident happen'd, which made 'em return sooner than they design'd: for before they had rid four Miles from home, a Bullet came from some unknown hand, and shot *Elvira's* Horse dead under her. *Lorenzo*, tho' it hit him not, yet he was almost dead with the dreadful apprehensions of her being so ; and betwixt his fear and surprize, he had hardly Courage enough to see whether she were dead or alive : at last, (tho' he knew not how) he got to her, and found her unhurt, he took her up, and set her upon one of the Servant's Horses ; which while he was busied about, another Bullet came and shot his Hat off. This made 'em resolve to turn back, for their way lay through a Wood, and *Elvira's* Courage was not great enough to venture. Back again, therefore, with all speed they went, to the great surprize of *Emilia*, who cou'd not imagine the cause of their return. They soon made her acquainted with their happy Deliverance, and were all very much at a loss to know the meaning of what had happen'd. *Elvira* had enough of travelling, and was resolved for the time to come, to stay at home ; however she writ to her Father, and sent him an Account of all Circumstances, as well of *Lorenzo's* Love, as the danger they escaped in going to him. This Letter, whether it were intercepted, or what other accident happen'd, no body cou'd tell, but it never came to the hands of *Gonsalvo*.

In the mean time, *Lorenzo* and his beloved Cousin, waited with the greatest impatience for a return, and much fear'd so long a consideration wou'd at last bring an answer in the Negative, which wou'd have been very disagreeable to 'em both.

The Weather being very hot, they took a Walk one Evening into an adjacent Grove, where *Lorenzo* entertain'd the fair *Elvira* with some remarkable Passages of his Travels ; and among the rest he told her,

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her, That he had a little business one day from *Paris*, and riding by a Wood-side, he heard a very unusual Noise made, as he thought, by a Woman; and tho', *said he*, I never set up for a Knight-Errant, yet my Curiosity carried me in, to see what the matter was, where I found a Woman in the greatest disorder; she had torn her Face, rent her Clothes, and pull'd her Hair off by handfuls; yet in the midst of all this Confusion, she had the air and aspect of a Gentlewoman. I was so very intent upon that Object, that I minded not one which lay by her, and deserv'd my observation as much; and that was a Man who lay wallowing in his own Blood, and just expiring: in his Hand he held a Dagger, which seem'd to have been the fatal Weapon which had ended his days, and he himself the unnatural Executioner. I alighted from my Horse, and walk'd up to her, and told her I much desir'd to know the cause of Misfortune which had happen'd, and in which, she seem'd to have a very great share. She continu'd very silent, and only answer'd me with Sighs and Tears. By this time the poor Gentleman (for such by his habit he seem'd to be) died, and then she fell afresh to wringing of her hands, and pour'd out such a Deluge of Tears, as created in me the greatest pity. I went to her again, and begg'd of her to let me know how she came there, and offer'd my Service to convey her to the City: I likewise promis'd to take care of the dead Man, and see him handsomely interr'd; I said all that my Pity cou'd invent, and I thought I had never met with any thing that deserv'd it more. After some time she look'd up, and told me, she did believe I was a Man of much Charity and Goodness; and you have it, *said she*, in your power to make me happy if you please. I was overjoy'd to hear her say so, and desir'd her to name but the thing that cou'd mitigate her Grief, and I shou'd with

with all the Industry in the World apply myself to it.

Why then, *said she*, if you have any pity for the most miserable Wretch alive, end my trouble with my days, and shoot me dead, for that is the only acceptable Service you can do me. I found it was in vain to persuade her, and I thought it the greatest act of Inhumanity to let her lie and perish. I therefore sent my Man to the Town for Conveniences to carry her away by force; he accordingly went, and left me alone with this weeping *Niobe*, whose lamentable Outcries had brought in some other Passengers; who, when they saw her in such a Passion, and a Man lie by murder'd, they immediately concluded me the Ravisher of one, and the Butcher of the other; and without any farther Examination, seiz'd me with a design to commit me to Prison, till I found a way to clear myself: and thus I had been serv'd, had not the poor afflicted Gentlewoman broken silence in my Justification, and told 'em her Misfortunes proceeded not from me.

They staid till my Man return'd with a Coach for the Lady, and in it was the Mother of the dead Gentleman, who was almost distracted at the sight of her unhappy Son, and reviled the poor young Lady for the murder of her Husband; who was willing to own all she laid to her Charge, that she might have a release out of a World which was no longer able to give her the least Comfort. When I had given them all the assistance I cou'd, and had gotten them back to the City, I left 'em and went on my Journey. My Business kept me from home above a Month, and at my return I went to visit this Lady again, to try if it were possible to find out the cause of the late Accident.

When I had gain'd admittance, I hardly knew her, for tho' she had still the most mortify'd Look, yet had she something very remarkable and pleasing in her Face,

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Face, which she wanted when I had seen her before ; she knew me as soon as she saw me, and gave me the greatest return of Thanks in the World, for what I had done for her, and entertain'd me so prettily in the midst of her trouble, that methought it made me in love with sadness. I told her I was still in the dark concerning what had happen'd, and it being a thing so very particular, I much desir'd to know the meaning of it. She told me, she ow'd a great deal to my Generosity ; first, for the care I had taken of her in the Wood ; and next, for the kind Visit I had made her in her present trouble : and that tho' the Subject was very disagreeable, yet wou'd she, if in her power, command herself enough to tell me all ; and when she had wiped her Eyes, and compos'd herself a little, she thus began :

I am, *said she*, Daughter to one of the wealthiest Men in——, whose avaritious Temper has ruin'd the only Son and Daughter he ever had : It wou'd be too tedious to trouble you with my Brother's concerns, who is, if possible, as wretched as myself ; I shall therefore stick to my own Misfortunes, which stick, alas ! too close to me, and begin at the fourteenth Year of my Age, when I was soft and fit for any Impression. Then it was, that by the command of my Father, I receiv'd the Addresses of *Don Carlos*, only Son to the Treasurer, and a Man believed by all to be very rich. He was young as well as I, being not above Eighteen Years of Age, and tho' our Parents thought us both too young to marry, yet they were willing to give us the liberty of Conversation, which we by degrees improv'd to Love, and often vow'd our Hearts to one another. Thus we went on for two whole Years ; at the end of which, the Treasurer died, and left his Son a very good Estate, tho' far short of what my Father expected for me, and of what most People thought him worth. However, tho' his Estate was lessen'd, my Love was not ; but I
liked

liked him as well now as ever, and received him with the same air as before. But whatever my Intentions were, my Father's were much alter'd; he fell from his usual carriage towards him, and at last, forbid him his House. This touched us both very sensibly, and gave us a great deal of Uneasiness, yet we saw one another sometimes by stealth; and when we missed of that Opportunity, we convers'd by Letters: and thus we liv'd for some time, without any farther Disappointment, till one day my Father told me, he had prepared a Husband for me, and laid his strictest Commands upon me to receive him with Civility, as I tendred his Favour. I knew not what to say or what answer to make him; I was sure, if I said any thing to oppose his Will, he wou'd immediately lock me up. I therefore made the best of it, and seem'd pleas'd till he was gone, and then I gave my Passion vent in a thousand Complaints, which did me no service. At last I was resolv'd to send *Carlos* a Letter, with the sad Account of my Father's Proceedings; and while I had liberty, I got a Pen, and writ him the following Lines.

*N*O body wou'd desire Life, were they, like me, visited every day with new and unthought of Torments; but this last is an insupportable one, which must without your speedy Aid, sink me to the lowest pitch of despair, and I must languish and die in the Arms of some hated, I know not who, except you come with haste to my Rescue. Send your Result by the Beaver, for I long to know what course you will take to secure me yours.

LEONORA.

When I had written this Letter, I knew not who to trust with it; but by the help of a Companion I had with me, I procured a Fellow who promis'd to deliver it as directed: I dispatch'd him away, and
bid

bid him stay for an Answer, which he did ; and in a little time return'd with these Words.

FEAR not, my dearest Leonora, but that I will snatch you from the Jaws of all your Fears, and will this Night convey you from the reach of your Father's Cruelty. At Twelve a-clock you may expect the old Sign ; be sure be ready, for I'll not fail.

CARLOS.

With this Letter, and the Promises in it, I pleas'd myself till the appointed time came. I open'd both my Ears when the Clock struck Twelve, and with impatience listned for the Sign : It struck One, Two, Three, and Four, yet still no Sign ; and then the rising Sun put a full stop to all my future Expectations. I knew not what to think the meaning of it shou'd be : sometimes I fear'd the Heart of Carlos was changed, and that he thought it not worth his trouble to come for me : sometimes again I thought, he had met with some disaster by the way ; and then (as the true cause) I suspected some Treachery, tho' all was but guess, and I was kept in Ignorance, till my knowledge cou'd do me no good.

That Morning my Father came to me, and told me I might expect to see my new Lover at Noon, who shou'd not make me above two Visits more, before I was his Wife. I knew his violent Temper too well to make any Reply, but was forc'd with patience to submit to all he said : however, I wou'd have died ten thousand Deaths, rather than have married Frederick, (for that was his Name) had I not thought Carlos had utterly forsaken me ; who might, I was sure, have made some shift to have seen me, or to let me have heard from him at least. At Noon, as my Father said, when I came down to dinner, I saw a Stranger, whom I had never seen before, and did suppose him the Person of which my Father had told

me ; and from my Heart wished, that what we eat, might have proved the bane either of him or myself.

As soon as we had dined, my Father left the Room, with a design to leave him the liberty of improving his time. When he was gone, the Stranger came to me, and in a broken Language, which I cou'd not well understand, he made a shift, I know not how, to tell me, he loved me much. I made him an answer to what I understood, in the most discouraging Words I cou'd think on ; but he wanted an Interpreter as much as I did, and my frowning Brow was the only intelligible thing, by which he cou'd so much as guess at my Inclinations. However, tho' I did not understand him, my Father did ; and with a joint Consent of both Parties, immediately agreed upon my ruin. He came again once or twice, and without any more Courtship or farther Acquaintance, I was, by the cruel Commands of my Father, marry'd to that unhappy Wretch, whom you saw in the Wood.

I embraced him with the same desire, I shou'd have done a Serpent, and went to his Bed with more loathing, than I shou'd have gone to a stinking Dungeon. And thus was I forced into the most miserable and wretched Condition. At last, after I had been married some time, I had a little Liberty, and then I made a private enquiry after poor *Carlos* ; and found out that my Father had intercepted my Letter, and when he had read it, he sent it to him, and watch'd for the Messenger's return with an Answer, which he read likewise, and then sent it to me. By this means he found out all our designs, and being prepar'd for *Carlos*, seiz'd and confin'd him till after I was married ; and when he had his Liberty again, he went none knew where. This Account I hearken'd to with a true Sorrow, both for his sad Fate and my own. When *Federick* had staid as long at _____, as his

his Business wou'd admit, he return'd to this unhappy Place, and brought me with him. I did all I cou'd to love him, and forget *Carlos*; I consider'd he was now my Husband, and that I was oblig'd by all Laws to use him as such; and by degrees, I brought myself to a compliance with that Duty, which I knew to be so incumbent upon me. However, he knew, he had taken me against my Will, and therefore thought my Love was no more than pretence and shew, and wou'd often say in the midst of his Embraces, Oh! *Leonora*, were I but sure of thy Heart, I shou'd think myself happier than all the World cou'd make me without it; and I wou'd not change my Condition to be Monarch of the Earth:

I wept and told him, nothing cou'd be so unkind as his causless Suspicions of me were; and profess'd to him, that not only my Heart, but the Thoughts thereof, my Words and Actions, all were wholly his, without the least reserve; and begg'd of him to believe me, as he tendred my quiet and his own. At last, with a daily repetition of my Vows, and a constant care to oblige him, I brought him (seemingly at least) to believe me real; and we liv'd for some time in a perfect Content, without the least accident to disturb our Ease, till Fate, who had another bitter Draught for me to swallow, one day brought me a Letter from a wretched Brother I had; whom I mention'd to you in the beginning of my Story; in which he express'd his Resentments, against my Father's Cruelty to us both; and said, his Pity was greater for me, than his Trouble for himself; and that he cou'd not remember me lodg'd in the Arms of one he knew I hated, without the greatest transports of Rage: and said, he cou'd curse his Stars for denying him a power to revenge himself and me. He likewise express'd himself in the bitterest Terms against my Husband. All which, you may believe, made me not willing to expose his Letter; I was

therefore resolv'd to read it, and then commit it to the Flames; but before I had well gotten to the bottom of it, my Husband came into the Room, and ask'd me, what Paper that was? My Confusion was so great, that I had not Presence of Mind enough, to think of any excuse; but with a colour, which represented me more guilty than I really was, I wou'd fain have shuffled it into my Pocket, under the foolish Pretence of a Taylor's Bill. But he, who had taken but too much notice of my grand Disorder, desir'd the liberty of seeing it. I knew how much pains it had already cost me to bring him into a Belief of my Sincerity towards him; and I was very sure if I gave it to him, it wou'd be a means to call back all his former Suspicions of me, and to create an everlasting Feud betwixt us. This Consideration made me grow resolute, and I positively deny'd to let him see it; tho' I have had time enough to repent my inconsiderate Folly, and have often wish'd, I had run the risque of all the Inconveniences which might (and wou'd without doubt) have attended my Compliance.

When he saw he cou'd not prevail with me, he gave over asking, and glossed over his dreadful Designs with a smooth Brow, and his usual Carriage. One day he came to me, and told me the Weather was very inviting, and he had a mind to take a little Air, and asked me if I wou'd go with him. I very readily consented, and we went together into that unlucky Wood, where you found us; and making choice of the most melancholy place of it, as being fittest for the part he had to act; he told me, my Unkindness had made his Life a burthen to him: And curst be that Man, *continu'd he*, that takes a Woman to his Bed, whose Heart is lodg'd in another's Bosom. But, *Leonora, said he*, I have done you wrong as well as myself, and I have no way left to expiate my Fault, but by removing the hated

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Object from your Sight. And without giving me time to make the least Answer in my own Justification, he pull'd out a Dagger which he had brought with him, and before I was aware, or had well seen it, he had plung'd it in his Breast. Oh ! cruel *Frederick*, said I, what hast thou done ?

I have, said he, left you free for the beloved *Carlos*, whose Letter you kept with so much Industry from my sight. I never had a Letter from *Carlos*, said I, since I was thine, nor did I ever entertain so much as a thought to thy disadvantage : Oh ! do but look up and live, to take a thousand demonstrations of my Love. He took me by the Hand, and gave me a dying Farewel, but never spoke more ! I need not tell you the extravagancy of my Words or Actions, since you came time enough to be a Spectator of one, and an Ear-witness to the other.

When I was brought back to this Place, you know I was left in the hands of my Mother-in-law, who aggravated my trouble, by charging me with the horrid Fact of murdering my Husband, and deliver'd me up to Justice, by which I must have suffer'd, having nothing but my own Word to bring me off, had not my poor *Frederick* taken a Method to prevent it, which he did thus : Before he went to the fatal Place appointed by himself for his Execution, he left a Paper in the hands of his Man, with orders not to open it till the next Morning, by which time he did suppose, I shou'd be tax'd with a Crime, which he knew I shou'd be innocent of ; and in that Paper he had written his Design, and had deliver'd it to his Man, before two Witnesses, which clear'd me as well of the Fact, as of the Scandal of it.

Thus, said Lorenzo, *Leonora* made an end of her mournful Tale ; and then I got up, and with Thanks wou'd have taken my leave ; but as I was going, her Maid brought her a Letter, which she open'd, and read with a great deal of Concern, and change of

Colour. When she had done, she gave it to me, saying, Sir, you have had a true Account of my unfortunate Life hitherto, and therefore I will not make you a Stranger to this Letter; read it, and give me your Advice. I took it from her, and, to the best of my remembrance, found it thus:

SINCE Heaven has espoused my Quarrel, and removed that Adversary who robb'd me of all my Joys, I hope I may now lay a just Claim to that Heart, which has so often been given by her, who only had the right of disposing of it. I send you this, to prepare you for a Reception of the Author; who hopes, whatever he has been, he is not indifferent to you now. I have made it my chiefest care not to disturb your quiet; and therefore have kept myself conceal'd: yet have I spent as much time here as you have done, and waited with patience for this Hour, which will prove happy, as you give Encouragement to your once beloved

CARLOS.

When I had read this Letter, I return'd it to *Leonora*, whose Looks were much mended; and finding by her Silence, that she expected my Opinion, I gave it her thus:

Madam, said I, your Life has been a Life of much Uneasiness, and such as requir'd the steadiest Mind to bear; but now you have it in your own power to give your Fortune a turn, and if I were worthy to advise, it shou'd be to take the Man you love, and seek in him that rest which the World has, in every thing else, so long deny'd you. This Advice I found was not unwelcome to her, tho' she made some slight Objections, which I believe she only did, that I might answer them. I took my leave of her for that time, and in a few days I visited her again, and found *Don Carlos* with her; I told her I shou'd in a little time leave *France*, and cou'd be glad to see her happy

happy before I went. *She said*, she had made no Resolution against *Don Carlos*, but wou'd not think of marrying till she return'd to her own Country. I saw her not afterwards, but heard she was gone.

And thus *Lorenzo* ended his Story, by which time it was almost Night, and they began to think of returning home. But as they passed by a Place very thick of Trees, they thought they heard somebody talk, and fancy'd they knew the Voice: they stopp'd, and heard a Man say, What, must all my Projects fail? And is it impossible to gain my ends? Will nothing reach the Lives of them I hate, but must I still thirst for Revenge, without a power to bring my designs to perfection? No, *continu'd he*, I'll plunge to the deepest Gulf of Hell, but I'll find a Revenge equal to the Disdain I have met with. I'll make that proud Beauty know, it had been safer for her to have stood a Thunder-bolt just hissing from the Sky, than to have scorn'd me for that Toy, *Lorenzo*. This last Word made *Elvira* tremble, and she begg'd *Lorenzo* to make haste home; who wou'd much rather have gone to meet his Enemy, had not *Elvira's* danger check'd his rising Choler. They both knew it to be the Voice of *Sebastian*, and by this Discovery, unravel'd the bottom of all their past dangers. *Elvira's* Fears added Wings to her Feet, and *Lorenzo's* Love made him keep pace with her; so that in a very little time they got home. She told her Aunt of *Sebastian's* Treachery, and how by chance they had found out all his Designs, which aim'd at nothing less than hers, and *Lorenzo's* Life; and which she much fear'd, he wou'd at last, by some Project or other accomplish. His Threats were always in her ears, and she never miss'd *Lorenzo* from her sight, but she concluded *Sebastian's* Treachery had reached him. Thus did she live in the midst of ten thousand Fears, and wou'd have given almost Life, to have been secured from Death.

Lorenzo, whose care it was to divert her Womanish Fears, did all he cou'd in order to it; and told her, the best way to put a stop to *Sebastian's* Malice, was to marry; for, *said he*, when he finds his hopes are gone, he will no longer pursue you with his Revenge, but rather shew his Resentments by slighting the Affront.

I only wait, *said she*, for an order from my Father, at whose Silence I am very much surpriz'd, and cannot but fear something more than well has happen'd. *Lorenzo* told her, if he cou'd persuade himself to leave her so long, he wou'd go and see. But the thoughts of *Sebastian's* wicked Intentions made her resolve against it, and she gave very little Encouragement to that Proposal.

Thus those two innocent Persons sat entertaining one another till almost Midnight, when they heard a Man without the House, cry, *Villain, what dost thou do?* *Lorenzo* started up and went to the Window, where he saw two Men striving for a lighted Match. It was so dark that he cou'd not know either of them, but he said, he did very much suspect one of them was either *Sebastian*, or some body set on by him to do some mischief. He immediately rais'd the House, and, with his Servants, went out to see what the matter was; he found only one Gentleman, standing by a Train of Gun-powder; the other, at the Noise they made going out, with all expedition vanish'd. *Lorenzo* went up to the other, and not knowing how to accost him, whether as a Friend or an Enemy, only ask'd him what his design was; who told him, it was to do him Service, and preserve not only his, but the Lives of all his Family, who must have been laid in Ashes by this time, had not some unknown Power, *said he*, sent me this way to your Deliverance.

Lorenzo expressed his Gratitude in the most obliging return of Thanks, and with a great deal of importunity, after many denials, he at last prevail'd
with

with the Stranger to go with him into the House, where he desir'd a more perfect Account of what had happen'd. He told him, that being much a Stranger in that place, and the Night coming upon him before he expected it, he was quite at a loss which way to go; and after having wander'd some time in an unknown Path, *said he*, I at last espied a Light in this House, towards which I made for a little Information; but when I came nearer, I happily saw a Man very busy about something on the Ground: I was a little curious to see what he was doing; and found, by all Circumstances, that he was laying a Scheme for the Ruin of this House and Family. I was resolv'd to put a speedy Prevention to his Designs, and spoke aloud on purpose to alarm those within. He soon perceiv'd his Plot was spoil'd, and when he heard you coming, he muttered out some Curses against me and you, and all the World, and then got away as fast as he could. When he had told *Lorenzo* all he knew, he got up, and would have gone, which *Lorenzo* would by no means admit of; but told him, he should stay and take a little rest till Morning, and then he would detain him no longer.

Rest, *said the Stranger*, is what I am unacquainted with; nor shall I ever throw away my expectations, on what I know so well I must never be possess'd of. If you desire me to stay till morning, I will; but did you know what a wretched Guest you have gotten, you would rather drive me from you, than invite me to stay; and would send me hence to breathe infectious Air among those Creatures who come nearest to my own Misfortunes. Here the Stranger, in spight of all his Manhood, drop'd a Tear or two; which mov'd the tender Heart of poor *Elvira* so much, that she kept him company in his melancholy Exercise; and told him, if it would not make too great a breach in Charity to desire a repetition of
what

what so nearly touched him, she could be very earnest in the request of knowing the cause of his Trouble.

Madam, *said he*, tho' it be opening my Wounds afresh, to repeat my Wrongs, yet you seem so very desirous to be acquainted with my Sufferings, that to morrow-morning I will give you the saddest Account you have ever yet been entertain'd with ; but you must wrap your Heart in a Case of Adamant, or it will melt away in the hearing of it. Here the Stranger stopt : And *Lorenzo*, who thought it time for them all to go to rest, conducted him to his Apartment, and then *Elvira* and he went severally to theirs, where the latter spent their time in Sleep, and the former his in Sighs. When it was day, this restless Stranger got from his Bed, which afforded him but little Comfort, and took a walk into the Gardens, which were very fine. Our two Lovers were not long behind him, who, when they had given him a good Morning, challenged his last Night's Promise ; and he, who was willing to fulfil their Desire, thus began :

My Name, *said he*, is *Octavio*, born in a neighbouring Nation : I have, to my Father, one of the cruellest Men in the World, whose daily care has been to make his Children miserable. My Mother died when I was very young, and left behind her no other Child than one Daughter and myself : And when I was about Fourteen Years of Age, my Father was sent for to a dying Friend, who earnestly begg'd his Care of a little Daughter he had, she being his only Child ; and, with her, put all his worldly Substance, which was not much, into his hands. My Father gave his Friend all the assurances of his best Endeavours for his Child : And when he was dead, he brought her home ; and I cannot do him Justice, unless I say he used her with a great deal of kindness, had not his Cruelty afterwards

wards cancell'd all his Care. She was about ten Years of Age when she came to us, and had the same Benefit of Education which my Sister had. We lived together as Children, while we were so, and (which is very rare) I do not remember that we ever had the least Jar or Dispute about any thing, for the space of five whole Years which we lived together.

For my part, I had not the least thought of Love; yet the sweetness and affability of this little Orphan's Disposition made an early Impression on my Heart: And tho' she was a most diverting agreeable Creature in all particulars, yet nothing moved me so much to Love, as did her unparallel'd Humour. I often made it my study to make her angry, and did things in order to it, which I myself was ashamed of, tho' I could never accomplish my design; for she bore all my Tryals with such evenness of Temper, as if she had been her own Prophetess, and had known before-hand that she was made to suffer.

This turn'd my seeming Indifference into a most violent Love; and Life and Light were grown hateful to me when she was absent from my Eyes. Here the Stranger interrupted himself, and lifting up his Head with a Sigh, told his small Auditory, that when he began his Story his design was to have made it very short; but, Madam, *said he*, the Subject is so large, that I find it impossible to stint myself; and I hope, since you have so earnestly desir'd it, you will arm yourself with patience to hear it out. Sir, *said Elvira*, you need not make any Apology for what promises so much Diversion; and if you have but Courage to proceed, you need not dispute my Patience to hear you. Know then, Madam, *said he*, that nothing was ever so fond of his Fellow-Creature, as I grew of the incomparable Clara (for that was her dear Name) but tho' I had
given

given her a thousand Marks of my Love in dumb shew, yet had I never verbally express'd myself to her on that Subject. One day, when we were alone, I took her by the Hand, and told her, I hoped my Eyes had not been such ill Orators, but that they had in part done the Office of my Tongue. However, *Clara*, said I, if they have been silent, I am resolv'd to be so no longer; and since I cannot live without you, it would be the greatest Self-denial to forbid myself a discovery of what I hope you will make no great difficulty of accepting of. She, whose Apprehension was always on the wing, staid not for a plainer Explanation of what I had said, but told me, she had often fear'd what she was now but too sure of. This gave me some uneasiness, and I asked her what formidable Object presented itself to her in the shape of me or my Love, that could give her the least apprehension of Fear.

Oh! *Octavio*, said she, I see nothing in your Love but what inspires me with something too like itself; but I see such dreadful Effects arising from that Cause, that I much fear they will end in our Ruin; you know your Father expects you should marry to advantage, which you can never do by taking me to your Arms: And when he comes to know how much we love, the end of it will be an everlasting Separation. Had we not therefore, said she, better prevent this growing Ill, by nipping our Follies in the bud, before they grow headstrong, and past our mastery?

Clara, said I, your Love perhaps is in the bud, and you can hinder its growth when you please; but mine is full grown, and has taken root so fast, that nothing but tearing out Heart and all, can be of force enough to displace it. Tell me not therefore of Advantage, give me but thyself to bless my longing Arms, and then shall I be master of more Wealth than the *Eastern* Empire has to boast of.

Thus

Thus did I entertain my *Clara* every day, without the least suspicion ; my Father not once guessing at any thing like Love betwixt us ; nor any body else except my Sister, who had all along been privy to it, and who was soon after almost as miserable as myself. But there was, it seems, a time prefix'd for her Troubles to end, while mine must bear a lasting date ; and not so much as a bare hope to sooth my sinking Soul, or give my drooping Spirits new Life. One day I had sate myself down by the unhappy *Clara*, and with a sudden transport took her to my Arms ; at which unlucky Juncture my Father happen'd to come in. He looked upon us with the greatest surprize, and without speaking one word, he went straight out of the room. Now, *said my poor Clara*, we may take an everlasting leave of one another, for I shall be soon banish'd from your sight. Oh ! *Octavio*, *said she*, how much would you have loved me more, had you loved me less ? for now I have given up my Heart to you, I shall be sent I know not where, to some remote part of the World, where I must pine away, and never hear your Name again, but when kind Echo returns an Answer to my Complaints.

No, *Clara*, *said I*, wherever you go, thither will I follow ; nor shall all the Menaces of a cruel Father hinder me from being a Partner in thy Fortunes. Thou shalt never say, *Octavio* drew thee into Misery, and there left thee ; for if thou art to be wretched, it shall be his choice to be so too. While I was thus breathing out the very Resolutions of my Soul, and making fresh Protestations to the Mistress of all my Vows, my Father call'd me ; I went to him, and found him in a very pleasant Humour, which made me hope for a Toleration of my Love : But he soon took care to undeceive me, by telling me, he was growing old, and knew not how long he had to live ; I shall therefore, *said he*, be glad to see you

you and your Sister disposed of before I die; and in order to it, I have provided a Husband for her, and a Wife for you, and will have you both marry'd very soon. I told him he could propose nothing to me which was more my Aversion than a Wife, and hoped he would let that be the last time of urging me to any such thing. He, who had a greater share of Cunning than Humanity in him, seem'd to be satisfy'd with this Answer; and told me, very moderately, since my Inclinations were so much against it, he would leave it to my own choice, either to marry, or let it alone: And for that time our Talk ended; and I was fool enough to believe him satisfy'd, and had hopes that I might in time bring him to comply with my Wishes.

Clara and I spent our time as before, tho' she always had a suspicion of my Father, and said, she was afraid some rough Design lurk'd under that smooth Brow; which prov'd too fatally true, both for her and me.

Not long after, my Father told me, he wou'd have me go and visit a Relation who liv'd not far from us, and whom I had not seen of a considerable time, and cou'd have been content never to have seen him, rather than have left *Clara* one moment; but it was my Father's Command, and I durst not refuse to go. I was dispatch'd away without time to consider, and was receiv'd with a kindness very different from what I had been used to at that Place. I made several offers to go home, but still found 'em very pressing upon me to stay longer; at last, it grew towards Night, and then I was resolv'd to be gone, tho' they did all they cou'd to have kept me till the next Morning. I began to suspect that all this kindness had something in the bottom, which wou'd in the end make me uneasy: upon which thought, I immediately left the House, and with all speed went home. I met my Father at the Door, who look'd, as I thought,

wild

wild and surprized ; I gave him an account of my small Journey, of which he took not much notice ; I found by him that he did not care to talk, and being glad of an Opportunity to leave him, I went to look for *Clara* : but when I came into the Room where she commonly was, I saw no body but my Sister in Tears. I soon began to fear, and ask'd her hastily, what was become of *Clara* ? to which, she gave me no Answer. What, *said I, almost raving*, are you become my Enemy too ? No, *said she*, I am your Friend, while I keep you in ignorance, and if you have a mind to preserve your Wits, live without any farther Information ; or if you must needs know the woful Tidings of your own Ruin, make not me the Author of such unwelcome News, but go to some Enemy that can be pleased to see you die.

No, *said I*, I will go no farther, I will know all, and that from you. What ! has my barbarous Father convey'd away the innocent *Clara*, and does he fondly suppose, that I'll stay tamely here without her ? No, *continu'd I*, I'll ransack Earth and Sea but I'll find her out ; and let him see, that I have it in my own power to make myself happy, in spite of all his Cruelty.

Oh ! *Octavio, said my weeping Sister*, how much do you boast a power you have not ! My Father has not done his work by halves, nor has his Cruelty reach'd at any thing less, than the Life of the much abused *Clara*. These Ears heard the Sentence of her Death pronounc'd, and these Eyes saw her go to it like a Lamb to the Sacrifice, without the least reluctance. She only begg'd one quarter of an hour's respite, which, when granted, she spent in writing a Letter to you ; and when she had finish'd it, she gave it to me, and told me, the last Request she shou'd ever make to me, was, to deliver that Letter to my Brother. I gave her my faithful Promise to fulfil her last Request, tho' it is with some unwillingness I keep

keep it. I snatch'd it from her, senseless as I was, and by a frequent repetition of it since, I believe, I can tell you every Word of it.

I Always told you, dear Octavio, that I was not worthy of you; but tho' I must not live yours, yet in spite of your cruel Father, I will die so; and since I die for so good a Cause, Death is doubly welcome. I know your Love for me is very great; and if you are resolv'd to make me happy in the Grave, spill not your Sand before your Glass is run, but wait with patience the Will of Heaven: I go to give up that Life which cou'd no longer be of use to me, than it had the liberty of enjoying your Company; and when once that was deny'd me, Death was the welcomest Guest to my afflicted Soul! Live, dearest Octavio, and live happy, by forgetting the most unfortunate

CLARA.

When I had read these Lines, I threw myself upon the Ground, and for some time lay without Motion. My frightened Sister call'd for help, and by the assistance of outward Applications, they brought me to a new sense of my Misery. They got me to bed, and with their greatest diligence watched my Actions, which prevented the design I had of setting my Soul at liberty, to follow my injur'd Clara. I lay for some Weeks in so dubious a Condition, that the most skilful Person about me, knew not whether I had an Hour of Life to come or no; I spoke not to any, nor had I the perfect use of any of my Senses. My Father, whose Guilt had kept him from me all this while, when he heard 'twas impossible for me to live, he came to be a Spectator of his wretched Son. Tho' I had not spoke for some days, yet the sight of him rais'd new fire in me, and I got up in my Bed, and turning to him, with burning Rage, Come, said I, inhuman Father, behold the Trophies

of thy glorious Cruelty; see here thy only Son, whose Thread of Life thou hast cut before it was half spun. Oh! with what Eyes wilt thou look thy last Hour in the face, who hast betray'd thy Trust, and murder'd the Innocent committed to thy charge? Oh! that she had died by any other Hand but yours, that I might have torn the Villain piece-meal, and scatter'd his mangled Limbs over the face of the whole Earth. And why is thy barbarity at an end? Why am not I a sharer in her Fate? Or, is it a pleasure to you to see your Son die daily, by living in perpetual Misery? Oh! have some pity for a Wretch of your own making, and take that Life you gave. Here I grew faint, and falling back upon my Pillow, gave way to what my Father had to say, who when he saw the weak Condition I was in, thought it not best to give me any Reply; but ordering the greatest care to be taken of me, he left the Room, and I saw him not since; for finding that his Presence did but exasperate me, he was resolv'd to see me no more, till I either grew better or worse. I lay for some time longer in a great deal of uncertainty; but at last, strength of Nature got the better; and tho' my Mind was still the same, yet my Body recover'd its former Health, and by degrees I re-assumed Strength enough to go abroad again. As soon as I was in a Condition to travel, I took up some Money which a dead Relation had left me, and taking leave of my Sister only, I left that dreadful Place of all my Sufferings, and have ever since been in pursuit of that Rest, which I now despair of, since I have so long sought it in vain. I hear sometimes from my Sister, who has been as great a Sufferer as myself, but has at last gain'd the Point, and is now happy with the Man she loves; and were I capable of the least Content, the change of her Fortune wou'd give me a considerable share. But alas! as all my thoughts were Clara's while she liv'd, so are they to be wholly hers while I do so; and I think

I do her the greatest Injustice, if at any time I rob her of a Moment of 'em.

Sir, *said* Lorenzo, your hard Fate calls for the greatest Compassion ; and I never met with any thing that touch'd me so much, except the relation of a Story I had once from a Lady in *France* ; whom, by the whole run of your Discourse, I do verily believe to be your Sister : she told me her Name was *Leonora*, and her Husband's *Frederick*, who put a period to his own days, occasion'd by the mistake of a Letter. That very Person, *said* Octavio, is, as you suppose, my Sister, and I do believe you are the Gentleman of whose Civility she has, by Letter, given me an account : and since I have nothing but a poor return of Thanks in my power, I beg of you to accept of them in her behalf.

Lorenzo embraced *Octavio*, and told him, he had made a greater return than any thing he had ever done cou'd deserve, by preserving him and his whole House, from the sudden destruction intended against 'em. But, *said he*, if you have a mind to load me with Obligations, you cannot do it more effectually, than by giving us a few days more of your Company. *Elvira* likewise desir'd, that since he had no settled place of abode, he wou'd resolve to spend some of his time where he was, and where she hoped he might find as much Content, as if he went in quest of other Company.

Octavio (who tho' he had lost his Quiet, yet retain'd his Manners) told them, how sensible he was of the favour they did him in desiring the Company of a Person wholly unconvertible ; and one who was fit for nothing, but to give an entertainment to his own dull Thoughts. Yet, Madam, *said he*, since you command my stay, I will in obedience comply, tho' I do very much believe you will, in a little time, grow extremely weary of your Guest, and heartily repent your Invitation. Before *Elvira* cou'd make an

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Answer to what he had said, a Servant came with a summons to dinner, where *Octavio* eat not much Meat, but fed plentifully upon Sighs.

When they had dined, *Lorenzo* told him, he wou'd take him out to a Place, which look'd as if it were made on purpose to indulge such Melancholy as his. They prepared for their Walk, and *Elvira* and her Aunt went along with them: just at the Door they met a small Merchant, with Womens Toys; and among several Bottles of Essences and Perfumes, was one of an extraordinary Vertue, distinguish'd by the Name of a *Cure for Melancholy*; nay, it was like all Quack Preparations, good for every thing. *Elvira*, who had a particular fancy for the Bottle, as well as to try what effect it wou'd have on *Octavio*, tho' it was very dear, yet she bought it, and call'd for a Glass to present him with some of it; in the meantime, the Man of whom they bought this rare Cordial went away, and the strictest enquiry they could make, was not sufficient to find him out again. The Glass which *Elvira* call'd for, was brought, and as she was going to fill some of it out, the Bottle slipp'd from between her Fingers, and broke to pieces: this Disappointment spoil'd *Elvira*'s Experiment; and while she was lamenting her loss, a little *Italian* Greyhound, that had been *Lorenzo*'s Fellow-Traveller, and used to taste of every thing, ran to this Liquid stuff, and lick'd up some of it, but being very strong, he shak'd his Ears and left it; and in two Minutes swell'd to a prodigious bigness, and died immediately. This gave 'em all the greatest surprize, but *Elvira* made no doubt, but that it was one of *Sebastian*'s Contrivances to end her days. Oh! said *Octavio*, how near was I to a Cure for all my Pain, had but this lucky Hour favour'd me with one spoonful of that Cordial?

Lorenzo was so enraged with this last Attempt, that he drew his Sword, and vow'd he wou'd no more

sheath it, till he found a way through the Heart of that base Villain, that had so often sought out means to end his and his beloved *Elvira's* days by Treachery; and flinging himself out, he went directly to the Grove, where they had, some time before, heard *Sebastian* breathe out his Threats against 'em, and where he had been inform'd, he spent much of his time. Here, *said he*, I will seek my Enemy, and either give up my own Life, or take his.

Elvira and *Octavio* did all they cou'd to persuade him back, but he was grown resolute, and wou'd not hearken to any thing they said: he ran from Place to Place in search of him; and call'd aloud upon an Enemy, who was not within hearing of him. At last he heard somebody among the Trees, and with a Fury full ripe, and grown to the height, he ran in, with hopes to find the worst of Men, *Sebastian*: but instead of him, he found a poor, miserable, lean, tatter'd Creature, which he knew not what to make of, whether Man or Woman. *Octavio* and *Elvira* follow'd him close, and were Spectators of this moving Sight, as well as he. And what art thou, *said Lorenzo*, for a miserable Creature? I am, *said she*, (for it was a Woman) what you say, and my Name is *Misery*! Ask me no more, for that is all you must know of me.

Octavio, who had listned to the few Words she had spoken, thought himself very well acquainted with that Voice, but cou'd not persuade himself that he had ever seen the Face in his Life. Sir, *said he to Lorenzo*, you promis'd to shew me a Place fit only for the wretched, and surely this is it. The poor Woman, who had never rais'd her Eyes from the Ground, hearing *Octavio* speak, lifted 'em up, and looking on him, cry'd out aloud, *Octavio*! and then fell to the Ground. *Octavio*, who knew her not, was much at a loss to know how she came by his Name; however he ran to her, and with the help
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of his Companions, brought her to herself; and then asked her how she came to know him. Alas! *said she*, are Poverty and Rags disguise enough to make *Octavio* forget his *Clara*? And is it possible that any thing can alter me past your knowledge? My Misfortunes are doubly such, if you resolve to forsake and despise me for them. No, *said Octavio*, if thou art *Clara*, thou art still the only Creature upon Earth that can give relief to my distracted Mind and wounded Heart; thy Wrongs have cost me too many Months repose, and I have given up my self too much to the thoughts of thee, to slight or despise thee now I have found thee: but the Thoughts and almost Certainty of thy Death, are so impressed upon my Mind, and thou art so very unlike thy self, that still methinks, I doubt my own Happiness. If you consider the difference, *said she*, between Want and Plenty, Rest and Labour, Ease and Pain, between Quiet of Mind, and distracted racking Thoughts, you will no longer wonder at the alteration you see in me. If *Octavio* still loves *Clara*, and can love her in the midst of so much Poverty, he may yet be as happy as she can make him; and need no longer doubt, but that he has infallibly recover'd what has been so long lost, both to him and herself.

Tho', *said Octavio*, thou hast nothing of *Clara* but her Voice, yet I will believe thee her. Oh! come to my Arms, thou dear promoter of all my Joys, and tell me how thou hast escaped the Fury and Malice of thy cruel Guardian.

No, *said Elvira*, (who had been a Witness to this happy meeting) you shall not have my Consent to stay any longer here, let us return back to the House, and give her a little Food, and we will hear her Story at home. *Elvira*, who was never better pleased than when she was doing good, took *Clara*, and stripp'd her of her Rags, and dress'd her in some of her Clothes, which together with the sudden Quiet of her Mind, made such an advantageous alteration

in her, that *Octavio* no longer doubted but that he had regain'd the *Clara* he lov'd. And now, *said he*, since I have recovered thee from the Jaws of Death, come and let us hear by what miraculous Power thou hast been preserved. *Clara*, who desir'd to make what Addition she cou'd to the satisfaction of her Company, thus began :

When your Father, *said she*, had sent you out of the way, he came directly up to me, and finding your Sister *Leonora* with me, he bid her be gone. She left the Room as he had commanded her ; and then he asked me whether I cou'd expect any thing less than Death to be the reward of my Ingratitude. Have I not, *said he*, brought you up with the same Care and Cost, the same Food and Raiment with my own Child ? Have I not indulged your Desires, and made you an equal sharer in all her Pleasures ? And in return of all my kindness, have you not seduced my only Son, and drawn him from his Reason and Obedience ? These things *Clara*, *said he*, you have done, and therefore you must die. I shall give you very little time to prepare, for your Executioner is already come.

I told him, he laid things to my Charge, which I was very innocent of ; but that if my Life cou'd contribute to his Son's good, I most readily and willingly wou'd lay it down ; only I desir'd one quarter of an Hour's time, which, with much unwillingness, at last he gave me. I spent it in writing to you, and when I had done, I gave it to *Leonora*, whose Tears told me, how great her Concern was for me. I took my leave of her, and went with so much Patience to meet my Death, that even your cruel Father dropp'd a Tear. My Butcher, who was to convey me away, had a Boat ready for me, into which I was put ; and when he had me a convenient way from Land, he asked what Death I wou'd chuse. I told him Death was welcome to me in any shape,
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and he might dress him as he thought fit. He asked me, whether I had a mind to live? I told him, no, for I found I was cut out for Misery, and I had rather die at once, than every day. Well, *said he*, 'tis true, I have undertaken your Death, but I want Courage to go through with it; and if you will promise me not to return to this Place, I will give you Life and Liberty. No, *said I*, do thy Office, for if I must never see *Octavio* again, Death will be a more welcome Guest than Life.

You know not, *said the Man*, that you must never see him more; Heaven may smile upon you, and remove your Enemy, and then you may be happy in each other: and why shou'd you chuse Death when you may live?

Tho' I did believe I shou'd live to be very miserable, yet flesh and blood persuaded me to take the Man's Advice; and I gave him my Promise, I wou'd not return while your Father lived; but had great hopes that I shou'd meet with an Opportunity of sending to you. He set me on shore in a Place I knew not, and gave me all the Money he had, which amounted but to a small Sum. When he was gone from me, I wandred about in a Place, which look'd as if it were deserted as well by Animals as human Creatures; and I began to wish, I had not accepted of the Boat-Man's kindness, but had exacted from him a Performance of that Promise he had made your Father, of taking away my Life. I saw myself reduced to the greatest Misery, thrown into a Place which I knew not how to get out of, nor cou'd I meet with any body to give me the least Information or Advice. And thus in the midst of the most melancholy Reflections, I spent my time till almost Night, and then I sate me down to ease my tir'd Limbs; and betwixt the long Walk I had had, and the want of Food, and the thoughts of what I had already suffer'd, and of what was to come, I lost all the little Courage I had left,

and sunk under the Weight of my Misfortunes: my Senses forsook me, and I lay a miserable Object, breathless upon the Ground, which was the only Hour's respite I ever had from my Trouble, since I saw you, till this happy Moment.

When my Senses return'd, I found myself in a House with some of my Fellow-Creatures about me. I cannot say, but that I was very much pleased to find myself remov'd, and desir'd to know to whom my Thanks were due, for the Kindness receiv'd. A good old Gentlewoman, who staid with me, and took much care of me, told me, I was indebted to her Nephew for my Life, who going by chance that way, found me dead (as he thought) and, with the help of his Servants, brought me home.

While she was speaking, the Gentleman came in, and kindly enquired after my Health, to whom I gave the greatest Thanks I was able for the Trouble he had been at. He told me, he had done no more than what Humanity had exacted from him; and I should always find him in a ready posture to do me all the good he could: And from that time he hardly ever left me, but cancell'd all his former Kindnesses, by making me Offers of something greater. I began to be very uneasy at his daily Importunities, and promis'd myself a speedy Deliverance from them: However, I was resolv'd to stay till I had tried for an opportunity of sending to you, which in a short time presented itself; for having made enquiry, I at last heard of a Person going to the very Town. I wrote a Letter to you, and gave it to him, and with it a great deal of Caution, how, and to whom he deliver'd it. I desir'd him, if you were not there, to bring it back again, and told him, I would wait where I was for his return, which I accordingly did; and in a few days he came back, and, with my Letter, brought me the following Account,

Account, viz. That you had been in great danger of Death, but that you were recover'd, and gone from thence, but no body could tell where. This gave me new Disquiets, and I much feared some desperate Design. In the mean time, the Gentleman, already mention'd, gave me many Reasons to suspect a growing Love. But I, who knew how much I had suffer'd upon such an occasion, was resolv'd to prevent every thing of that nature for the future; and therefore, one Night, when he was out of the way, I went to his Aunt, and told her, my Reception in her House had been so very kind, and the Obligations I had met with so great, that I must have a Soul black with Ingratitude, should I be guilty of the least Action that could make her uneasy; and therefore, Madam, *said I*, I am come to beg your consent for leaving this place to morrow, which is the only Method I can take that will contribute to your Quiet. She seem'd very much surpriz'd at my sudden Resolution, and press'd me mightily to know the Cause. I made no great difficulty of gratifying her desire, but told her, I had some reason to fear her Nephew had Thoughts which might be very much to his disadvantage; and that if she were willing to consent to his Desires, yet was not I in a condition to give myself away; and, since, *said I*, it is impossible for us to answer one another's Wishes, the wisest way will be to part in time. She, who consider'd the ill Consequences of our being together, at last, with some unwillingness, gave me leave to go, and told me, she heartily wish'd that nothing had happen'd to part us. The next day I set out; and when I took my last leave of my generous Benefactress, she gave me a considerable supply of Money, to carry me where I thought fit. I left that place, and was resolv'd to go to the next Town; and with the Money she had given me I intended to hire a Messenger to go again in quest of you:

you : but Fate, which sometimes brings Good out of Evil, sent me in the way of some Persons, who robb'd me of my Money, and, for fear of being discover'd, took me along with them ; and for three days, made me take up with their Food, (which was very indifferent) and travel their pace : At last I grew so weak that I could go no further, and then they left me in a condition as bad as ever.

After I had for some Hours sate still, and recover'd new Spirits, I got up, and went forward : I met with several People, of whom I asked the name of the Country I was in, but could not understand their Answers. At last I came to a Town, and by meer chance met with one of my own Countrymen, who told me where I was. I asked him many Questions, at a distance, concerning your Family, and had an account of every body but you. The Man was very civil, and took a world of pains to teach me the Language of the Place I was in, and promis'd to recommend me to a Friend of his near that Town ; but my Disquiets were so great, that I could not rest any where, but was always in a moving posture ; and about three days since I found out that Wood where you met with me, and thither did I every day go, to spend that time which hung so heavily on my hands.

Yesterday I heard two Men talking together, and tho' I could not well understand them, yet I pick'd out as much from what they said, as serv'd to inform me, that some-body's Ruin was intended. I heard something of a Bottle of Poison, and heard one say to the other, *If they live, I cannot ; and if thou canst but dispatch one of them for me, thou wilt make me thine for ever ; if not, I will not live, for I have a Hell in my Breast when I think they are to be happy.* The other bid him depend upon his Performance, and told him, their Lives and his Trouble should end in

a few Hours. They said a great deal more, which I could either not hear, or not understand ; but one of them, with the Promise the other had made him, went away very well satisfy'd, and left his Companion in the Wood ; who, as soon as he was gone, whistled, which brought a Woman from among the Trees, with whom he had a long Discourse ; but they spoke so low, that I could not make any thing of what they said. At last they came directly where I was, and, with a threatening Look, asked me what I did there. I was verily persuaded they would kill me, for fear I should discover their Designs, tho' I knew not the Persons they were aim'd at : However I thought all Pretences of that kind would be vain, and therefore took another course to save my Life, which I did, by feigning myself deaf. The Man wou'd have secur'd me from telling Tales, but the Woman said, No, since she has not heard us, we will only strip her and leave her ; which accordingly she did : and having pull'd off my Clothes, she gave me her Rags in the room of them, the which you found me in. When they had gotten all they could, they went away, and I return'd to the Town, tatter'd as I was ; and having neither Money nor Friends, was forced to be content with the Exchange.

I thought there was no great danger of being stript any more, and therefore ventured into the same place again, which was decreed for that of my Deliverance from all my precedent Torments. And thus have I briefly given you an account of all that has happen'd to me since I saw you till this time.

Elvira, who had given the greatest attention, declar'd her Satisfaction for *Clara's* Content ; and they mutually vow'd an everlasting Friendship for each other.

Lorenzo

Lorenzo told *Octavio*, he hoped he would now be easy, and resolve to spend some time with them, free from his accustomed Sadness. Yes, *said he*, the Cause is remov'd, and of consequence the Effects must cease: And I have reaped so much benefit from the pains you took to detain me here, that I shall never dispute your Commands; but, whenever you think fit to lay them upon me, I shall with all readiness obey. While they were thus discouraging, *Elvira's* Maid came in with the News of *Sebastian's* Death, occasion'd by himself; who, when he found his Projects against *Lorenzo* and his Cousin fail'd, was resolv'd to keep his Word, and live no longer; and with the very Fellow to that Bottle which he design'd for them, he ended his own wicked Life.

Elvira, tho' she did not delight in Cruelty, yet was she not much concern'd for the Fate of *Sebastian*, who had so industriously sought her Destruction, but was very glad he had put a stop to all her Fears. This, *said she to Clara*, is the Person you heard in the Wood, a fuller Account of whom you shall have anon. When this News came, it made a new Face in the whole Family: *Elvira's* dreadful Apprehensions were at an end; *Lorenzo's* Fury was appeased, and *Emilia* put on a joyful Countenance: all things were now changed for the better, and our Lovers were resolv'd to compleat their own Happiness, by giving themselves to one another.

Elvira therefore, by *Lorenzo's* Importunity, dispatch'd away a Servant to her Father with a Letter; and in a few days he himself brought her an Answer to it: He came with the greatest Joy to see his Daughter's Nuptials celebrated. And while Preparations were making for them, *Octavio*, who was not permitted to go till they were over, writ to his Sister for Intelligence from home; and sent her word how accidentally he had found his *Clara*; and
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forgot not to let her know, that her old Friend *Lorenzo* was well ; and that he and *Clara* were both at his House. In a little time after, he had an Answer from her with the following Account, viz. That her Father had, from the Day he left him, never enjoyed one quiet Hour, but had liv'd in perpetual Torment ; and, after a lingring waste, he at last gave up Life. And tho' he would never confess that his own Cruelty was the cause of his Illness, yet his dying words made a plain discovery that his Sufferings sprung from the same Fountain, which had yielded such bitter drink for his Children. About an hour before he died, he called her to him, and taking her by the Hand, *Leonora*, said he, can you forgive your dying Father ? and, without staying for an Answer, turn'd from her and cry'd, Oh *Octavio* ! Oh *Clara* ! and then died. This was chiefly the Sum of *Leonora*'s Letter, save that she told him of her Joy for his good Success in meeting with *Clara*, whom she thought dead, and how much she longed to see them both. *Octavio*, tho' he had been used with all the Barbarity in the World by his Father, yet was he most sensibly touch'd for his Death, or rather for his Manner of dying : But Time, that wears out all things, wore out his Trouble too ; and he told *Clara*, he had it in his power now to make her some amends for her Sufferings : and the next day being intended to put an end to the Expectations of *Lorenzo* and *Elvira*, they resolv'd to make one Work of it, and compleat their own Happiness too.

How they slept that Night, I will not pretend to determine ; but the next Morning, by the help of a Priest, and a joint Consent of all Parties, they gave their Hands, whose Hearts had been long united to each other. And if we may guess at the future by the present, which is very seldom allow'd, we may conclude them a brace of very happy Pairs.

When

When time had finish'd what those Lovers long had wish'd for, *Ostasio* began to think of returning home again with his dear *Clara*; but *Gonsalvo*, who was pleas'd with the Company, as well as the Story of those two suffering Lovers, did, with the greatest importunity, at last prevail with them to go with him to his own House, where, in a little time, he intended to be, with his Son and Daughter, and *Emilia*. They stay'd not long before they began to prepare for their Journey, tho' the Weather put a stop for some time to it. At last it grew more favourable, and they set forward. And now, as I have given the Reader an Account of the Treacherous *Portuguese*; so will I, in the next place, let him know what became of the *False Friend*, the base *Alvaro*.

When our Company of Lovers and Friends had made a Day's Progress in their Journey, towards Night their Way lay between two Hills, which had always been noted for harbouring of Thieves and Murderers: however, their number kept them from any apprehensions of Danger, and they boldly ventur'd through; but when they came towards the middle of this place, they saw, as they thought, a Man lie dead. *Gonsalvo*, who was next to him, alighted from his Horse, and when he had examin'd a little nearer, he found it to be the remains of his old Acquaintance, the ungenerous *Alvaro*. This sight rais'd a Pity in *Gonsalvo*, answering to that sweetness of Temper which he was always Master of: And he no longer look'd upon him as a Man that had us'd him with the greatest unfairness, but as one that was once his Friend indeed; and as one that was still his Fellow-Creature; and whose present Circumstances call'd aloud for help. He therefore lifted him up, to find out, if possible, the cause of his Insensibility, and with stirring him, displac'd a Handkerchief which he had thrust into a large Wound to stop the Blood; the which, when out, gave

gave way to a whole sluice of it ; and *Gonsalvo* thought it impossible for his best Endeavours to contribute towards his Life. But notwithstanding the small hopes they had of preserving him, they left nothing untry'd that they thought wou'd accomplish the charitable Work they were about. They stopp'd the Wound again with the greatest Care ; and because they feared a Horse wou'd, with his slowest Motion, be too severe for his weak Body, they took him up between them, and with a great deal of pains convey'd him to the next Town. When they had him there, they got him to Bed, and sent away for an able Surgeon, who lived within three Miles of the Place they were at, and accordingly came and dress'd his Wound ; but said, it was impossible for all Mankind to save his Life.

After he was dress'd and laid warm, and had some Cordials forced down his Throat, he came a little to himself, and open'd his Eyes, tho' he took no notice of any body : in some hours after he cou'd speak, and began to know *Gonsalvo* and *Elvira*, he look'd with his poor old dying Eyes upon 'em both, and said, Fortune was doubly cruel to punish him for the only Fault he had ever been guilty of ; and then to make the offended Persons Witnesses to his Fall. Oh ! *Gonsalvo*, said he, I have now met with that Justice which ought to have come from no hand but yours ; because I never did that thing that cou'd deserve it from any other Creature. But because you wou'd not revenge your own Wrong, Justice has sent a severer Executioner to do it for you ; and I have lived long enough to see, how hateful a Creature a *False Friend* is.

What you did to me, said the generous *Gonsalvo*, I have long since forgiven ; and I had much rather see you live to repent of what you have done, than die for the expiation of your Fault ; and I wish it were in my power to let you see how serviceable I wou'd be

be to you, but I fear it is now too late. However, if you have strength enough to support you, I wou'd gladly know how you came into this Condition, and by whose Hand you have been so barbarously used. Oh! *said* Alvaro, how hard is it to make you a Witness of my Folly? And how justly may you say, I have been served as I deserve, when you hear the Story I have to tell? Yet, you shall hear all my Misfortunes; and tho' you have the least reason for it, yet I am sure you will pity me, when you are inform'd of the hard measure I have had. When you had surpriz'd me in the villainous Design I had against the fair *Elvira*, whose powerful Charms prevail'd against my Reason; you well remember (no doubt) the shameful Retreat I made upon a more shameful Occasion: and because I knew I cou'd not justify my Fault, I never went about it, but got home as fast as I cou'd, and sat me down to consider, where I shou'd go to hide myself from all that knew me. I was very sure my Folly wou'd spread itself all over the Country, and I expected nothing but Scorn and Reproach from every body, as the just Return of what I had done. I had a half Brother, who was Son to my Mother by a former Husband, he lived within ten Miles of this Place, and thither with all speed I prepared to go. This Brother had a Son, of whom I was extremely fond, and for whom, I did more than even he himself desir'd at that time. But before I had been there six Months, my Brother died; and whether he depended upon me to make his Son's Fortune, seeing me so fond of him, or what other reason he had for it, I know not: but he left (contrary to the expectation of most People) all he possibly cou'd, to a Daughter he had married; which was so great a Disappointment to the Son, that it threw him into a deep Melancholy, even to the danger of losing his Senses; and I, who had the greatest love for him, did all I could to divert his grand Con-

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cern; and told him, all I had, shou'd at my Death be his; and till then, *said I*, my Purse shall be at your dispose, and you shall command it at your pleasure. Uncle, *said he*, what you have offer'd is very kind, and infinitely more than either I expected or deserve from you; but I have a greater cause for my Uneasiness than you know of, and such a one as will, I fear, stick too close to me. That, *said I*, is your Fault, if you have a Trouble and keep it conceal'd; let me but know it, and if I have a power to remove it, you may depend upon it that I will: and I cannot but think that you have used me ill, in making any thing a secret to me. Oh! do not, *said he*, lay a Fault to my charge, which I am not guilty of; I have often wished, you knew what still I wanted Courage to tell you; nor is there any Creature upon Earth I love so well, except one Woman, whom I ought to hate, tho' it is not in my power. And this is the Secret which I have so long, against my Will, kept from your knowledge. It is true, I love her to distraction, and she always declared a passion for me; but since my Father died, she looks with the greatest Indifference upon me, and slights and scorns my Love. This is it which racks my Soul, and makes me almost mad. I know I cannot live without her, and I know as well, she will, and does reject me.

I have, *said I*, always promised to be a Father to you, and you shall see that I can keep my Word: go to her, and try how far you can move her; bid her call to mind all her old Promises, and remember how much you have done and suffer'd for her: tell her, you will double your Care and Diligence, to make amends for your want of Fortune; and that you have an Uncle both willing and able to do you good; and if this will not move her, try to shake her off: learn to scorn a Woman, that can love and hate at pleasure.

Oh! *said he*, I have done all that Man cou'd do; I have try'd all ways and means to persuade her to

re-assume her former kindness. Nay, so far have I presumed upon your Goodness, that before you gave me leave, I made her an Offer of your Estate. And what, *said I*, did she spurn at that? Does her Ambition run higher than such an Offer? No, *said he*, she was well enough pleased with that, but did not believe me; and told me, till I brought it confirm'd by your hand, I must never see her more. This, *said he*, is my case; and now is the time to shew that Love which you have always professed to me. Do but make a Settlement upon me of your Estate, after your Death, and then the cruel Fair-one will be kind.

To this I made a stop, and was not very willing to comply: I did not think it prudence to give away all at demand, and therefore told my Nephew it was a Point that required a little Consideration. But, *said I*, since you are so far gone that you cannot live without this Woman, you shall yet make her one Proposal more, let her Fortune be what it will, tell her I will double the Sum; and it shall all be settled upon her. Alas! *said he*, she has no Fortune, tho' she stands so much upon mine; and of all Creatures upon Earth, I know she ought to be my Aversion: but when a Man is laid under a necessity of being wretched and a Fool, what Method must he take, to draw himself out of such pernicious Circumstances? I have no other way but to apply myself to you for help; and if you go back from the Promise you have made me, of being my Father, nay, more than my Father, I must submit to my Fate, and be content for a few Days, which will be the extent of my Life, to bear inexpressible Torments.

No, *said I*, thou shalt never die while I have a power to keep thee alive; give me a Pen and Ink, and I will let thee see that I am in love as well as thou art; and that thy Quiet is as dear to me, as that

un-

ungrateful proud Woman is to thee. Upon which he ran without giving me time to cool, and provided me with Implements for my own destruction.

As soon as he return'd, I took the Pen and gave him an undeniable Title to all that I was Master of. When he had gotten a Promise of all that I could give him, that is, after my Death; he went with the joyful News to his Love, and at his return, seem'd ten times more discompos'd than ever. I, who had always an Eye open towards him, soon found by his Looks that all was not right; and therefore made enquiry into his new Disturbance, but found that all I cou'd say was lost, and I cou'd not find out the bottom of his Design or Uneasiness. He made frequent Visits to this Woman, and never failed to come from her without distraction in his Looks to the greatest degree.

One day he came to me, and told me, she was gone from home to a Friend's House, and asked me if I wou'd go with him to see her. I told him, I cou'd not look upon her with any esteem, because I did believe she was a Woman of no Worth, and therefore desir'd him to go without me; but he was still eager to have me go; and I, always ready and willing to gratify his Inclinations in every thing, and therefore at last I consented to go with him. We set out in an ill hour, and he (as my Convoy) went first, till he brought me to that Place where you found me; and when he saw the coast clear, he told me he had a Work to do which was very ungrateful to him, but that nevertheless it must be done. What is it? *said I*, (who never once had the least Suspicion of what he intended to do.) You have, *said he*, without doubt, often taken notice of my Disorder, which has been occasion'd by what I am now to do. You have, it is true, given me all you have, but not till after your Death: This I have communicated to her I love, and she will not have me till you are dead;

and tho' it is with the greatest Reluctance that I go about such a Work, yet, Uncle, *said he*, you must die!

This News, as it was the most unwelcome, so was it the most unlook'd for; and I cou'd not forbear reproaching him after this manner: Is it possible, *said I*, that you can be so overloaded with Ingratitude, to make me such a return for all my Love, and because I have done more for you than your own Father did to save your Life, will you be so barbarously cruel to take mine? What Request did you ever make to me that I refus'd you? Have I not given you all my Wealth, and will not that content you without my Life too? Inhuman Wretch, *said I*, take that Life thou so much covetest: I never did refuse thee any thing, nor will I now; thy baseness has put me out of love with Life, and I had rather die than live: therefore, *said I*, make haste and execute thy black Design, that I may at once be rid of Life and thee. Your Reproaches, *said he*, are justly placed, and you do not condemn me more than I do myself, for an Act which I know, before I commit it, will make me miserable both here and hereafter; therefore give me a Pardon for what I do, since it is Fate's inevitable Decree, and wholly out of my own power to hinder both our Ruins. With that last Word, he drew out a Ponyard, which he brought for that purpose, and without any more Words sheath'd it in my Breast! As soon as he had compleated the Work, he did me the Favour to drop a Tear or two, and so left me as you found me; only I thrust my Handkerchief into my Wound to stop the Blood, which ran out apace; the loss of which, at last depriv'd me of my Senses. But while I lay wallowing in that sad Condition, how often did I reflect upon the Justice of Heaven, that had so severely revenged my Falseness and Ingratitude to you, tho' I did not suppose I shou'd ever have seen you more. But since

I have one happy Hour left, in which to make my Peace with you, let me not lose it, but go about that Work, which if left undone, must add to my Pangs at my last gasp.

I know my expiring Minutes are approaching, which will be doubly welcome when you have sign'd my Pardon yourself, and have procured the same from the beautiful *Elvira*; the which, when done, will purchase for me a quiet Lodging in my Grave.

Here he stopp'd, and lived to hear the grieved *Gonsalvo* and *Elvira* express their Concern as well as Pardon; and then he grew faint and pale, and in a clammy cold Sweat expir'd.

When he was dead, *Gonsalvo*, not like one who had met with ill usage, but like a true Friend, took care of his Funeral, and appear'd a hearty Mourner at it himself; and then made it his next care to find out the ungracious Nephew and his wicked Wife, which was not hard to do; and when he had found them, he stirr'd not till he brought them to condign Punishment; and as he staid to see the Uncle decently interr'd, so he staid to see his Murderers hang'd. From whence he went to his own House with his Company; and as soon as the thoughts of the last sad Scene was a little over, they spent their time as agreeably as so much good Company together cou'd be expected to do. And after a Month given up wholly to Mirth, *Octavio* and his beloved *Clara* began their Journey home, where, in a little time, they safely arrived.

And now I have brought them into a happy posture, I will take my leave of 'em.



THE COLLEGE

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

AND THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

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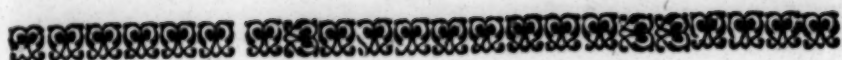
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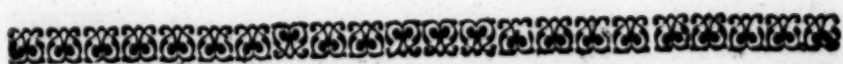
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

AND THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



FAMILIAR
LETTERS

Betwixt a
Gentleman and a Lady.

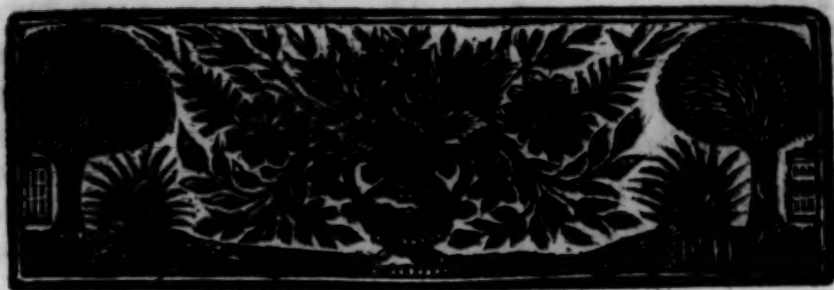




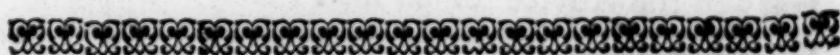
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FAMILIAR
LETTERS,
Betwixt a
Gentleman and a Lady.



To BERINA.



T is now six whole Days since I left the Pleasures of the Town, and the more agreeable Amusement of *Berina's* Company, for a lonely Retreat into the dull Country, where Solitude indulges Melancholy, and Time, that used to fly, goes only a Foot-pace. Thought is now my only Companion, and it often diverts me with the pleasing Remembrance of your Promise of an eternal Friendship ; but, as human Nature is very frail, it may possibly want the Supports of Correspondence to keep it up : I therefore earnestly sue for a speedy Answer to every Letter I write ; which will greatly alleviate my pre-

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present Disorder, and take off the Edge of my Chagrin. I have often told myself, it is much better never to know a Satisfaction, than lose it as soon as acquainted ; since nothing can give a Man a greater Damp than a Reflection upon past Pleasures, when he has no View to their return. How much this is my Case, *Berina* will easily guess, if she has Friendship enough herself to regret the Absence of a Friend. You will say, I am very spiteful, when I have told you, the only Pleasure I have had since I left you, was in seeing one of your Sex mortify'd. Certainly the God of Pride himself has not a greater Share of that Quality than a young Lady with a superior Beauty : She thinks all Mankind born to do her Homage, and despises the tasteless Fool that can resist her Charms. One of this sort lives hard by me, who is a Lady of a good Family, but small Fortune, and has been address'd by a Gentleman of a very good Estate : He (contrary to the Advice of all his Friends) would have made her a Jointure of the greatest part of it ; and his Folly in every thing shew'd his Love. She, on the other hand, depending upon new Conquests, repuls'd him with Scorn, and (ungenerous as she was) made him a publick Jest where-ever she came ; which at last, from many Hands, came to his Ears, and rais'd one Passion to subvert another. He from thence grew indifferent, and forbore his Visits, resolving to try whether Absence could not do what Discretion had attempted in vain. She finding him cool, thought it the greatest Slur upon her Beauty to lose a Slave, and therefore, by a Female Engineer, sent him a little Encouragement ; which he turn'd to the right Use, and made subservient to his Revenge. Have I (*said he*) offer'd my Heart and Estate to one, who has, in return, made me ridiculous ; and instead of common Civility for my Love, used me with Revilings and Contempt? Believe

a Gentleman and a Lady. 267

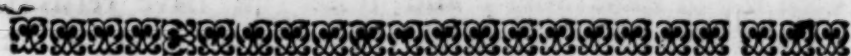
lieve me, Madam (*said he*) you shall be a Sharer with me in something ; and since you have refus'd what I would so honourably have given you, it is but reason I send back part of what you have forc'd upon me. While he was thus expostulating with himself, a Relation of hers came in, and told him, he had at last prevail'd with the Lady to comply ; which our revolted Lover seem'd pleas'd at, and desir'd the next Day might end all Disputes. A speedy Preparation was accordingly made, and the whole Country, for two or three Miles round, invited to this Wedding : They obey'd the Summons, and were punctual to the Hour ; where, after a little time waiting for the Bridegroom, he came booted and spurr'd, with a grave elderly Gen-woman, whom he brought to the young Lady, saying, Madam, here is a Person come to teach you Good-nature and Manners ; when I hear you are a Proficient in both, you may possibly hear farther from your humble Servant. In the mean time, be a good Girl, and mind your Lesson ; I am going from home for some time, and shall be glad, at my return, to find you improv'd. Which said, he paid a Compliment to the Company, and took Horse at the very Door. How much this has mortify'd the Bride Elect, *Berina* will never guess, because she knows nothing of her Pride and Vanity ; but had you seen the Consternation of the Company, and the Looks of the Lady, they wou'd, I dare say, have made the same comical Impression upon your Fancy which they did upon mine. How happy are you and I, who have made the strongest Resolves against the Follies of Love ! Be sure, *Berina*, keep your Friendship inviolate, and you shall find I will keep my Promise, in never desiring more.

Nov. 1.

Tours,

A R T A N D E R.

To



TO ARTANDER.

LAST Night I accidentally fell into the Company of one of those modern Creatures call'd a *Prude*, who seem'd extremely fond of the instructive Part of Conversation, and being the oldest Lady in the room, took upon her to read us Lectures of Behaviour: Among several Heads upon that Subject, she told us, writing to any Man, except a Husband, a Father, a Brother, or some very near Relation, was an unpardonable Crime, and cou'd not be answer'd to Modesty. Upon which I was going to write *Artander* one excusive Letter, and desire him to expect no more. But I began to consider, a Friend is not worth calling so, who dares not run the risque of so trifling a Censure, to maintain so noble a Character: and, therefore, bravely scorning all dull Reflection, I have taken my Pen in hand with a design to fight my way thro' all Difficulties, and make good my Friendship in spite of all Opposition. I pity the poor disappointed Lady you writ about, tho' I think she deserv'd her Fate; and the Gentleman's Revenge was very sharp, tho' very innocent. I cou'd send you a Story something like it, but Jilting in our Sex, and Deceit in yours, is so very common, that I think it will want Novelty to make it diverting. The Town is at present taken up with loud Acclamations of Joy for the Birth of a young Prince, and a Vein of Satisfaction seems to run thro' the whole Court and City; the very Grums look pleas'd, and it is much to be hoped, the little Blessing will make another Union. A Gentleman this Morning sent me ten Lines upon his Birth, which I here send *Artander*.

Come

Come, grateful Britons, sing aloud your Praise,
Trophys of Thanks let us to Heaven raise :
That Providence divine, to still the Noise
Of restless Rebels, and to drown the Voice
Of those who vent their Spleen on Foreigner,
Has crown'd our Wishes with an English Heir.
Sure all must now, internal Transports feel ;
A Joy like this, shou'd animate our Zeal :
Shou'd bare-fac'd Traytors to Obedience bring,
And make 'em doubly loyal to their King.

There is no danger, I hope, of your thinking those Lines sent to insult you, since by this time, the honest Air you are gotten into, must have work'd off all your poison'd Principles, and substituted a grateful Acknowledgment to Heaven in their room. With how much pleasure shou'd I receive your next Letter, wou'd it but prove a Recantation, and heartily renounce all your former Errors ? Why shou'd a Man of *Artander's* Reason and Goodness, be byass'd by a parcel of Monsters ? who have nothing in view, but the Subversion of their Religion and Laws, and the utter Ruin of their native Land. Common Prudence teaches us, if we meet with a Creature whose Out-side only we are acquainted with, to keep our fingers at a distance, till we have inform'd ourselves of the Nature of it ; lest a gaudy Feather, or a shining Scale, shou'd draw us into the worst of Ills. No less pernicious can it be to Men of honest designs, to be drawn in by a parcel of Villains, who pretend to gloss over all their Actions with Conscience, tho' it was, long since, fear'd with a hot Iron. Oh ! *Artander*, fly from their infectious Breath, for, *the Poison of Asps is under their Tongues !*

I have just received a Letter out of the Country, which gives me an Account of a Maiden Lady of sixty five, who has poison'd her self for Love : the
Use

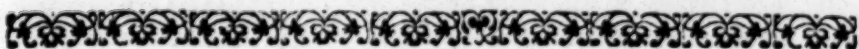
270 *Familiar Letters betwixt*

Use we are to make of it, is to hug ourselves in the midst of Liberty, and thank those Stars that inclin'd us to Freedom. I hate a Yoke that galls for Life, but find the greatest pleasure in subscribing my self,

Your real Friend,

Nov. 5.

B E R I N A.



To B E R I N A.

I Always told *Berina*, her greatest, nay, her only Weakness, lay in being a *Whig*. Methinks the very Name, so hated and despis'd, should give your Inclinations a turn: then do but look back to our *English* Annals, and see the Practice of those Men, from whom the Name first took its Rise: look at the Block, the Ax, the sacred bleeding Head: see the best of Men, the best of Kings, made a Sacrifice to the Malice of Knaves and Fools: behold your persecuted Clergy, your defac'd and demolish'd Churches, your whole Religion become abominable, and nothing but Canting, and Hypocrisy left. Then tell me, *Berina*, when we have consider'd those Things; whether it be not every true Church-man's Business, to dread and crush the like Proceedings?

I thank you for the Poetry you sent me, but had a Poem on the same Subject before, written by one who complains the World takes no notice of him, and to eternize his Name, has publish'd burlesque Tautology and false Grammar, upon an Occasion that call'd for the best Pen among you. Where are all your bright *Whig* Wits? Have they taken a stupefying Dose, or have they run out their Stock in Invectives against the *Tories*? For shame, *Berina*, rouse 'em up, tell 'em its down-right scandalous to
leave

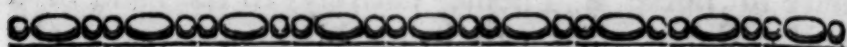
a Gentleman and a Lady. 271

leave so noble a Theme entirely to the hand of a Fool. Bid the Sor call in his Nonsense, and make the young Hero a Bonfire of 'em: tell him it will be a much better way of shewing his Loyalty, than to expose the Child in Doggrel Verse. Methinks I can't but pity poor Mr. T---k--l, who, in a ridiculous Dedication, is persuaded to defend the Stuff, and, as a Reward for his Service, is promis'd some more of the same kind. But this has amus'd my Pain so long, that I have almost forgot to tell you the Occasion of it. Last night, going to pay my Devoirs to a young Lady, who has been twenty Miles from home, and just return'd from travel, as she calls it; I being very ceremonious, and full of Compliment at the Stairs-head, with an unlucky turn of my Foot, struck it against her prodigious Hoop-petticoat, and threw both her and myself down stairs. The Hoop, like Bladders ty'd under the Arms in swimming, kept her from danger, but I am nothing but Pain and Plaister. You Ladies are very dangerous Company, for if you can't break a Man's Heart with your Eyes, you'll break his Neck with your Dress. I doubt it has spoil'd me for a Courtier, and will make me very negligent to the Fair. How long I am to lie in, I know not; but beg *Berina* will contribute towards my Cure by writing often: her Letters will amuse my Pain, and turn every thing into Pleasure. How great mine is at the thoughts of her Friendship, none knows, but her own,

Nov. 7.

ARTANDER.

To



To ARTANDER.

YOU sent me to the *English* Annals for a Cure of *Whiggism*, and (as if Heaven had design'd me for what I am) I insensibly found myself in Queen *Mary's* Reign, where I had so many Objects of Cruelty presented to my view, that I was ready to creep into myself at the dreadful Reflection. How many brave Men, courageous Women, and innocent Children did I see butcher'd, to do God good Service? Our Bishops burning both with Fire and Zeal, to confirm the Reformation so happily begun; while its Enemies, set on by Hell's chief Engineer, depress'd its Growth, and trod it under foot. From thence, I went to the *Irish* Rebellion, where I saw more than three hundred thousand Souls murder'd in cold Blood, the Clergy's Mouths cut from Ear to Ear, their Tongues pull'd out and thrown to the Dogs, then bid to go preach up Heresy; Mens Guts pull'd out and ty'd to each other's Waists, then whipp'd different ways; some stabb'd, burnt, drowned, impal'd and flea'd alive; Children ripp'd out of their Mother's Womb, and thrown to the Dogs, or dash'd against the Stones; crying, *Nits will become Lice, destroy Root and Branch*: with a thousand other Barbarities, too tedious as well as too dreadful to repeat, beside what has been transacted abroad. And now, *Artander*, if those things be true, as we have the same Authority for, that you have for your martyr'd King, tell me, to use your own Words, *Whether it be not every true Churchman's Business, to dread and crush the like Proceedings?* How many of our *English* Kings (to say nothing of those abroad) have been depos'd, and in the cruellest manner murder'd by the Hands of Blood-thirsty Papists?

And

a Gentleman and a Lady. 273

And are we grown so very partial to those Men, to forget or wink at all their Villainies, and only remember a Fault committed by those who acted by (at least) a show of Justice? Not that I approve the Fact, but on the contrary, renounce and detest it: but still, I think there is more Reason to bury one Fault in Oblivion, which was the Result of their Concern for the Reformation, than then lay bleeding with the *Irish* Protestants, than to keep it up with a Spirit of Malice, to foment and heighten those unhappy Feuds which are already begun, and with so much Industry carry'd on. Believe me, *Artander*, there are thousands in this Nation who decry the Martyrdom of King *Charles*, more out of opposition to their Dissenting Brethren, than any real value they have for the Memory of that unhappy Prince: 'tis your only Plea; you have no other handle for your Animosities; drop that once, and like a drowning Wretch, who has just let go the Plank that kept him up, you'll sink for want of something to support you. That good Man's Fate shou'd be remember'd with Sorrow, not with Spite; and we ought to pray to Heaven to forgive his Murderers, rather than call for Fire from thence to destroy those that are left. Oh! *Artander*, let us always implore the divine Goodness, to preserve us from those Men, whose Mercies are Cruelty, and who are now lurking in secret Places for an Opportunity to devour us. I once heard an impudent Papist say, *Guy Faux* was a Presbyterian, and that it was by them the Gunpowder-Plot was set on foot: I dare say, it wou'd be no hard matter, to persuade half the *Tories* in the Nation to be of that Opinion. But now I come to condole with you, for your Misfortune, and shall expect your next Letter with some impatience, because I have Friendship enough to make me interest myself in your Welfare: such an Accident might have been of very ill Consequence,

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both to the Lady and you ; and I am glad you were in a Condition to make some merry remarks upon it. I am just going to the Play, and to subscribe my self,

Yours,

Nov. 10.

BERINA.



To B E R I N A.

THAT there have been ill Men in all Ages, no Man in his Senses will deny ; and the Cruelty you speak of, as far as we may trust to tradition, is equally certain : but, *Berina*, we have always look'd upon that Person's Principles to be very trifling, who accuses another of a Fault, and the very next minute commits it himself. Is it a sufficient Warrant for me to cut a Man's Throat, because I just saw the Fact committed ? No, *Berina*, when we renounced *Rome's* Errors, we renounced her Cruelties too : but these impudent King-killers, with their legal Proceedings forsooth, plainly shew'd the World they had a mixture of both remaining. Either we believe the Bible to be the Word of God, or we do not ? If we do not, we are then in a State of Atheism and Damnation, and we may act as we will ; but if we do, why do we run contrary to the Rules there laid down, and refuse to give *Cesar his Due* ? When we took it for our Standard, we resolv'd to refer ourselves to it, and model our Actions by it. Now do but shew me one Text in either Old or New Testament, that tolerates Rebellion, and I'll recede from all my past Opinions, and become as strenuous a *Whig* as *Berina*. If Kings are such sacred Things, that no Hand, but that of Providence shou'd touch ; how shall we answer taking their Lives, and banish-
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a Gentleman and a Lady. 275

ing their whole Posterity? At this rate, we shall soon forbear to do one another common Justice; and shall neither love the Brotherhood, fear God, nor honour the King. For my part, I am for invading no Man's Right, but giving every body what they can lay a just claim to: how far you *Whigs* have stuck to that honest Principle, I leave the last eight and twenty Years to show; but of that, no more at present. This Afternoon, being quite tir'd of my Chamber, and pretty well recover'd of my Fall, I went to see an old Lady, who had often bespoke a Visit, and began to think me rude for my neglect. The whole Scene was so comical, that I can't forbear sending *Berina* the Particulars. When I first enter'd, I found the Lady in her Parlour, set in an easy Chair, with her Feet upon a Cricket, which rais'd her Knees almost as high as her Mouth; she was dress'd in a black Cloth Gown, over which she had a dirty Night-rail, and a coarse Diaper Napkin pinn'd from one Shoulder to the other; upon her Head two yellow *Scotch*-Cloth Pinners, and over them a black Gauze Hood, ty'd under her Chin, one Hand in her Pocket, and t'other scratching her Head. After I had paid my Compliment, receiv'd hers, and gaz'd a while at the Charms of her Dress and Person, I made bold to fancy she was a little craz'd; and turn'd to take a Survey of the Room and Furniture, which was no way inferiour to herself: Upon her Tea-Table, instead of a Set of China, stood a Paste-board, with a piece of fat Bacon upon it; and on the Seat of the Sash-window, a red earthen Pan, half full of Pease-pudding, which I guess'd to be the Remains of her Dinner. Upon one of the Silk Cushions were three greasy Plates, and in the Chimney-Corner, a Black-Jack all dropp'd with Candle-grease; upon the Squab lay a great Dog gnawing a Bone, whom she commanded off, and desir'd I wou'd take his Place, but I had too much respect for my Clothes,

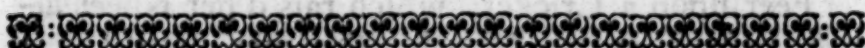
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to accept of her Offer. However, as I was walking to and fro, watching the Cobwebs that they did not fall into my Wig, I slid over a piece of Bacon-Sword, which threw me directly into the Lady's Lap, and over-set her Cricket: She grew very merry at the Accident, and I very much out of Countenance.

I think your Sex is fatal to me, and had I been cut out for a Lover, shou'd have some dreadful Apprehensions at the Omens; but as I am always safe in *Berina's* Company, it, and a continuation of her Friendship, is all that is desir'd by

Nov. 13.

ARTANDER.



To ARTANDER.

WHAT a prodigious long time has poor *England* been an Anarchy! for it seems we have never had a King or Queen since King *James* the Second, of dreadful Memory; nor never are to have one, till the conscientious *Tories* can find a hole for the Pretender to creep in at. You always lay a mighty stress upon the power of a King. Methinks it is a little strange that Heaven shou'd make them so very absolute, without any Reserve for the People at all. Suppose God Almighty, for a Punishment of our Sins, shou'd set your Darling upon the Throne, and he shou'd take it into his head to turn *Mahometan*, and condemn all to Fire and Faggot, that wou'd not renounce Christ? Why, say the Non-resisting *Tories*, if he shou'd do so, 'tis the Command of our rightful King, and Kings must be obey'd. 'Tis true, the Supposition is not very likely to come to pass, but it is very possible; and how far I am oblig'd to stand

neu-

a Gentleman and a Lady. 277

neuter, and see the establish'd Laws and Religion of my Country sacrific'd to the Caprice of a whimsical King, let Reason say. When we swear Allegiance to a King, 'tis conditional; as long as he keeps his Oath, we'll keep ours. When God Almighty commanded our Obedience, he commanded his Care and Love; which if not express'd, is understood: how much of either, King *James* shew'd the bleeding Laws, imprison'd Bishops and slighted Protestants can witness. And how much of both King *George* has shew'd, his mild Behaviour, his Views to the Nation's Interest, and his unfeign'd Care of the establish'd Church, can witness too. Has not his Clemency and Good-nature over-look'd a thousand Insults? And among so many bare-fac'd Rebels, not one in forty met with their deserv'd Fate. Is he not daily nos'd with C——m? As if it were a greater Crime in him, than in the whole City beside. Base as we are, he was a Prince before he was our King, tho' the impudent Mob has always us'd him, like one of themselves. How much does he study the Nation's Interest, by disbanding his Army, and leaving himself hardly any other Guard, than his own Innocence and Goodness? The Church he has always made his Care, has promis'd to protect her, and has most religiously kept that Promise. What Reason then have we to fear Presbytery under his Administration? Do but name one profess'd Dissenter in any publick Trust, and I'll be as canker'd a *Tory* as the worst of you. If there be so much Duty and Allegiance due to Kings, why must not he have a share? Or will you not own him for your King, tho' both God and the Nation have made him so? How fain wou'd I snatch *Artander* from that obstinate dogmatical Crew; a parcel of Men, who stop their Ears to every thing, that does not suit with their own pernicious Principles; and who wou'd, if their Power were equal to their Wills, lay us in immedi-

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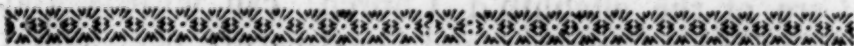
ate Confusion. But thanks to Heaven for its timely Care of us, for snatching us as a Firebrand out of the Fire, for stopping the raging of the Sea, the noise of its Waves, and the madness of the People.

I design'd this Letter for another Subject, but my Zeal has carry'd me to the utmost confines of my Paper; and I have no more room left, than what will serve to tell you, I am, in all Sincerity,

Yours,

Nov. 18.

BERINA.



To BERINA.

I Doubt, *Berina*, you and I shall do as the whole Nation has done, argue ourselves into some Misunderstanding, which may not easily be rectify'd; which Consideration, made me, in my last, try to divert the Subject. You cannot suppose, I want matter to furnish this Letter with an Answer of the same kind; but I think nothing a greater Enemy to Friendship, than Disputes: and mine is so firm for *Berina*, that I wou'd not give way to any thing that could shake it. If yours be so, as I have no reason to doubt; you will comply, when I beg of you to put a stop to this sort of Correspondence; and let your Letters for the future, be fill'd with the innocent Diversions of the Town: 'tis a pity *Berina's* Temper shou'd be ruffled with Politicks. I am now going to divert you with something of a different kind. Yesterday being in a very philosophick Strain, I was resolv'd to visit Nature in its most private Recesses, and enter the Hollow of an adjacent Rock, of which you have often heard me speak. Curiosity only makes the Vertuoso; and if I go on a little longer,

a Gentleman and a Lady. 279

longer, I shall grow a perfect Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack*. I took two or three of my Servants with me, and enter'd the Vacuity; which made me fancy myself, something like *Quixote* going to the Cave of *Montifinos*. After a few Paces advance, I found the Hollow grow very spacious, and to my great surprize I heard a Dog bark; I immediately consider'd, that sociable Creature never lives alone, and how I shou'd like his Company, I knew not: upon which, my Resolution and Discretion fell together by the ears; one persuaded me to go back, and the other forward; but the latter got the better, and on I went; the nearer we approach'd, the louder the Dog yelp'd; the Sound of which led us to a melancholy Mansion, inhabited only by the aforesaid Animal, and a half-starv'd Female. She look'd wild and frighten'd, but seem'd very tractable, and answer'd us directly to every Question we ask'd her; the first was, how she came there? she said, her Father brought her there when she was but two Years old. I then ask'd her, what and who her Father was? she said, he was a Highway-Man, who had once been condemn'd to die, but made his escape, and had ever since liv'd in that Rock, till about a Month ago, and then he died. And what have you done with his Body? *said I*. Two or three of his Companions, *said she*, who used to come often to see him, bury'd him in a Clift of this Rock. Are you not willing, *said I*, to leave this dismal Dwelling? Yes, *said she*, if I knew where to go, but I know no body, nor no body me; and I have often wish'd I had died with my Father. I bid her then follow me, which she gladly did, and I carry'd her to my Mother, who has taken her for one of her Servants. The rest have work enough to stare at her; and all look upon her as a Spectre, and dare not sleep without a Candle by them.

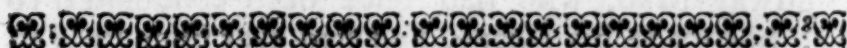
The poor Girl seems to have a better Notion of Virtue than cou'd be expected from her Education,

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which makes me conclude Virtue is an innate Qualification, born with, and inseparable from some People. This, *Berina*, is the true Account of my Adventure into the Rock; which, I hope, will not only amuse you, but serve for innocent Chat over the Tea-Table, and be a Reprieve, one day, for the Faults of the Absent. For tho' I know you have a Soul above Scandal, I will not answer for the rest of your Sex. I am now going to be very vain, and tell you, a Gentleman has been with me to bespeak me for his Daughter; how to bring myself off with good Manners, I hardly knew; but was at last forc'd to tell him, I found an inward Decay, which put a stop to all thoughts of that kind, and wish'd the Lady a more suitable Husband. A Husband! the very Name makes me almost tremble! and I have once more given it under my Hand, that Marriage shall never spoil my Friendship for *Berina*: when it does, may I cease to be

Nov. 21.

ARTANDER.



To ARTANDER.

IF *Artander's* Heart were not as hard as the Rock he has been scrutinizing into, he wou'd never have laid such strict Injunctions on my Pen, and robb'd me of my darling Pleasure; but to let you see how ready I am to relinquish every thing that gives you uneasiness, I have, in compliance with my Friendship, laid by the Subject you dislike, and will, for the future, entertain you with something else.

My Uncle has been extremely ill of a Quinsy, and Dr. has not stirr'd from him these three days; from which you will conclude, the Town is very

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a Gentleman and a Lady. 281

very healthy, or the Doctor has not many Patients. He favour'd me with the Relation of a Journey he had once into the Country, which I shall think well bestow'd upon *Artander*. I happen'd, *said he*, some time ago to be in the Country, within some Miles of the Seat of a Peer: He was indispos'd, and hearing of my being there, sent his tatter'd Coach, with a sleepy old Woman in it, to fetch me; but I disliking both the Vehicle and the Messenger, made a Demur, which might have cost my Lord his Life, had not the double Diligence of the old Woman, added to the Advice of my Friends, set me forward. It is not much to be suppos'd, my Journey was very pleasant, because it was almost Night, the Weather extremely cold, and my Company not very agreeable; however, after many a long Wish, and some long Miles, I at last found myself at my Journey's End, and was conducted in by my old Guide; where my Sense of Seeing was quite useless, having not the least Light so much as to help me to a Seat to sit down on. The old Woman, as soon as she had convey'd me into the Kitchen, (if it may be call'd one, where no Viſuals is stirring) went to tell my Lord I was come. In the mean time, I stretch'd my Eyes as wide open as I cou'd, and at last discover'd a sort of a glimmering Light, which made way for itself betwixt three or four Fellows who were sate upon a Log of Wood before a Hatfull of Fire. I (as it is very natural for folks in a dark unknown Place) made up to it, and cou'd discern the Fellows to be extremely dirty. Bless me! thought I, where the Devil am I got! among a Company of the *Black Guard*? or is this some enchanted Den? I ventur'd to ask the Men some Questions, but their Answers were so intricate, that they only serv'd to confirm me in my former Opinion; and I wou'd freely have given a Twelve-month's Fees to have been at home again. At last,
after

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after I had been brought to such a condition, that I wanted a Cordial more than my Patient, I saw the happy Approach of a Farthing-Candle, stuck in a Wooden Candlestick, and held in the Hand of one, who did not look like an Inhabitant of the Sooty-Region I had been so long confin'd to ; his Face being wash'd, his Coat whole, and a clean Neckcloth about his Neck. He told me, my Lord would see me ; but when I came to the Stairs-foot, I did as School-Boys do, when they are going to slide upon Ice, persuade some of the rest to go on first, to try if it will bear ; so I desir'd my Guide to go up first, for I did not like their rotten Aspect. When I came into my Lord's Chamber, I found him within a Suit of Moth-eaten red Serge Curtains, where he look'd more like one swinging in a Hammock than lying in a Bed : The ponderous Weight of his own Carcass having sunk the Cords even to the Boards ; so that whoever wou'd have seen my Lord, must have peep'd under the Bed. For my part, I was so tir'd with walking and standing, that as soon as I had felt his Lordship's Pulse, I turn'd about to look for a Chair, of which there were four in the Room ; one stood upon three Legs, another wanted its Back, a third had lost his Bottom, and the fourth was half cover'd with a red Rag, and the——upon it. But before I had determin'd which to sit upon, my Lord desir'd me to walk down again 'till he had consider'd of my Advice ; which I did, and was forc'd to take up with my old Walk again, 'till one of the Gentlemen upon the Log got up, and kindly offer'd me his Seat, of which I as thankfully accepted. But after an Hour's waiting for new Commands, and receiving none, I ask'd my black Companions what I was to have for Supper ? They told me, they knew nothing of the matter, for they had none for themselves. Pray then, *said I*, will you do me the Favour to shew me my Lodging, that I may lie
down

a Gentleman and a Lady. 283

down a little ? which the Fellow, who wanted his Seat, did, and carry'd me into a Room much like an old Goal, where there was a Bed, but no Curtains ; Windows, but no Glafs ; and a Door, but neither Lock, Bolt, or any thing to make it fast with. I was still apprehensive of some Danger ; so drew all the Lumber in the Room to the Door, and then wrapt myself up in my Cloak, and laid me down, with a design to sleep 'till the Moon got up, to light me home ; but the Fleas, who wanted their Suppers as much as I did, surrounded me on all sides, and fed so heartily, that they sav'd me Half a Crown to a Surgeon for bleeding me, and that was my Fee. As soon as Dawn of Day appear'd, I left my wretched Bed, and posted home without either Coach or Company ; and soon after heard my Lord was dead, which all that lov'd him rejoiced at : He having gam'd away his whole Estate, his very Clothes and Furniture of his House. And thus, Madam, *continu'd he*, I have given you a true Account of my Lordly Patient ; which I have not done with a design to expose Quality, but to shew the miserable Effects of that bewitching Vice which ruin'd him.

*You see, Artander, what the Gamester wins :
From the first Hour of Play, his Woe begins.*

I stumbled over these two Lines by chance, but am resolv'd, since you will not let me be a Politician, to invoke the Muses, and turn Poetess. Bless me ! what Rheams of Paper will you have laid at your feet, cringing for Protection ! But the Tea-Kettle boils, which puts me in mind of a Conclusion.

Yours,

Nov. 26.

BERINA.

To

TO BERINA.

WHEN I am *Berina's* Patron, I intend to be her Champion too, and with Pen in Hand defend whate'er she writes. The Doctor's Story I had heard before from another good Hand. Nor is it at all unlikely that (tho' a Man of very good Quality) he shou'd, after a Life spent in Debauchery and Extravagance, go off the Stage in scandalous Circumstances; but let the Dead rest. This Morning, after two hours Study by Candle-light, which sunk and tir'd my Spirits, and made me unfit for that Exercise any longer, I took a Walk into the Fields, where I promis'd myself a quiet Retreat: But Solitude itself is not always a Fence against Impertinence; for as I was going into one of my own Closets, I heard somebody call me; and turning to see who it was, found it a Gentleman who lives within a Mile of me, with a Paper in his Hand. He very concisely told me he was in Love, and had been writing a few Lines to a Friend of his, who wou'd fain persuade him against the Lady, of which he desir'd my Opinion. I wou'd fain have excus'd myself, by urging, Love was a thing entirely out of my way; but he still press'd me to see them, which I at last comply'd with, and, abating for the Subject, found them better than I expected: They must needs be acceptable to you, because you are going to turn Chymer yourself, and have therefore sent them.

*All Men have Follies, which they blindly trace
Thro' the dark Turnings of a dubious Maze:
But few, my Friend, in spite of all their Care,
Retreat betimes from Love's inviting Snare:*

The

*The eldest Sons of Wisdom were not free
From the same Failings you condemn in me ;
They lov'd, and by that glorious Passion led,
Forgot what Plato and themselves had said :
My Faults, you too severely reprehend,
More like a rigid Censor than a Friend.
You own'd my Delia once divinely fair,
When in the Bud her native Beauties were :
Your Praises did her early Charms confess,
Yet you'd persuade me now to love her less ;
Since to her Height of Bloom the Fair is grown,
And every Charm in its full Vigour shewn :
Her whole Composure's of so fine a Frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.
My Delia's Words still bear the Stamp of Wit,
Impress'd too plainly to be counterfeit :
Which, with the Weight of massy Reason join'd,
Declare the Strength and Quickness of her Mind ;
Her Thoughts are noble, and her Sense refin'd.
Why then, Dear Thirsis, wou'd you strive to move
A Heart like mine from its Commander, Love ?*

The very last Word of this Poem, will, I dare say, give you a Disrelish for all the rest : I will not byass your Opinion by giving mine, but leave it wholly to a Judgment which cannot err : Let me know in your next how you like it. And pray let me have a little *London News* : I mean, such as the Tea-Table affords ; for the rest, I refer myself to the publick Prints, and expect nothing from *Berina*, but what she can answer to Justice and Good-nature ; and what I may, without a Breach in either, read.

After I had parted with my poetical Neighbour, and was returning home again, I met with a Matter of some Speculation ; for casting my Eye towards the top of a Tree, from whence I heard a rustling Noise, I saw a Crow, with a living Fish in his Bill :
Pray

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Pray send the Phænomenon to the *Royal-Society*, for, methinks I wou'd fain know how those Creatures, (neither of an amphibious Breed) came together.

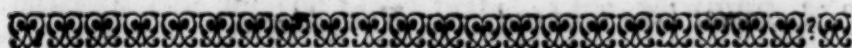
I intended, when I began, to have been very prolix, but I find my self just seiz'd with a Fit of Chagrin, which makes me a very unfit Correspondent for one of *Berina's* bright Genius, and therefore make haste to say,

I am

Always yours,

Dec. 1.

A R T A N D E R



To B E R I N A.

THREE Posts are gone, and a fourth come, without one satisfactory Line from *Berina*: I grow impatient to know the Cause of your Silence, and have sent this as an earnest Ambassador, to bring me a faithful Account. Have I used some unmannerly Expression in my last? Or has it lost its way? Is *Berina's* want of Health the Cause? Or is she grown weary of her Friendship and Correspondence? I wish you do not at last play the Woman more than the *Platonick*, and quit your Friendship for a Husband. It is true, I have very great Hopes of your Sincerity, and cannot easily persuade myself you wou'd lay it by, for any Consideration. But Women, they say, are so like Quick-silver, a Man can never be sure of them, either as a Friend or a Mistress; but as *Berina* is an Original in every thing else, I will believe her so in Friendship too.

My Mother, and a Female Companion of hers, have been diverting themselves with a Tragi-Comedy, as it was acted at a neighbouring Village, where
lives

a Gentleman and a Lady. 287

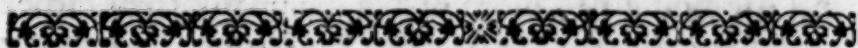
lives a Farmer of some Note, who marry'd a young Woman of the same Town; and for the first three Years made a very thrifty frugal Husband: At the end of which, finding he had no Children, nor hopes of any, he on a sudden run into an extravagant way of living, and let all fly he had been so long a gathering. His Wife grew extremely uneasy at his Proceedings, and used her utmost Efforts to reclaim him, tho' to no purpose; for continual Drinking had stupify'd his Senses, and he stopp'd his Ears to all she said. At last she left off to persuade, and began to take a more noisy Method, which render'd both him and herself ridiculous. However, he persisted in his drunken Resolutions, and the Ale-house had more of his Company than either his Wife or his Business. But last Night, he coming home very drunk, she fell into a violent Rage, told him, she wou'd never endure that Life, but wou'd go that minute and drown herself, to get rid of him. He, good-natur'd Soul, freely gave her both his Assent and Consent, and threw himself cross the Bed, where he fell fast asleep. She left him to enjoy a quiet Nap of three or four Hours; at the end of which, being in his Clothes, and consequently not very easy, he wak'd, and finding himself in the dark, and alone, he call'd his Wife, but got no Answer. Upon which he began to recollect, and had a faint Remembrance of what had pass'd; he immediately rouz'd from the Bed, half frighten'd out of his Wits, and groping about for the Door, after having broke the Looking-Glass, and black'd his Hands and Face in the Chimney, he at last found his way out, and got into the Kitchen, where he lighted a Candle, and went up to a Gentleman, who had left your noisy Town for a quiet Retirement in the Country, and lodg'd there, to get him to go with him to the Water-side, and find his Wife, dead or alive. When (Oh unheard of Misfortune!) he soon found

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found his Journey was at an end, and his Wife laid warm and asleep in the Arms of the *London* Lodger. How it will end I know not, but most People think it will cost him his Life; he being now in a raging Condition, which is the only News we are at present full of: As more grows, you may expect it; as I do a Letter by the next Post: of which, if I fail, I shall conclude you have not the least value for the repose of

Decem. 5.

ARTANDER.



TO ARTANDER.

YOUR Guesses at the cause of my Silence are quite wrong; I still retain my Friendship for *Artander*, and am still proud of my Correspondence. But during the time of my Silence, I was at Sir *John* ———, from whence I return'd but this day; and during the whole time of my stay there, I may justly say, I was never Mistress of so much time as wou'd write a Letter. I declare I am quite tir'd with Pleasure, and the Fatigue of constant diversion is more insupportable, than an everlasting want of it; but the Pleasures of this World, lose both their Name and End by being constant: we see by Experience, nothing pleases a great while; those things of which we are extravagantly fond, if once forced upon us, beget first an Indifference, and then an Abhorrence. This Consideration, with some others equivalent, has put you and I upon the Resolve of living single, lest too much of a Husband or a Wife shou'd turn us into just such indifferent things to each other, as I am now to Dancing and Cards.

But

a Gentleman and a Lady. 289

But now, *Artander*, I am forc'd to call up all the good-nature I am Mistress of, to help me to over-look the cruel Suspicion you seem to have of me, and cou'd be glad to know in what Point I have fail'd, that has given you cause to encourage such a Thought. If I were Mistress of Words that cou'd convince you, I I wou'd immediately dress up my Protestations in 'em; but I have already said all I can upon that Subject, and have nothing to add, but my earnest Request, that you will believe me. By this time, I fancy you begin to expect my Thanks for the Poetry you sent me, which I shou'd very readily have given; had it been upon any other Subject; but Love is a thing so much against my grain, that tho' it be dressed up in a disguise of Wit, I see it thro' the Mask, and hate the base Imposture. Yesterday at dinner, your dear Cousin *Milner* happen'd to be the Table-talk, and a Gentleman from that side of the Country gave us very good Diversion at his cost. He has, it seems, for this Month past, had two Mistresses in chace of equal Fortunes, but very different Persons; one being a Woman of tolerable Sense, a good Face and Humour, the other a mere *Miss Hoiden*, a thing fit for no Conversation above her Maid and Footman, with whom she spends her whole time. To the first of those he address'd himself, and was as well accepted as an old Batchelor cou'd expect, especially by the Father, who had the greatest mind to the Match. After some time spent in this weighty Affair, all things were adjusted, and the Morning come, in which the Knot was to be ty'd: her Fortune was paid down, which the wary Bridegroom told over with great circumspection, and at last (sie upon such Mischances!) he found a Brass Half-Crown, which with some earnestness he return'd to her Father, and desir'd it might be chang'd. The old Gentleman seeing him so earnest about such a trifle, seem'd a little surpriz'd, and knew not of a sudden how to

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answer him; but at last told him, he took it for a good one, and hoped it wou'd break no squares if he oblig'd him to do so too. Sir, said the Bridegroom, your being impos'd upon is no rule for my being so; and you shall either change it, or take the rest again. Upon which, the old Gentleman gather'd up his Coin, and t'other old Gentleman his Stick and Gloves, and so they parted. The latter, (to the shame of his whole Family) went directly to pretty Miss, and her Money proving all *Sterling*, they were immediately link'd.

The Remarks I make upon this Wedding, is, that before the *Honey-Moon* be half over, she will fret him to Death, or he will beat her to Mummy; for old Batchelors have generally more Ill-nature, than any other Ingredient in their Compound; and his choice is so very ill, that he is like to have extraordinary exercise for it. I am surpriz'd you shou'd expect Teatable Chat, attended with Justice and Good-nature: you forget that we Women as naturally love Scandal, as you Men do Debauchery; and we can no more keep up Conversation without one, than you can live an Age without t'other. The Town goes on as it used to do, full of Party, Pamphlets, Libels, Lampoons, and scurrilous Ballads: but the King's Guards are in mighty Transports, that they have escaped the Reduction of Light Horse.

Pardon me, *Artander*, I had almost forgot your Injunction, and had like to have transgress'd; but there can be no harm insaying,

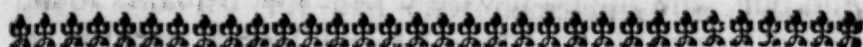
Decem. 10.

I am,

Yours,

BERINA.

To



TO BERINA.

YOU are so tir'd with Pleasure, that if I were sure my Letters were any to you, I wou'd forbear writing for a while; but they are so dull, that I rather fear they are a Mortification; so write to tire you that way, in order to make you fit for Diversion again. I wish you cou'd have transmitted some of your superfluous Mirth to me, who am as much in the other Extreme, and want what you despise. I cannot say I was ever so glutted with Pleasure in my Life, as to be weary of it, nor properly speaking, can any body say so; because, when once a Man is tir'd of a thing, it is no longer a Pleasure, but retiring from it is; so that a Person who has power to follow his own Inclinations, is always in Pleasure: but you, it seems, had not that power, your time being none of your own. As much a *Tory* as I am, I here protest to *Berina*, I am extremely pleas'd that the King's *Corps du Guard* are *in Statu quo*; and think, since we have made him our King, we ought to use him like his Predecessors, and give him the Honour due to the Kings of *England*.

And now I hope I have pleas'd *Berina*: I wonder you have never sent me an account of the threescore Witches Mr. *Flamsteed* has found out in *Westminster*; I hear he intends to beg 'em of the King, and roast them by the Blazing-Star next *April*. I am just going to sink a Vault for a Retreat from its sulphurous Effects, and wou'd have you come and share the Advantage of it before the Conflagration begins. Those Men of Profundity in the occult Sciences, divert themselves with other Peoples Fears, and laugh to see the intimidated World shock'd with Horror at their Prognostications. Last Winter, when I was at *London*, I

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remember the Lords of the Admiralty were very busy with a Gentleman who had for certain found out the Longitude; but having heard nothing of it since, I doubt the Project is dropp'd, and our Ships must sail as formerly. I hear a troublesome Disturber coming up, which at present puts a period to all, but my best Wishes for *Berina*, and concludes me eternally hers.

Decem. 14.

ARTANDER.

To ARTANDER.

I Was never worse qualified for writing in my Life, than just now, being nothing but Vexation and Ill-nature; the cause of which, I am going to tell *Artander*. The minute I received your last Letter, I was going into the City to supper, where Sir *Harry Wildair* (as you call him) and Mrs. *Ha—g—n*, were of the Company; you know her so well, I need not give you her Character. I have often heard you say, she is a Lady of good Sense, and for that reason I am still more vex'd at the Misfortune: but no body is infallible, tho' every body think themselves in the right. At Supper a Dispute arose betwixt her and I, which was in itself very foolish, tho' it admitted of something very sharp on both sides: it is not worth Repetition, neither will a Sheet of Paper spare room for it; but Sir *Harry* and the rest of Company were so cruel, as to think her in the wrong; which made her very angry, and me very uneasy. I have made her several Overtures of Peace, but find her refractory to all; and I think she is resolv'd to persist in a Coldness, or rather a downright Hatred, not to be remov'd. I declare, I had not the least thought of

in

a Gentleman and a Lady. 293

incroaching upon her Prerogative of Wit, when I shot my own Fool's Bolt; but an Argument is no Argument without an Opposite, and for talk's sake I took up the Cudgels, with which I got the better of my Adversary, but I broke my own Head into the bargain; since, by that means, I have lost the agreeable Conversation of one for whom I had always the greatest Esteem. But since I came home, I have heard another cause for her implacable Aversion: they say she loves *Artander*, and has often made violent signs that way, to an insensible——as you are. However, I bear all the Brunt, and am, it seems, thought the sole cause of your Indifference; which, if true, I shou'd be sorry for, because I wou'd not play the Dog in the Manger. I cou'd be very glad to know the Truth, but am sure you are too generous to confess. I intend to let her know I will be her Advocate, and use my Interest in her behalf: say, *Artander*, will you give her hopes, and send the welcome News by me? Or must she despair of your Love, to preserve your Friendship for

Decemb. 18.

BERINA.

To BERINA.

I Cou'd almost wish that Person an ill end, who first invented those little foolish Sheets of gilt Paper; a Man is forc'd to compound half the Subject for the shining Edges of what incloses it: and therefore for the future, I bespeak a large Sheet of home-spun Paper, that will wear out a Pen of the first rate, to get to the bottom of it; for nothing vexes me so much, as to lose any thing *Berina* can write.

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I wonder you wou'd undertake a Dispute with Mrs. *Ha---g---n*, unless you had a mind to make an everlasting Separation ; she being one that cannot bear a Contradiction. Besides, as Mr. *Congreve* says, *Who cares for any body that has more Wit than themselves?* As for her Love, I am an absolute Stranger to it ; and she can no way oblige me, but by keeping me in continual Ignorance. I can't but laugh at myself, to think what a sheepish Figure I shou'd make, if I were to tell a Lady I wou'd not have her : but I fancy you only tell me this to try my vanity, which is never much rais'd by Female Favours. Pardon me, *Berina*, I had almost forgot I was writing to one of that Sex, but it is to one so unlike the rest, that nothing I say of 'em can possibly touch her. Last Night, the Gentleman, whose Poetry I sent you, made an Entertainment, where I was one of the Guests ; and after Supper we danc'd till Breakfast, tho' to the ungrateful Scrape of a Country Fiddle : I there saw the lovely *Delia*, who, when she has given place to *Berina*, stands fairest for Esteem ; and not one of those Encomiums given by her transported Lover, but comes short of her Merit. When I had considered her whole Person, I was forc'd to join with him in two Lines of his Poem :

*Her whole Composure's of so fine a Frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.*

Methought I pitied the rest of the Ladies, who were only so many Foils, and stood like Farthing-Candles around a Wax-Taper ; the glaring Light of one eclipsing the faint Glimmers of the other. One of the Ladies, seeing the Eyes and Admiration of the whole Company drawn by a magnetick force upon the Taper, fell into such a violent Fit of Vapours, that she fancy'd herself Fourscore, and began to tell us how handsome she was when she was young, and how many

a Gentleman and a Lady. 295

ny Men of Quality admir'd her: another, who had often refused and slighted a present Lover, was forced to put on all her complying Airs to make him take notice of her: a third began her Discourse upon good Manners, and said, where the Company were equal, the Respect ought to be so too. All which gave me a secret Pleasure, and I thought to myself, such Women as *Berina* and *Delia* shou'd (for the Quiet and Repose of the rest of their Sex) be confin'd to one another's Company, where neither can boast a Superiority, because both Nature's Masterpieces. The Gentleman of the House seeing all the Ladies in disorder, and knowing nothing gives them greater pleasure than to hear a fine Woman is married, because then she is out of the way, and no longer taken notice of, told 'em, *Delia* was his Wife; which like the Sun on an *April Day*, dispers'd the preceding Cloud; every body assum'd their Gaiety, the Ladies left off to envy, and the Gentlemen to admire. So great is a fine Lady's Misfortune, when once she has given herself away for Life! I cannot but own, I think my Neighbour happy, if it be possible for Matrimony to make him so, which I fancy *Berina* will hardly allow. *Pug* gives her humble Service to you, and takes it very ill, you have never in any of your Letters enquir'd after her Health. She, with the rest of our Family, presents you with their best Wishes.

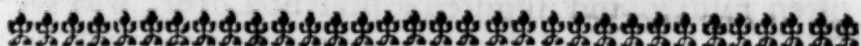
I am,

Dear Madam,

Decem. 26

Extremely Yours,

A R T A N D E R.



TO ARTANDER.

HAD I ever been a Disciple of *Artemedorus*, I shou'd have been very uneasy at my last Night's Dream, which made so dreadful an Impression upon my Fancy, that I have hardly yet recovered it. I thought I saw *Artander* blind; and when I wou'd have led him, he pull'd out my Eyes too. Pray Heaven avert the fatality of it, if there be any depending. I had a young Relation came this Morning to breakfast with me, who is just at Age, but so deeply engag'd in an Amour, that poor Coz languish'd over his Tea, and sigh'd over his Bread and Butter like a School-Boy going to face a whipping Master in a Morning without his Exercise. The Lady he dies for, is turn'd of Fourteen, and has left off her Bib and her Babies a considerable time. Her Father is lately dead, and left her 8000 Pounds, which, with herself, is put into the hands of two Guardians, who have each a Son design'd for pretty Miss: they have made Proposals about the Matter to one another, and have offer'd each other a thousand Pounds for his Consent; but they are so much of a mind, that 'tis impossible they should agree, which you will call a Paradox. However, the careful young Lady, who neither lov'd to lose her own time, or see her Guardians fall out, is, to prevent both Misfortunes, just ran away with her Father's Butler; who is a very well bred Man, drinks, whores, and games, and has just as much Estate as will qualify him for a Vote. Of all the Gods, either Heathens or Poets ever made, there is none so silly as this blinking God of Love: he makes mere Idiots of Mankind, and puts them upon such ridiculous Actions, that one

wou'd

wou'd think we were made for nothing but to laugh at one another.

How happy he, that loves not, lives !

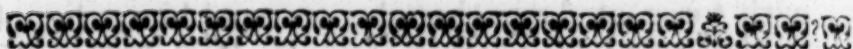
Said the ingenious Sir *John Denham*, who learn'd his Lesson from Experience, and paid the highest Price for't too. Deliver me from *Cupid's* random Shots, and make my firm Resolution a Racket to repel 'em. I wou'd have all those soft-hearted Ladies that are impress'd like Wax, read *Quevedo's Vision of Loving-Fools*; I dare say, some of 'em wou'd find their own Characters very fairly display'd: but then the dismal Effects of not loving, to be call'd Ill-natur'd, and an old Maid, who wou'd not rather chuse to be undone, than lie under such scandalous Epithets? I have dwelt a little longer upon this Subject than I shou'd have done, because I think and fear *Artander* seem'd in his last Letter to lean a little that way. When once we approve of a thing, we implicitly act it; and if you be brought to think a Man happy in a fine Wife, the next Work will be to get one yourself: which, if you do, poor *Berina* may say she had a Friend; for *Artander* is lost past Recovery. I desire, in your next, you will either make a generous Confession, or give me some Assurance my Thoughts are ill grounded. I own, I grow impatient to be satisfy'd; for as I make but few Friends, I wou'd not lose them I have. You seem 'not pleas'd I writ no more last time, but you forget Women always talk more than they write, as Men always write more than they think: Your Sex seldom complain for want of Impertinence from ours, it being one of your chiefest Plagues: However, I did design to have fill'd up the empty Space of this Paper, but am interrupted by two or three Ladies who are just come in, and my Correspondence must give

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give place to the Tea-Table ; tho' nothing shall ever interrupt the Friendship of

Dec. 29.

B E R I N A.



To B E R I N A.

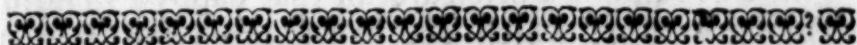
LOSE your Friends ! *Berina*, that's impossible ; you have Merit enough both to secure and gain : and if *Artander* shou'd chance to stumble out of the Road he has so long walk'd in, *Berina* will be so far from losing a Friend, that she will gain a Lover too. Has any thing but Miracle made me resist your Charms so long ? And can any thing but a greater Miracle make me fond of less Deserts than yours ? No, *Berina*, 'tis you alone have Power to break the strongest Resolutions ; and let the Witchcraft of your own Eyes answer for the Faults I commit. I have often heard, and with some Impatience, that Love and Friendship, notwithstanding the nice Distinction betwixt them, were inseparable Companions, especially between different Sexes ; and 'till I knew *Berina*, and some time after, I thought all Arguments offer'd upon that Subject weak and trifling ; tho' it was not long before I began to feel an Inclination to the same Faith : Yet was forc'd to dissemble it, lest a Confession shou'd have brought a Forfeiture of that happy Friendship along with it, which you had so often and so generously promis'd me. I protest, *Berina*, I send you this with more Concern than I ever thought I shou'd have had upon this Occasion ; but if it be true, that Love and Friendship are not to be parted, as many wise Men aver, then may I hope your Thoughts are of a piece with mine ; and if so, how great wou'd be my Folly, shou'd I lose my Happiness, rather than

than tell how much I desire it? 'Tho' so great has been my Dread they were not, that I have made the most vigorous Defences against my Fate, and set up Bulwarks to oppose the little Thief, tho' I took my Measures by a wrong Handle; and while I with force of Arms thought to repel him, he, by Wheedle and Insinuation, found an Entrance, when I thought myself the most secure: 'Though the Wound he has given me has such an agreeable Smart, I feel it with Pleasure, and wish for nothing more than an Increase of his Power, that may make *Berina* own it too. Methinks it fares with the God of Love as with us poor Mortals: Our Faults are laid in our way as mortifying Blocks; but the Good we do, lies bury'd in Oblivion; and the kind-hearted World takes it as a Due, without either Notice or Thanks. So *Cupid*, when he sets an ill-match'd Pair together, has many Out-cries against him; but no body praises him for the Millions of Happy-ones who owe their Bliss to his Management: May he touch *Berina's* Heart, and add one more to the Number.

I have now, *Berina*, made that very generous Confession you desir'd in your last, tho' I very much dread your Answer; but hope nothing will have Power to remove that Friendship which you always promis'd

Jan. 1.

ARTANDER.



To ARTANDER.

WHEN I receiv'd your last Letter, I took it with my wonted Satisfaction, and open'd it with the same Air of Delight I used to do, but found it like *Pandora's* Box, full of Poison and Infection

fection. I read it with so much Astonishment, that before I got to the end, I forgot the beginning, and was forc'd to read the displeasing Paper twice, before I cou'd believe my own Opinion of it. However, I gave myself time to reflect a little, and now, that my Surprise is pretty well over, I find myself inclin'd to conclude in your favour, and am persuaded your whole Design was to try *Berina's* Easiness: And tho' a bare Suspicion of me be more than you can answer to the Friendship you owe me, it is much more pardonable than the other, and I shall be extremely pleas'd to see you own it in your next. What a World of Uncertainty do we live in? and how hard a matter to secure one Satisfaction? Did I ever think I shou'd live to see *Artander* become an Advocate for a Deity he had so often despis'd? Or find him adulterating Friendship, by mixing it with Love? No, *Artander*, it cannot be, you only have a mind to let me see you can write upon any Subject; and, *Proteus* like, turn yourself into every Shape. I confess you are a good Mimick, and act a Lover's Part much better than I expected: And, I do assure you, much better than I desir'd. Methinks you write as if you had a mind to draw me in, as you pretend Love has done you, by Wheedle; and wou'd fain persuade me to be of your new Opinion, viz. That Love and Friendship are so united, they are but one Thing with two Names: I confess, you are better at Argument than I, and therefore, like a cowardly Soldier, I think it safer to fly than fight. But Time, and *Berina's* Carriage, may convince you of your Mistake.

I have often heard Men's Promises are so fabulous, that there's no depending on 'em; but I little expected *Artander* wou'd have convinc'd me of what I only disbeliev'd for his sake: That you are guilty of Breach of Promise, you will not sure deny, when I refer you to your own first Letter, which I wou'd have

have

a Gentleman and a Lady. 301

have inclos'd, but that I have a mind to keep it for a Testimony against you ; however, you may remember the Conclusion in those Words. Be sure, *Berina*, keep your Friendship inviolate, and you shall find I will keep my Promise, in never desiring more. He that breaks one Promise, may break a thousand ; and if you have deceiv'd me as a Friend, I have little Reason to trust you as a Lover. But I hope your next will end my Doubts ; and therefore once more subscribe myself your

Jan. 3.

Real Friend,

BERINA:



TO BERINA.

ONCE more, *Berina*, sounds as if it were to be the last ! Good Heaven, must I lose you because I love you ? And is it a sufficient Reason to withdraw your Friendship, because mine grows stronger ? Don't, *Berina*, give me Cause to think you lie upon the Catch for an Opportunity to throw *Arlander* off : if you ever were that real Friend you pretended to, you will remember what the Word implies ; then ask yourself, if it be possible for one true Friend to see another in Distress without relieving him, if in his power ? If not, how many Convulsions of the Mind tear and rack his Heart-strings for want of that Power ? How willingly wou'd he undergo any Hardship to extricate his Friend ; and when he finds his Assistance can do him no Service, sits down to lessen his Pain, by sympathizing with him : Tells him he was his Partner in Prosperity, and Adversity shall never break the Union. This,
Berina,

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Berina, is my Notion of a true Friend ; and if it be in your power to make me easy, and you refuse to do it, you must either call Friendship an empty Name, or own you never had any for *Artander*. But then you tax me with a Breach of Promise : Alas ! *Berina*, no Man lies under a Necessity of keeping a Promise any longer than he has it in his power ; and so long I was very punctual. But when every Post brought fresh Alarms to Love, and every Line gave Wings to my Inclinations, I soon found it was impossible to secure any Tranquility of Mind without an eternal Possession of the dear Author : It is very natural to desire the Company of those whose Conversation we like, and no body ever stood in competition with *Berina* : I never so much as bestow'd an empty Wish upon any body else, nor will I ever have any other Companion. Beside, *Berina*, remember how often you have rais'd my Vanity, by owning yourself pleas'd in my Company. Why then must we spend our Time at such a distance ? Wast those Hours in trifling Disputes, which might make us both for ever happy. Can *Artander* be such an agreeable Friend, yet want the Qualities of a Husband ? No, *Berina*, try me that way too; and you shall find I will out-do your own Wishes, by giving myself up so entirely to your Will, that your least Inclination shall be a Command. And now, *Berina*, either comply, or own you never had the least Friendship for

Jan. 7.

A R T A N D E R.



To B E R I N A.

N O, *Artander*, I will neither deny my Friendship, nor withdraw it ; but will stick so close to it, as to make you happy against your own Will,
and

and keep you in a State of Life, where Freedom and Liberty may be enjoy'd. Marry'd! that were to be both blind indeed.

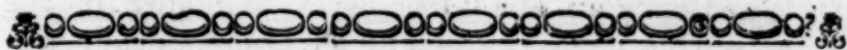
You said once, you took your Measures by the wrong Handle, and so you have done again. I do assure you, the Promise you make of inverting the God of Nature's Rules, and being all Obedience, is no Inducement to me to become a Wife: I shou'd despise a Husband as much as a King who wou'd give up his own Prerogative, or unman himself to make his Wife the Head: We Women are too weak to be trusted with Power, and don't know how to manage it without the Assistance of your Sex, tho' we ofteneft shew that Weakness in the Choice of our Advisers. The Notion I have always had of Happiness in Marriage, is, where Love causes Obedience on one side, and Compliance on the other, with a View to the Duty incumbent on both: If any thing can sweeten the bitter Cup, 'tis that. But this I give as my Opinion of Marriage in general, without any design of coming to Particulars, and wou'd fain secure *Artander's* Friendship, by dissuading him from every Thought on't too. But when once the blind Archer with a random Shot has hit a Heart, the wounded Fool grows stupid, sighs and cries, prays, and begs for Help and Pity, but never offers to pull out the Dart, which causes all his Pain: Wou'd but every body keep their Ground, and stand boldly in their own Defence, how easily might they baffle the Attempts of a Boy? But instead of fighting for their own Liberty and Property, they tamely yield to an arbitrary Power; and, like a Dog used to a Collar, hold down their Heads to take the Yoke. For shame, *Artander*, shake off your Chains, throw by your Non-resisting Principles, and fight for yourself: Remember your Liberty lies at stake, which every wise Man loves. But if my Advice be thrown away upon you, and you
are

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are still resolv'd to bind yourself Prentice for Life; all I have to beg, is, that I may chuse a Wife for you, one who will not abuse *Artander's* Good-nature, but mix every Action with Love and Prudence, a Woman of an unlimited Goodness, and one who will make you happy, since nothing but a Wife can do it. I own, *Artander*, I cannot think of giving you so entirely away, as to see you in the Arms of a Stranger; but if you take my Friend, she will give you leave to retain a little of that Friendship which has been so often promis'd entire to

Jan. 8.

BERINA.



To BERINA.

I Hope, Madam, I may take your last Letter for a Compliance with my Wishes, and believe you are already mine; since no body, but *Berina*, can deserve the Character you give the Lady I am to expect from your Hand.

Oh! what foolish Things are we Mortals—! resolving against our Fate, which only laughs at our weak Endeavours, and makes a Jest of our broken Resolutions. Just so have all those doating Lovers far'd, who came within the Verge of my Observation: I have often made myself merry at their Sufferings, and thought Affectation had a greater share in their Behaviour than Reality; but now, *Berina*, I am qualify'd, not only for a pitying Looker-on, but as one who wants that Charity I have so often deny'd to my Fellow-Sufferers. You have promis'd

me

me Freedom and Liberty, but is it possible to enjoy either, while I am a Slave in Fetters? Or can any thing release me from that Bondage, but an everlasting Union with *Berina*? Who that saw me some Months ago in the midst of Ease and Pleasure, wou'd ever have suppos'd I cou'd become a Votary at *Cupid's* Altar? Or who that sees *Berina's* Charms, wou'd not be struck with Amazement at the long Resistance I have made? For once, *Berina*, call up that Vanity so peculiar to your Sex; let it display the Magick Force of your Eyes, indulge the height of its Suggestions, and then forgive *Artander's* Adorations: Look upon him as one grown restless and ungovernable; lost to every Joy, to every Satisfaction; no Taste, no Relish left for any thing but Love. Oh! how I cou'd tear my false foolish Heart! as *Mr. Cowley* call'd his, for betraying me just when I had so firmly resolv'd to subdue every Emotion that tended towards my present Circumstances. So that I was, to think it possible for me to withstand such Force! Pardon me, dear *Berina*, for complaining of any thing you're the Cause of; but when I consider the slender Hopes I have of bringing you over to my Side, it makes me wish for a Power equal to yours, which might give me that Tranquility I must never expect, 'till I can say, *Berina* loves. I am now dispatching a Hurry of Business with great Precipitation, and often curse Delay, because it retards my Flight, and keeps me from the Centre of my Wishes. A few Days more will, I hope, put an end to it, and then *Berina* will find a verbal Suppliant at her Feet. Oh! how I long for the happy Minute! How eager are my Wishes to see myself once more bless'd with that Conversation which alone can give new Life, and put an End to all my present Pain. But then how much I dread to meet *Berina's* Eyes, lest one indifferent Look from

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them shou'd, with a Basilisk Force, strike poor *Artander* dead : The very Dread of losing you, has seiz'd my vital Spirits, and all I am able to add, is, that you will call up that Good-nature (of which you have so great a Share) to help you to pity your dying

Jan. 9.

ARTANDER.



To ARTANDER.

ILL swear, *Artander*, I was never so merry in my Life, as at the reading of your last Letter ; I don't believe there's a Man in the World, that defies Love as you do, cou'd ever assume the Lover like you : Why, you mimick it as naturally as if you had serv'd an Apprenticeship to its God : Methinks the very Paper whines, 'tis writ in such a beseeching Stile. I declare, I thought you had been in Earnest, and was going to contrive some Way to comfort you ; but I consider'd, it was morally impossible for a Man of *Artander's* Resolution and Courage to be conquer'd by a Boy. But methinks you are like a half-bred Player ; you over-act your Part : The next time you put on the Lover, do it with an easier Air ; 'tis quite out of fashion to talk of Dying, and Sighing, and Killing Eyes, and such Stuff ; you shou'd say, Damn it, Madam, you are a tolerable sort of a Woman, and, if you are willing, I don't much care if I do you the Honour to marry you. That's the modern Way of Courtship, you shou'd never let a Woman think she has any Merit, let that be always on your own side ; and when you vouchsafe to bestow your Favours, let it look like Generosity or Charity, to give such a Heart to one
of

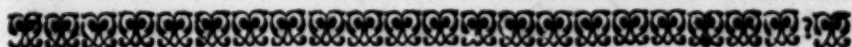
a Gentleman and a Lady. 307

of that worthless Sex, who can no way possibly deserve it. And now, *Artander*, you see I understand something of Love as well as you, tho' I have an easier way of describing it. But tell me how I shou'd have brought myself off, had I been a Woman, whose Heart was susceptible of Love? I might then have gorg'd the Bait, and seen the cunning Angler laughing at the credulous Fool. I am almost angry with you for trying me so far, because Love, like Edg'd-Tools, shou'd never be play'd with. You seem to hint, as if you were to be in Town soon. I confess I cou'd wish that part of your Letter true, and please myself with the Thoughts of sitting down with you, to laugh at all that's past: Whenever *Artander* comes, or in whatever Shape, he shall always find a kind Reception from his

Jan. 12.

Real Friend,

BERINA.



To BERINA.

CRUEL *Berina*, can you be a real Friend while you laugh at all my Pain, and ridicule my Complaints? Is *Artander* fallen so low in your Esteem, as to be thought a Banterer of his dearest Friend? How can you use me thus? Believe me, Madam, if you were merry over my last Letter, I have been the very Reverse on't over yours, and have scann'd every Line with more Concern than I dare tell *Berina*, lest it shou'd serve to make me yet more ridiculous. However, it has brought me one unspeakable Pleasure, which I thank you for; a Promise of a kind Reception in any Shape. I have just given Orders
for

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for my Servants and Horses to be ready by to-morrow Morning, since I die with Impatience for a Performance. I am forc'd to conclude a little abruptly, because I have some Business of Moment to dispatch by the Time prefix'd ; 'till when, and always,

I am,

Dearest Berina's

Faithful Adorer,

Jan. 25.

ARTANDER.



F I N I S.



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nd

R.